FORGET
ME NOT
1834

G. Blockley.

FORGET ME NOT.

1834.

Presented

To

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THE GREAT HALL KEY.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.

L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

THE presentation of our twelfth volume to the Public affords us an agreeable opportunity to offer our grateful acknowledgments for the particular favour with which it has thus far received this work. While we have been flattered by this preference, it has also stimulated our efforts for the improvement of each successive portion; and we shall confess ourselves disappointed if its effect be not perceived in this volume, the literary contents of which, in our estimation, are not inferior in merit and interest to those of any of its predecessors — thanks to the talents and kindness of our Contributors.

The list of these will be found to embrace several eminent names new to our pages; among whom may be mentioned the late Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Gore, the elegant authoress of Hungarian Tales

and other works of imagination; T. K. Hervey, whose poetical reputation could not be heightened by any eulogium from us; R. R. Madden, the eastern traveller; the Hon. Mrs. Norton; S. Ferguson, and the Author of Chartley. To Allan Cunningham, only one of whose compositions had yet appeared in our work, we are indebted for a powerfully written sketch of an event in the life of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, the murderer of the Regent Murray; and we have received the usual assistance from the pens of Miss Lawrance, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Abdy; the Old Sailor, the Ettrick Shepherd, H. F. Chorley, Colonel Stone, John Bird, Henry D. Inglis, N. Michell, and last, though not least, the valued contributor of "Count Vladimir" and "Chains of the Heart."

The selection of subjects for the graphic embellishments has been made with the same care as in former years; and the engravings will, we doubt not, be deemed well worthy of the reputation of the distinguished artists by whom they have been executed.

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THE GREAT BALAS RUBY.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF EDWARD THE THIRD.

BY MISS LAWRANCE,

AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

For faythe of knyghte may ne'er be broken;
Come lyfe, come dethe, hys worde must be
Faste kepte, by lawe of chevalrye.

SIR AMADIS.

WHILE the mind lingers with eager interest over many a page of our mediæval history, there is perhaps no one to which it more frequently turns, or on which it more delightedly dwells, than on that which records the splendid deeds of that brilliant reign which first saw the lilies of vanquished France quartered with the lions of England. In the earlier periods of our history, the interest excited by tales of lofty devotion, or wild and perilous enterprize, is marred by the rudeness or ferocity by which they were attended. The bold and danger-loving knight, "stern of heart and stout of limb," may indeed be found, but that singular and graceful combination of valour and gentleness, justice

and courtesy, which characterized not merely the knight of romance but the knight of actual life at a later period, we seek for in vain.

In the splendid reign of Edward the third, the lingering shadows of barbarism had well nigh rolled away: Civilization was advancing with rapid steps, and the refinements of social life followed in her train; Romance, gorgeous Romance, with her thousand witcheries, had cast her spell of beauty over the whole land; and Chivalry, with her picturesque institutions and lofty doctrines of pure faith and unstained honour — not a mere creature of shews and tournaments, but a living, breathing, and influential, spirit — had ascended her unquestioned throne of dominion, and swayed her graceful sceptre alike over monarch and people.

At the period when our tale commences, although the glories of Cressy and Poictiers as yet were not, these mingled influences of romance and chivalry pervaded every bosom. The spirit-stirring lay of the minstrel found an echo in every heart; the warlike tale of the *disour* had not been told in vain; and each knight, revelling in joyful anticipations of chivalrous enterprize, cast an eager glance toward the fair plains of Normandy and strong castles of Guienne, and awaited, impatiently as his falcon for her prey, as his war-steed for the battle-field, the summons that should bid him set lance in rest, and advance the red cross into the very heart of France. And now had the call been

given, and a joyous response was returned by each valiant heart; for the high-minded Jane, Countess de Montfort, had sent Sir Amaury de Clisson to supplicate knightly aid of King Edward on behalf of herself and her small garrison at Hennebon, then straitly besieged by Charles of Blois. What knight could resist the call to do battle in the cause of a fair and noble lady, whose husband was captive in a far distant dungeon? a lady, too, whose chivalrous and "right valiant" bearing had rendered her the theme of admiration in every castle-hall throughout the land? King Edward gave instant assent; and, under the auspices of that bravest and gentlest of knights, that "flower and grace of all chivalry," Sir Walter Manny, a goodly array of knights and men-at-arms, with six thousand chosen archers, made ready.

On the evening preceding their departure, the streets of London were filled with a busy crowd; and, as the summer's sun sank brightly to rest, there might be seen armourers hurrying to and fro, with file and hammer, or brightly burnished armour; herald-painters with newly blazoned shield or pennon; esquires carefully bearing the long slender lance or richly gilded helmet; and young pages lightly bounding along with ribbon, scarf, or kind message, the parting gift of some "fayre damosel;" and many a man-at-arms, strong of limb, and huge of size, and many a tall archer with sheaf of snowy-fledged arrows, and coat of Lincoln green, pressed hastily on, carolling snatches of ancient

ballads, and gazing with delighted wonder at the splendid show (even then) of the London shops, or stopping to admire the graceful beauty of the cross in West-cheap, at this period one of the "lions" of London. Amid these various but picturesque groups, a knight clad "in weeds of peace," the tight long hose, pointed shoe, short tunic, and flat cap, leading a lady of remarkable beauty, whose long and delicately pearl-braided hair and ample silken robe and mantle, which, but for the care of her attendant page, would have swept the ground, passed along, and at length entered a house where one of the foreign dealers in gems and in the superior kinds of armour had taken up his residence. They ascended the dark and narrow staircase, which seemed to lead but to some mean abode, (for the foreign merchant to whom the protection of the wealthy and powerful London guilds was denied found his safety in the apparent meanness of his dwelling) and entered an apartment which, in its size, the richness of its furniture, and the splendour of the plate and armour scattered about, formed a strong and almost startling contrast with the rudeness of the entrance. There, at a table covered with a rich carpet, and surrounded by carved chests of various sizes, sat their owner, a Jew of advanced age and venerable appearance, who arose as the knight and lady entered, and, with more of dignity than might have been expected in one of that proscribed race, bade them welcome. Struck by the unexpected splendour of the apartment,

and still more by the appearance of the master — for the Jews, although fifty years had elapsed since their expulsion, were still the objects of undefined and traditionary horror — the lady half drew back, while the knight, who seemed to be well known to the owner of these precious stores, advanced with a pleasant smile to the table. "Well, Eleazar of Bruges," said he, "I have come to put your boastful saying to the test, ere I cross the seas to-morrow; so unlock your caskets, bring forth your choicest jewels, and let me see if I can find a gem so beautiful that even I myself shall deem it a worthy gift to my lady."

Eleazar of Bruges returned the smile, and, taking a small casket, applied the key to the intricate lock. "Ay, most noble knight, jewels so costly and so richly set that Sir Tristrem might have offered them to 'la belle Iseult,' or 'Morgain la fay' been won by them to release her long-slumbering King Arthur," cried the Jew, to whom the language of romance in the course of his various dealings among the fair and noble had become as familiar as his own.

"Nay, more costly, more beautiful, must they be," cried the knight, with a look of proud exultation, leading the lady toward the table, "since it is for one more lovely than 'la belle Iseult,' and more witching than 'Morgain la fay.'"

"And fit lady-love for Sir Johan de Boteler, the lord of Warrington, who made all Flanders ring with the praise of his valour," said the Jew.

"The lord of Warrington's valour, if valour it might be called, was but owing to the remembrance of his lady-love," was the knight's modest and graceful answer; "nor can *his* deeds be thought of beside those of Sir Walter Manny, save as the faint light of the stars before the risen sun."

"The lord of Warrington pleaseth to say so," replied the Jew, "but so will not thousands."

"Nay, peace, I pray you," said the knight; "time presses, bring forth your jewels."

"What say you to this, or this?" said the Jew, successively taking from the casket rings and brooches, enriched with gems of the finest water, and chains of the most delicate workmanship, while the lady looked on in silent admiration.

"Nay, none of these," said the knight. "Have you still that carcanet of whose beauty ye so boasted at Bruges — the heart-shaped ruby, enclosed within a border of that knightly flower, the *fleur de souvenance?*"

"We will see no more," said the lady, "for these are costly and beautiful enow, methinks, even for our sweet lady and queen."

"They are so, fair lady," replied the Jew; "but choose not until you have seen the ruby, which I purchased not long since of a stranger at Bruges. Father Abraham! 't is without flaw or blemish, and gloweth like the carbuncle that lighteth the hall of the Soldan of Babylon." Thus saying, he arose, and from a trebly-locked iron chest drew forth another casket.

"Hasten, good Eleazar," said the knight, "name your price, and doubt not the depth of my purse."

"Shall Eleazar of Bruges take payment of the lord of Warrington," cried the Jew, "when by his knightly prowess I was rescued with my treasures from the brutish populace at Lisle?"

"Speak not of that," returned the knight, hastily; "a knight is ever bound to defend the defenceless—but bring it forth, and fear not for the price."

"I fear not," said the Jew, "for I would ye would but take it without payment."

"That may not be," said the knight peremptorily; "the gift that a knight presents to his lady must either be won in fight or purchased with his purse—but hasten, I pray ye."

The Jew took from the very bottom of the casket a small box, and, opening it, displayed to the admiring gaze of the lady a carcanet, whose delicately enamelled border of forget-me-nots enclosed a ruby of such size and of such rich and dazzling brilliancy that the eye almost ached at beholding it.

"This doth indeed remind me of tales of the eastern land," cried the lady, as she took the splendid gem from the box by its delicate gold chain, and, holding it up, gazed with an intensity of admiration, which she in vain endeavoured to suppress.

"The price?" whispered the knight, beckoning to the page who advanced with his purse—not the slender silk net of modern times, but a substantial leather

pouch, embroidered and embellished with gold or silver studs, sometimes even with gems, which was at this period always either carried in the hand or suspended from the girdle.

"Say nought of payment," replied the Jew.

"It is for my lady, and I may not receive it as a gift," persisted the knight.

"Well then, thirty marks," replied the Jew.

Altogether unconscious of the value of gems, the knight, bidding the young page count out the specified sum, delightedly fastened the splendid gift around his lady's neck, and they both departed.

"Commend me to ye of all jewellers," said the young page, laughing as he counted out the thirty marks; "the lord of Warrington hath made a good bargain, even though he hath dealt with a Jew."

"How know ye that, my fair boy?" said Eleazar, looking at him with some surprise.

"I have not been under the roof of Sir Nicholas de Farendone, the king's jewel-master, so long not to know somewhat of the value of gems. St. Mary! thirty marks! methinks one hundred would scarce buy it."

"Ye would say more truly, my fair boy, did ye say it was worth *two*."

"Our sweet lady be gracious! two hundred marks! and ye sold it for thirty! this passeth all knowledge. Saints! an Sir Nicholas de Farendone, my lady Edith's guardian, were not over seas, I would pray him to come hither and buy of you."

"Sir Nicholas, my fair boy, might not find such bargains," replied the Jew smiling, "but to the lord of Warrington I am deeply bound, and I would right willingly have given him that carcanet, only he would not."

"No, truly, he is too knightly to offer to my lady what costs him nought. St. George and St. Michael send him good success in Brittany, and store of ransoms of captive knights, and then, an he be able to purchase back his father's estates, Sir Nicholas de Farendone may be won perchance to give him my lady Edith."

"Alas, poor knight! then he hath no great store of wealth?"

"But scant — though what of that? What had Sir Walter Manny when he first set foot here; and, when a knight gains fame and worship, wealth follows of course."

"It doth; and Heaven grant it to yonder brave knight! for none, I have good reason to say, is more worthy."

"Would that Sir Nicholas de Farendone thought so! But he holdeth with the rich knight, Sir Matthew Trelauny, and is most fierce against *him*. Well now, I will tell my lady in how noble and christian-like way ye have dealt with him; but I will say nought until after to-morrow, lest he should hear and be vexed at it."

"Do not, my fair boy. But be well assured that I have not in one tenth part repaid the lord of Warrington for what he hath done for me."

The following day the fair armament destined for the relief of Hennebon departed, followed by the eager good wishes and prayers of the whole population. And now, as Froissart often so naïvely says, "why should I make a long story of it?" Who acquainted with his delightful pages but remembers how the countess, sorely besieged by the French, who had nearly beaten down the strong walls of Hennebon, day after day ascended her topmost tower, eagerly and anxiously looked over the sea, but in vain, for the coming succours — how, when her council, wise and valiant knights though they were, yielding up all hope, entreated, nay, demanded, that the town should be surrendered, she prayed for a respite of one more day—and how, when, hopeless of all relief, she cast her despairing eyes toward the treacherous sea, whereon she had so often looked in vain, ere one mast was visible to eyes less keen than hers, she exultingly cried, "The succours of England are coming!" — then, how the gallant armament, with broidered sails and blazoned pennons, bore proudly down, and the countess, unmindful of feudal state, rushed wildly from the castle, "and with joyful cheer greeted Sir Walter Manny and his company, like a right valiant dame." Nor need we delay the current of our story to tell how bravely the flower of English chivalry repulsed the French beneath the walls of Hennebon, how well the battle of Quimperlé was fought, when Don Louis of Spain, severely wounded, was forced to put to sea in a

crazy boat, still followed by the victorious English. Alas! that brilliant victory was the beginning of misfortunes to the lord of Warrington; for, after chasing Don Louis both by sea and land, on the third evening Sir Walter Manny and his gallant companions in arms, in the pride of victory, stood before the strongly fortified castle of Roche Perion. Then, said Sir Walter Manny, "Good gentlemen, I would that we might attack this strong castle, all weary as I am, had I but any one to aid me." Then said the knights, "Go on boldly, sir, for we will follow you even until death!" And, raising their battle-cry, "St. George for merry England!" and advancing the standard on which the lilies of France glittered beside the lions of Plantagenet, they rushed right valiantly to the assault. But Girard de Maulin was no mean enemy; he manned the walls with good cross-bowmen, who shot so unerringly from their high vantage-ground that many knights were slain, and some wounded, and among them the lord of Warrington, and, by a singular fate, Sir Matthew Trelauny, his rival, also. Nor did his ill-fortune end here: René, the brother of de Maulin, hearing news of the attack, armed forty men, and, coming suddenly on the knight and esquires, who lay wounded in a field near at hand, took them all prisoners, and carried them to his tower of Favoet. Unable to reduce the castle, and grieving much for the loss of his slain and imprisoned companions, Sir Walter Manny returned to Hennebon, and prepared to give battle to

Charles of Blois and Don Louis of Spain, who, having rallied their scattered forces, had now encamped within a short distance of the city.

One afternoon, while the archers were listlessly wandering up and down the town, eagerly awaiting the time that should again place them in battle-array against the host of France, and the knights were playing at chess, or pledging each other in Gascoigne wine to the success of the noble countess, an instant message from their leader summoned them to the council, where with surprise and horror they learned that the two valiant knights, Sir Johan de Boteler and Sir Matthew Trelauny, had that morning been brought from Favoet to the French camp for instant execution, at the demand of Don Louis of Spain. Astonished beyond measure at this most unchivalrous and most unheard-of intention, the English knights looked at each other, wholly unable to determine what course should be pursued. Then Sir Walter Manny, ever prompt with wise counsel in the camp as with bold daring in the field, rose up, and thus said he: "Right gallant sirs, it would be great honour to us if we could deliver out of danger yonder two knights, and even if we should fail when we put it in adventure, yet will King Edward our master thank us, and so will all other noble men, for who would not put himself right gladly in peril to save the lives of two such valiant knights!" The proposal was joyfully received, and the chivalrous leader, having sent the greater part of

his men out at the gate that fronted the French camp, in order to provoke an attack, he himself, with a hundred men-at-arms, and five hundred archers on horseback, sallied out at the postern, and, going round to the back of the camp, forced his way toward the tent, where, bound, and awaiting their almost immediate execution, the two knights lay. To loose them from their bonds, to place swords in their hands, and cause each to mount a steed which he had provided, was but the work of a moment; and, his generous plan thus accomplished, Sir Walter rode back swiftly as he came, to call off the main body of his forces from their feigned assault.

The first thought of the captives, so unexpectedly liberated, was to endeavour to enter Hennebon in the train of their valiant deliverer; but Sir Walter and his archer-band spurred so quickly, that they were soon left in the distance, and Sir Matthew Trelauny, who had been more severely wounded than his rival, with great difficulty urged his slower-paced steed onward.

"Good Sir Matthew," said the lord of Warrington, suddenly returning, "your wounds are unhealed, and your horse less swift than mine — mount *my* steed, and make the best of your way to Hennebon, and St. George and St. Michael speed ye!"

"I may not, my generous rival," replied the almost fainting knight; "St. George, patron of all good chivalry, forbid that I should accept an offer that might place your life in jeopardy!"

"Nay, deny me not," persisted the lord of Warrington, dismounting; "rivals though we be, we are brethren in misfortune; lose no time — look yonder."

Sir Matthew Trelauny turned his head, and clouds of dust in the distance too plainly shewed that a company of the enemy were approaching. He looked on the blood that was fast oozing from his unhealed wound, and on the sword which he was unable to wield — half an hour on a swift steed would place him safely within the walls of Hennebon — there was no time for either to lose in fruitless debate — the strong instinct of self-preservation prevailed, and he mounted the swifter steed. "Farewell, my generous rival," said he; "no longer rival, but brother."

"That cannot be," said the lord of Warrington mournfully; "ye are pledged to run three courses against me in the August tournament, and may I lose all favour of my lady if I meet ye not there! — But, away! ride, ride for your life!"

The lord of Warrington leaped on his rival's horse, and endeavoured to spur toward Hennebon. Alas! ill fortune a second time pursued him: some of the scouts from the French army came up, and, after a brave but ineffectual struggle, he was led captive to Roche Perion.

It was in vain for our hapless knight that Charles of Blois was finally driven back, that a truce was completed, and that the victorious army, accompanied by the countess, had sailed to England: closely confined,

although no longer in danger of his life, in the topmost tower of Roche Perion, he sat disconsolately day by day, looking out upon the distant towers of Hennebon and the dark blue sea beyond. One day, while thus mournfully sitting, almost questioning the justice of Heaven, which for a deed of knightly generosity seemed thus to have requited him with stern imprisonment, he heard the distant sounds of the heralds' trumpets, as they passed along the road leading from Hennebon, to proclaim in every town that owned the rule of the earl of Montfort notice of the coming tournament. And nearer and nearer came the gay procession, until the proud blazonry of the banners, and the scarlet tabards glittering with gold broidery, were distinctly visible; he heard the peremptory flourish of the trumpets, and — harsh sound to a prisoned knight — almost the very words of the spirit-stirring proclamation, that summoned all the chivalry of France and England to assemble at the tournament in Smithfield, "on the morrow of the Assumption of our Lady."

"Saints! must my companions in arms, nay, my rival himself, take part in this gallant festival," cried the lord of Warrington, leaning his head against the bars of his window, overcome with the feeling of his forlorn condition, "and must I remain here without chance of going forth, nay, without money to pay my ransom, and unable to fulfil my vow?"

Surely some one pronounced his name — he looked down, and Eleazar of Bruges was standing just below.

"Alas, brave knight!" said he, "I have come over hither to seek thee — and now have I found thee thus! But be not cast down; I have money for thy ransom, and thou shalt go forth to the tournament."

"It may not be," replied the much-wondering lord of Warrington. "Girard de Maulin will take no ransom, even though I might offer it, until Charles of Blois returns. Would that he might but suffer me to cross the seas to fulfil my promise, and I would return right soon."

"It shall be so," said the Jew. "Girard de Maulin longeth for a right Damascus dagger greatly as ye do to ride forth to the tournament; I will seek him; leave all to me, and it shall be well."

The same evening the door of his dungeon opened, and the chatelain of Roche Perion stood before him. "Sir Johan de Boteler, said he," I have heard of your great wish to be at the tournament, and, in return for your noble present, as Charles of Blois will not return until the end of August, I will grant you absence from hence for fourteen days, only taking your knightly word that ye will go straight thither, return straight hither, neither raising your visor nor declaring your name all the time of your sojourn in London."

"I accept your offer right gladly," cried the knight, "and pledge you my word that I will but proceed to the tournament, and then return hither and again yield myself prisoner."

The day of the tournament arrived, with all its gay devices, and gorgeous pageantry, and gallant show of mimic war, and all those festival sights and sounds which Chaucer, in his Knight's Tale, paints to the very life. And along the well gravelled and tapestry-decked streets, from the Tower to the lists in Smithfield, fourscore esquires in gay apparel slowly passed by, each riding a noble steed, adorned with plumed chanfron, gilded martingale, and silken bases, rich with armorial bearings; while, like a dream of fairy-land, fourscore noble ladies, each mounted on a fair palfrey, led by a chain of silver her favourite knight. These were the English chivalry; but, on arriving at the lists, many French and many Flemish knights, and among them the earl of Hainault, the queen's brother, stood ready. But one there was, who, in plain armour, and bearing a shield without any device, and distinguished by a fetter-ring on his right ancle, attracted much enquiry. Nought, however, could be learned, save that he was a knight from Brittany, who had come hither to fulfil his vow. Such vows were common in the days of chivalry; and many a bright eye cast a look of more eager interest upon the nameless knight than on him who rode conspicuous in the richest Milan armour, or him whose proud quarterings embossed his courser's bases to the very ground. Nor did the nameless knight gainsay by his deeds the interest thus excited: with the lance and with the sword, in the lists as at the barriers, he was equally

successful; and, when the heralds, the king having thrown down his warder, presented the victorious knights to the queen and the ladies, he received from the fair hand of Philippa the second prize, an emerald ring of great value.

"Who is yonder Breton knight?" said the king; "bring him before me, and tell him *now* he may well declare his name;" for it was frequently the custom with younger knights to ride incognito to the tournament, and not to make themselves known until they had achieved some gallant deed of arms. It was, however, in vain that knight, herald, fair lady, even the gentle Philippa herself, pressed him to unlace his helmet or declare his name: to their most urgent entreaties he replied that he was forbidden by his vow, and to the courteous and lofty feeling of chivalrous times that one word was sufficient.

The queen and the ladies, accompanied by the knights, retired to the neighbouring pavilion, while the nameless knight leant against the barriers, absorbed in sorrowful reflection. He had crossed the seas to fulfil his vow, but his rival had not met him in the tournament. Lady Edith too, on whose fair face he had hoped to gaze, was absent; he had been successful to the very height of his expectations; he had won praise from the queen and honour from the monarch; still, entangled, spell-bound, by his luckless vow, he must return to his harsh captivity, nor could even his lady-love know that the Breton stranger was indeed an

Englishman and her own true knight. Turning, therefore, with a sick heart from the gay scene around him, and casting an anxious and sorrowful look toward the princely mansion of the king's jewel-master, into which he dared not trust himself to enter, he bent his steps toward the noble house of the Grey Friars, hoping that, since it was within "the soke and alder-manrie" of Sir Nicholas de Farendone, (whose father gave his name to the wards of Farringdon), he might obtain some little information at least from some prosing grey friar or garrulous lay-brother. But in vain did he pace the ample cloisters; neither grey friar nor lay-brother appeared; and, at the sound of the even-song bell, he reverently entered the splendid church; and, endeavouring with strong effort to cast aside that burthen of anxieties and conflicting cares which well nigh overwhelmed him, he knelt at the altar, and earnestly addressed himself to his devotions.

The psalms were duly sung; the prayers were said; the grey friars, two and two, in goodly order, quitted the church; the last note of the noble organ died away along the high-arched aisles; and the scanty congregation had departed: still the stranger knight arose not to go. At length, the slant rays of the declining sun, streaming through the rainbow-tinted panes, and shedding a gorgeous light, like the mingled radiance of the ruby, and amethyst, and topaz, on every clustered pillar and every fair-wrought shrine, warned him it was time to depart, and seek some con-

veyance over seas, alas! to his donjon, for the morrow. He arose — but whence was that low and sweetly-breathed voice? and who was that beautiful damsel, who, not in holiday attire, but in simple white robe, and unbraided, unjewelled, hair, knelt at the neighbouring altar? Oh! who could it be, who, on an evening like this, when all were gay and joyous, would seek the solitude of the church and the solace of prayer, save her who mourned the sad captivity of her affianced knight — the fair lady Edith!

Overjoyed at this unexpected meeting, scarcely conscious of what he did, the unknown knight drew the ring, the reward of his chivalrous feats, from his bosom, and laid it before her. "Farewell, sweet Edith," said he; "my vow compels me to return ere to-morrow; farewell!"

The lady arose hastily. "What say ye of returning? — and wherefore this disguise? — and wherefore this speed to depart, when Heaven hath thus sent ye back?" cried she, immediately recognizing him.

"Alas! sweet Edith, I must — I have pledged my knightly word, and it must not be broken. Farewell! Heaven grant we may meet again!"

"O might ye not stay!" cried the lady; "but saints forefend that the daughter of a knight should urge her dearest friend to break his knightly vow! Nay, take this token;" and, with trembling hand, she unclasped the rich ruby carcanet, her only orna-

ment, from her neck; "refuse it not, ye know not its value, its great value," persisted she. "O take it! who knows but it may defray your ransom?"

"It never shall," replied the knight. "Sweet Edith, if I take it, it is but as a token from thee — farewell!" and, unable to repress his feelings, he rushed out of the church.

Unwilling to hazard the risk of recognition in the narrow streets of London, with a sorrowful heart the lord of Warrington, again mounting his good steed, took the road outside the walls. It was with a heavy sigh that his eye glanced over the fair scene before him: the barriers still graced with the pennons of the victorious knights, the pavilions with their rich blazonry shining amid the dark foliage, and the numberless groups of merry holiday-makers, lingering in pleasant converse by the road-side, or engaged at football in the fields beyond, while knights and esquires, their tilting armour laid aside, rode by in quaint and picturesque masquerade. All was bright, all was joyous; the laugh, and the shout, and sounds of distant music, floated pleasantly on the light breeze, while from every tall and graceful spire rung out the witching music of the evening bells. And, as though inspired by the glad scene around them, a party of merry masquers, in coats of Lincoln green, with bugle slung about the neck, and quiver suspended from the baldric, rode blithely along, carolling the following song, with right pleasant melody: —

Seek thou not the royal hall,
Seek thou not the castle tall,
Nor the cloister arched fair,
Nor the Bourse where merchants are:
There are anger, strife, and pain;
There is readier loss than gain:
Wouldst thou joy and liberty,
Hither to the greenwood tree!

Envy not the monarch's crown,
Envy not the churchman's gown,
Nor noble's mantle gleaming bright,
Nor blazon'd coat of gallant knight —
Each well lined with care I ween —
But the frock of forest green
Wraps a bosom light and free;
Then hither to the greenwood tree!

Hither, when the sun is high,
And the royal stag sweeps by,
And the brooklets sparkling run,
And each wild flower to the sun
Smileth her sweet welcoming,
And ev'ry bird is carolling —
And all is joyaunce, sport, and glee;
Then hither to the greenwood tree!

Ay, and when the sun is gone,
And the lady moon alone,
Abbess-like, in wimpled pride,
Riseth o'er the green hill's side —
And stars shine out, and soft dews fall,
What 's sport and joy in royal hall
To that which, lightsome, loud, and free,
Echoeth 'neath the greenwood tree!

"So, 'hither to the greenwood tree,' Sir Unknown Knight!" cried the leader of the troop of merry mas-

quers, laying hold of his bridle, "for I am commanded by the queen of faërie to bring you to her presence."

It was in vain that the lord of Warrington, fearful of delay, and yet more fearful of recognition, entreated, prayed, nay, half commanded, the masquer to relinquish his bridle-rein, and suffer him to pursue his melancholy way—the eve of the tournament was a gay carnival, in which it was the favourite pastime of the younger knights and ladies to enact as closely to the letter as possible the wild and brilliant incidents of chivalrous romance. "Nay, Sir Unknown," persisted the masquer, "the command of my sovereign lady, the faërie queen, must be obeyed at all hazards. What! a *Breton* knight, and think to gainsay her slightest wish! remember Lanval and Gruèlan"—for Brittany was the birth-place of all the bright and beautiful fictions of faërie.

Remonstrance was as vain as resistance; the luckless knight suffered them to lead him whither they would: and erelong he found himself in a richly decked pavilion, where, representative of the faëry queen, the gentle Philippa herself, fit presiding genius of so gay and romantic a scene, sat, surrounded by a company of the fairest damsels of her court, clad in the appropriated dress of her assumed character, the robe of grass green, the favourite colour of faërie, the "gridelin mantle," the narrow circlet of jewels on her open brow, while two beautiful white greyhounds, with golden collars, lay at her feet. And with graceful courtesy,

and in language borrowed from the romaunt and the faëry tale, did the gentle Philippa greet the nameless knight, and urge him playfully to declare his name; while many an attendant noble cast looks of ill-suppressed rage at the so highly favoured stranger.

"And whence was that fair jewel ye wear round your neck?" said the queen.

"Pardon me, my sweet lady and sovereign," interposed Sir Walter Manny, who, in the fancied dress of one of King Arthur's knights, stood near; "this knight hath come hither under vow of concealment; now to demand an answer wherefore he became possessed of that fair jewel might lead to some disclosure of whence he cometh, or who he is."

"Ye are right," said Philippa, smiling. "Sir Knight, we will ask ye nought — only let me one moment look at it, for, saints! I never saw ruby so bright!"

Fearing, though he scarcely knew why, that the carcanet so lucklessly brought to light as he bent before the queen might cause him farther mischance, the unhappy knight hesitated, and again Sir Walter Manny, with his characteristic courtesy, interfered. "My sweet lady," said he, "how do we know but that the jewel may have some device or motto, whereby the giver or the owner may be discovered?—This nameless knight ye may well believe is captive to no light and fanciful vow, but to a stern and solemn oath — let him depart in peace, I pray you, that he may have no cause to complain of unknightly usage during his sojourn in this fair land."

"Be it so," said the gentle Philippa. "Farewell, then, right valiant knight, if indeed ye *must* go. But will not ye stay and disport yourself this evening? to-morrow and the following day ye will not miss of a conveyance over-seas."

"Many thanks, fair queen," said the unknown knight; "but I would pray ye, let me depart this evening; the time allowed by my vow is nearly past."

"Sir Walter Manny," said the queen, as the stranger knight with graceful obeisance departed, "bid one of our trusty watch and ward convoy yonder valiant knight safely to his destination. The commons love not the French, and they may chance to entreat him but rudely."

Willingly proceeded Sir Walter on his kind errand; and, fearing little the chance of recognition, since even his friend and captain was unable to penetrate his disguise, the lord of Warrington accepted the attendance of the billman without objection.

"And now, Sir Stranger, suffer me to offer you this purse," said Sir Walter Manny; "your expences may be greater than ye think, and, if ye will but accept the loan of it, ye will rejoice me, inasmuch as I shall be sure to see you again."

To receive money as a loan from richer knights was never considered degrading: the lord of Warrington, well pleased at the fortunate chance which had thus easily supplied him with the means of paying part of his ransom, and of most probably obtaining his freedom

to procure the rest, warmly thanked the chivalrous Fleming, and, unrecognized by any, departed.

On the morrow, King Edward entered his council-chamber at Westminster, no longer the gay and chivalrous monarch, the graceful president of the tournament, with a well-turned compliment for each victorious knight, and a word of gentle flattery for each fair lady, but moody and anxious, with stern brow and angry reply, even to his most cherished councillors.

"My lords," said he, "ye all know how fiercely France hath opposed our claim to her crown, and ye all know right well how in the council and on the battle-field we have no cause to fear her. But now, not content with a fair and open warfare, she hath sought other measures, and hath caused to be taken from our jewel-house a gem upon whose safe custody our success against her depends. Among our jewels is one, the great balas ruby, which Cœur de Lion won from Philip Augustus, and which a wise man then declared, so long as it was in the keeping of England the fortunes of France should quail before her — this jewel is lost!"

An involuntary expression of alarm burst from the whole council; for the belief in the powerful and mysterious qualities of precious stones was during the middle ages an unquestioned article of the popular faith. "That this jewel should be missing," continued the king, "is no slight trouble; but the manner in which it hath I fear me been taken proves to my

mind much treachery, nay, the existence even of some deeply-laid plot."

"Impossible, dear and most honoured master!" cried Sir Walter Manny; "I would gage my knightly faith for the honour of our chivalry."

"Ye judge others by yourself, my brave Sir Walter," replied the king; "your unblemished faith starts back from the thought of perfidy, like the ermine from the least touch of defilement—not so others. But our jewel-master hath returned this morning from Florence; we will forthwith bid him to our presence, for this matter shall be searched into to the utmost. St. Mary! an knight or noble have dared to take this precious ruby, Plantagenet though he were for three descents, he should hang on the gallows-tree; and should I find that the king of France possesses it, by my three patron saints, who never failed me, St. Edward, St. Michael, and St. George, I will prick forth to the very gates of Paris, and summon him to yield it on the lance point!" and, with flushed cheek and flashing eye, as though the king of France stood bodily before him, the chivalrous monarch drew off his jewelled glove, and dashed it on the table.

Unconscious of the trouble that awaited him, Sir Nicholas de Farendone, worn and weary as one returned in eager haste, but with well pleased look as one who bore glad tidings, entered the council-room, followed by several attendants bearing huge leather bags, carefully bound and sealed.

"Our sweet lady hath been right favourable, my liege," said he, "setting himself on his knee; "and I have brought with me ten thousand gold crowns from the Bardi, in part of the loan which I have raised." [This loan historical accuracy obliges us to say was never, alas! repaid, but caused the bankruptcy of that celebrated Florentine house two or three years afterward.]

"It is well," said the king carelessly, for to his excited mind the sight of the well filled money-bags, though his exchequer was almost empty, offered no solace; "but we would ask ye respecting a jewel for which diligent search hath been made."

"Saints! what jewel?" cried the jewel-master; "every one was safe when I left England, and for those I took with me I found an excellent market — the great balas ruby alone sold for two hundred marks at Bruges."

"The great balas ruby! false traitor, daredst thou sell that jewel on which the success of my war depends?"

"There is some mistake, my liege," interposed the chancellor, "for we have good and sufficient evidence that *that* ruby was carried away but yesterday. We farther know that among the royal jewels are *two* great balas rubies, and that the second was placed there by your wise grandfather, (whom God assoil) to the end that, by their great likeness, the stealing of the fortunate one might be rendered more difficult."

"This is the list of jewels my liege commanded me to sell," said the jewel-master, producing a small piece of parchment—for our earlier monarchs often found that selling a portion of the crown-jewels was a more speedy, if not more pleasant, way of raising supplies, than by extorting benevolences at the lance point, and gifts by threats of "donjon and gallows-tree."

"Yes, my lords," continued the chancellor, "and that precious jewel, thus strangely lost, was undoubtedly in the possession of that stranger knight who yesterday won the second prize at the tournament. He was seen near the house of the Grey Friars hanging somewhat cautiously about his neck: when brought to the queen's pavilion this was discovered to be a heart-shaped ruby; and it was observed how fearfully he drew back when the queen asked to look at it, and how earnestly, as though for his life, he prayed to depart. Moreover, Breton as he might pretend to be, he was an Englishman, and spoke, so saith the yeoman who conducted him to the Vintry, English as well as he;" [the language of the higher classes at this period was Norman French] "while what places his perfidy beyond all doubt is, that he asked for passage not to Hennebon but to Vannes, the very stronghold of Charles of Blois."

"'Tis plain as daylight," said Edward, laying down the parchment. "You, Sir Jewel-master, are not to blame; you sold the *larger* ruby. The precious and charmed one, that enclosed in the wreath of *fleur de souvenance*, is smaller."

"St. Mary!" cried the jewel-master, "it was *that* I sold!"

"Sold *that*, false traitor?"

"My liege gave no description, save the 'largest'—that was the largest; I knew not the high value ye set on it, and I sold it to a Jew at Bruges full three months since."

"But a jewel just like it is said to have been seen not long since in your very house," said the chancellor, "where it was said to be kept secretly."

"I see it all," said the king fiercely; "ye pretended to mistake the jewel, and took it to your own house, and then, after having made your bargain with the king of France, fearing danger if it were in your own possession, ye sent a trusty messenger to convey it away. Hither, captain of the watch and ward! take this traitor, and keep him straitly in durance."

"My liege," said Sir Walter Manny, "be not so hasty; I would stake my knightly honour on that young stranger: I pray ye send not yonder worthy knight to prison on such light evidence."

"Sir Walter Manny, perchance, knows somewhat more about the stranger knight, seeing that he interposed to save him from discovery, and caused him to be sent safely away," replied the chancellor sternly.

"I did but what I would do again," replied Sir Walter proudly.

The council separated, and, lamenting the harsh doom of the jewel-master, and musing over the events

of the preceding day, he bent his footsteps to the court-yard.

"Good Sir Walter Manny, what is this about a missing jewel and a stranger knight?" said a meanly dressed old man; "tell me, I pray ye, for I may bring ye aid."

"Alas! good man," replied the valiant knight, "it is beyond your skill."

"It must be difficult indeed then," returned the old man proudly; "refuse not my aid, Sir Walter, though ye know me not — many a jewel, mean though I seem, hath passed through my hands, and perchance even this lost one."

There was somewhat in the manner of the aged man that commanded Sir Walter Manny's attention: he looked earnestly at him, and in the swarthy countenance and flashing eye recognized a Jew, whom, though he knew not his name, he had often met in Flanders. He hastily detailed the particulars, bade him use his utmost skill to discover the missing jewel, and promised him a fitting reward.

Again a smile, almost of scorn, passed over the old man's face. "Speak not of reward—*that* will be gained in restoring the jewel. I know where it is; I know who possesses it. Go to the king, Sir Walter; pray him to grant a respite of only ten days to the jewel-master, and all shall be well."

"But who hath taken it? and how may I tell that ye will not deceive me?"

The Jew drew nearer, and whispered two or three words in his ear.

"I will trust you to the utmost," cried the well pleased knight. "Farewell." He turned to depart; when, looking up to the palace windows, he observed the eyes of the king fixed upon him, with a mingled expression of anger and grief.

That evening there was high feasting at the palace; but even a deeper shade clouded King Edward's brow. Was it possible that his most favourite knight, his most cherished companion, was in league with his enemies against him?—and yet, it was Sir Walter Manny who had yesterday interfered even thrice on behalf of that traitor knight; it was *he*, too, who had urged delay at the council; it was *he* who engaged in mysterious converse about the lost jewel with a stranger and a foreigner even under the palace windows; and, when charged with perfidy, had scarcely made a reply.

"A boon, King Edward!" cried Philippa, advancing with a gay smile to the recess where, involved in sad and conflicting thoughts, he moodily sat; "a boon for the queen of faërie!"

"It is granted, fairest," said the king, half unconsciously; "what would ye?"

"That ye take no farther steps in the business of this lost jewel, until ten days are past."

"Madam!" said the king fiercely, starting up, "would that I might deny ye!—That perfidious knight, Sir Walter Manny, hath prayed ye to ask this boon, that

the leaders of the plot may escape. Alas! my word is pledged, and I cannot go back — but I here solemnly make mine avow, that never shall he advance my banner, never again see my face, until all and *every one* in whose hands that jewel hath been stand together before me."

While the rash vow of the king and the probable fate of the jewel-master occupied every mind, the vessel that bore the lord of Warrington bounded swiftly along, and ere the close of the fourth day entered the harbour of Vannes. He proceeded to Roche Perion, but there new marvels awaited him. He was received with strange courtesy, complimented on his knightly honour, shown an order from Charles of Blois directing his instant liberation, and told that his ransom had been paid by a Jew, who had returned to England. Bidding a joyful farewell to his prison towers, the lord of Warrington hastened away, and in little more than a week again stood upon Vintry quay, no longer the unknown knight, forbidden by his vow to disclose his name, but as the brave Sir Johan de Boteler, one of the valiant leaders of the army in Brittany, and the knight for whom Sir Walter Manny had done so splendid a deed of chivalrous valour. Alas! short was his joy: from the busy groups that crowded the quay he soon learned the story of the lost jewel, the stranger knight, the disgrace of Sir Walter Manny, and the imminent peril of the luckless jewel-master, who, his ten days' respite having expired, was that very morning to be brought

before the council. "It is through me and this luckless purchase," cried he bitterly; while the strangely generous conduct of the Jew, and his singular anxiety that he should purchase that jewel, assumed to his excited mind the guise of a deeply laid and malignant plot, to work not merely his ruin, but that of him from whom he had first received his gilt spur, and beneath whose auspices he had first unfurled his pennon. To make his instant way to Westminster, to acknowledge himself the stranger knight, and to exhibit the ruby carcanet, was his first impulse; and he wildly hastened to fulfil it.

Onward he went; but, as he drew near the king's palace, the busy gathering of the watch and ward, and the eager pressure of the crowd, as the hapless jewel-master was conducted along, caused him to turn aside, when an unseen hand grasped his collar, and an earnest voice exclaimed—"Blessed be His name that hath sent ye!" He looked round, and beheld Eleazar of Bruges.

"There is no time to lose," said he; "three messengers have I sent over seas for ye—so hasten—give *me* the carcanet—all depends on it."

"And wherefore?" said the knight, with a look of distrust.

"Peace!" said the Jew sternly; "thou wilt thank me erelong"— and, before he was aware, the delicate gold chain was broken, and the Jew had vanished with his prize.

"Ye must come hither with me, my fair sir," said one of the watch and ward coming up; "methinks I took ye down to the Vintry a week agone; the next road that I shall lead ye will be through Our Lady's grace to the gallows-tree."

King Edward and his assembled nobles sat in council; the hapless jewel-master was placed before them; but, ere the proceedings commenced, another prisoner was brought in and placed beside him.

"Who is this?" said the chancellor.

"My right valiant companion in arms, and one who, to save my life, put his own in jeopardy," cried a young knight rushing forward. "My brave Sir Johan de Boteler, wherefore art thou *here?*"

"Because I determined to fulfil my vow, Sir Matthew Trelauny," replied the lord of Warrington; "and alas! that, through it, such unmerited disgrace should have befallen Sir Walter Manny."

"St. George is my witness I had kept my vow," returned Sir Matthew Trelauny, "had not the king sent me into Flanders, from whence I have but just returned."

"Then it was you, Sir Knight, who came to the tournament as a stranger from Brittany," said the chancellor sternly. "But what say you of the jewel?"

"Alas! I purchased a ruby, heart-shaped, enclosed in enamel, for thirty marks, of a Jew, named Eleazar of Bruges, and it was *that* which I wore, and which was mistaken for one more precious."

"Produce it," said the chancellor.

"Would that I could! but, even as I came hither, that accursed Jew—though, alas! I scarce should say so, since he hath ever seemed to have stood my friend—took it from me. Would that Eleazar of Bruges were here!"

"He *is* here," said a hooded stranger beside him, "though no longer Eleazar of Bruges," throwing back his hood, and drawing himself up proudly, "but Matthias Ben Judah of Toledo. King Edward, *thou* knowest me well?"

"I do, and most gladly do I welcome thee," said the king, instantly recognizing the learned alchemist, whose fame had gone forth over the whole of Europe, and whose aid had been sought by many a christian monarch, and by Edward himself, to replenish their exhausted treasuries by his fancied skill.

"And thou knowest this jewel," said the Jew, laying the ruby carcanet on the table.

"I do, right well—precious, priceless jewel!" cried Edward; "but how camest thou possessed of it?"

"By purchase from a stranger, but whom I find to be he who stands there, and I sold it to this knight."

"And for thirty marks *only?*" said the chancellor.

"I did:—little do ye, little doth the lord of Warrington, suspect the priceless service he rendered me, when my dwelling was beset by the brutal populace at Lisle. It was not for my gold that I trembled, not for my jewels, scarcely even for my safety, but for that

precious vial of liquid, bequeathed to me by that learned adept, my father, by which I trust erelong to obtain the mighty secret. The brave arm of the lord of Warrington drove back the craven churls; and I then vowed that, in whatever trouble he might be, or whatever gift he might wish to obtain, I would alway stand his friend. Good Sire, I have released ye from your rash vow; the jewel and the purchasers are *all* before ye: suffer me therefore to pray a guerdon, since it was for this purpose, as you I know will scarcely refuse *me*, that I took from him this jewel — it is, that ye will restore to the lord of Warrington the estates, which through poverty his father sold, and allow him to obtain the lady Edith."

"Grant it, good king," cried Sir Matthew Trelauny, sinking on his knee.

"Do *you* say thus, my generous rival?" exclaimed the lord of Warrington, overwhelmed with joy and surprize.

"Not so generous as you, when ye gave me your steed," replied his fancied rival smiling; "you suspected me your rival, and I did not undeceive ye, since I had bound myself by a vow to watch over the orphan fortunes of my half-sister, the lady Edith, until I might see her placed beneath the care of a far worthier protector."

"Bid Sir Walter Manny hither," cried King Edward looking joyfully around. "Good Matthias of Toledo, ten thousand thanks to ye — brave Sir Johan de

Boteler, whatever ye wish is granted — my worthy Sir Nicholas de Farendone, ye must forgive my harshness, it was my own error; but from this time forth ye shall have no reason to complain. And you, my tried and true friend," and his voice faltered, "what shall I say for my rash speech, Sir Walter? what shall I do for *you?*"

"Nought, my dear sovereign," replied the chivalrous Manny, "save never to think of it again."

"Follow me, brave knights," cried the king rising, "and you too, good Matthias; we will hold high festival, and receive the gratulations of our faërie queen. And for this precious jewel, lest it should again be lost, I will place it in the keeping of my patron, St. George, for it shall be set in a chalice for his altar."

And so it was — erelong a splendid gold chalice, executed under the superintendence of Sir Nicholas de Farendone, with "the great balas ruby" conspicuously set, was placed upon the high altar of St. George's chapel, where for many generations it remained, challenging admiration from all, until that worthy monarch Henry the Eight, with whom to see, to covet, and to take, were synonymous, caused the beautiful chalice to be coined into gold pieces, and placed the gem among the crown-jewels. Nor few were the after-vicissitudes of "the great balas ruby." It decked the bosom of the vain and hapless Anne Boleyn, when, unconscious of her short-lived regality, she moved in crowned and sceptered state from the abbey to Westminster-hall;

it blazed in the gorgeous stomacher of her more fortunate daughter, when, hailed as "goddess more than queen," she presided over the princely revels and dream-like pageants of Kenilworth; it shone proudly on the threadbare grey hat of her sapient successor, when he edified the Star Chamber with lectures on theology, demonology, and that subject dearer than all, his divine right; and it glowed on the rich point collar of his unhappy son, when for the last time he quitted proud Whitehall, whither he was only to return a captive to his execution. At length, all its varied fortunes past, in the attempt to convey the crown-jewels to Holland, this splendid gem was lost: that deep depository of long accumulated treasure, that vast jewel-chamber of all past generations, the Ocean, finally engulphed "THE GREAT BALAS RUBY."

MORNING AND NIGHT.

BY CAPTAIN CALDER CAMPBELL.

I LOVE the joyous Morn!
When light comes gushing from the eastern skies,
When dews begem the thorn,
And warbling larks from clover couches rise;

When sounds of life break in
Upon the voiceless solitude, and all
Their daily tasks begin
In furrowy field, dusk street, or happy hall.

The sun within the sea
Smiles at his own rich beauty, and each cave
Rings out, right blithesomely,
Its chime of echoes, in accordance brave.

The hunter's horn is there,
The beagle's cry, the cuckoo's cadenced note;
All, mingling in the sky,
On Echo's voice of mockery wildly float.

I love the gentle Night,
Its moonshine, and its mute, meek eloquence,
When lonely hours invite
The solitary breast to thoughts intense;

When stars in gorgeous lustre
Are leaping up into the swarthy sky,
Like fireflies bright that cluster
Round shadowy trees, ere comes the moon on high.

For in that stilly hour
Sweet visions o'er the pensive spirit glide;
And pure, calm hopes have power
To check the rebel flow of earthly pride.

And dreaming poets meet
Bright, dancing Shapes, that come with gestures bland,
Like waves, whose silver feet
Bound in the midnight on the golden sand.

COUNT VLADIMIR.

A LEGEND OF DALMATIA.

Halt, thou hurrying traveller!
Thinkst thou of the bandit near?
All is peace within these walls;
Once they were a monarch's halls;
Shrink not at that ancient stain;
Blood is poured no more like rain;
Shrink not at those ribs of oak,
Red with slaughter, black with smoke;
Those were things of other times,
Monuments of buried crimes;
Every turf is now a tomb,
All is calmness, stillness, gloom.

Like some upbroken thunder-cloud
Covering the summit with its shroud,
The ruin stands; grim, massive, bold,
Seen at a glance the robbers' hold,
The ancient haunt whence blood and pride
Swooped to their feast of homicide;
Pile upon pile of rugged stone,
Scarce from the rocky summit known,
Now bare to every wind of heaven,
Rent, whirlwind-shattered, lightning-riven,
Yet still where rapine's bandit train
Might rush like vultures to the plain;

And still where many a torch's glow
Gleams o'er the dashing surge below.
No saving light, no guiding star,
Flashes that turret's flame afar;
The rock around, the shoal beneath,
It glares, the sullen light of death!
Woe to the bark that veers its sail
Where streams that storm-tost lustre pale;
Down rush the mountain's robber brood,
And all is wreck, wild rapine, blood!

Not such the deeds, Count Vladimir,
That made thy name a name of fear;
Thy rock no famished bandit's hold;
But proud, magnificent, and bold,
There sat the castle's feudal lord,
His right — his own remorseless sword.
Yet whence the gems, the gold, the wine?
Not from that mountain's granite spine.
Whence broidered robe and jewelled sheath?
Not from that sweep of swamp and heath.
'Twas said that treasuries of kings
Had to that spot waved sudden wings;
That ermined vest and cup of gold
Had each on floods of gore been rolled;
That church and convent wrapped in flame
Had swelled his wealth and cursed his name.

Yet triumphed still his course of crime,
The offspring of a dreary time,

When rival tyrants tore the land,
When right was with the strong of hand,
When truth and law were torch and blade,
When blood with double blood was paid,
And hill and valley, plain and shore,
Were drunk with Turk and Austrian gore.
Then bold the man on land or sea
Who coped, Count Vladimir, with thee.
In vain the Sultan cursed thy star,
Thy mountain fortress laughed at war;
In vain the Austrian threatened flame—
In tenfold fires thy answer came;
Then outlawed, hunted, hated, banned,
But fiercer raged thine iron hand;
Till justice shrank, and vengeance slept,
And man but feared, and woman wept;
Till mothers hushed their infants' cry
With terrors that thy step was nigh;
Till rose the tidings more abhorred
Of ruling fiends that edged thy sword;
Of more than mortal summonings
Answered by flights of fiery wings;
Till every storm that darkened heaven
Seemed by thy master-impulse driven;
Till every torrent from its hill,
Till every thunder, did thy will!

Count Vladimir is on the wold—
Above him gleams his mountain-hold:

Broad lights through all its casements shine,
For there, o'er cups of Naples wine,
The grape's rich blood, hot, purple-dark,
(Plundered from galleys of St. Mark)
That midnight's prize of blood and toil,
At revel sit the sons of spoil:
Alike from every nation gleaned,
Alike from faith and country weaned,
A various, desperate, gallant, crew,
Greek, German, Moslem, Pagan, Jew.
Unmatched alike on foot or steed,
To toil, to hunger, thirst, or bleed,
No relic of the nurse or priest
Disturbs their slumber or their feast;
Alike in field, alike in hall,
Plunder their calling, one and all,
With but one creed their faith to bind,
That creed to scourge and scorn mankind.

The storm is up: the moon's shrunk sphere
Seems madly through the clouds to steer,
Now flashing her bewildered light
Like that which scares the maniac's sight,
Then sickening with the hue of death;
Anon the tempest checks its breath,
And all on mountain, vale, and wave,
Seem buried in one voiceless grave.
Count Vladimir had rather hear
The tempest in its red career;

Had rather see the forest oak
Split by the fiery thunderstroke;
Had rather feel his quivering barge
Crushed by the ocean-surges' charge;
Had rather meet war's bloodiest shower,
Than feel that soul-accusing hour,
Which forced his eye to turn within —
That judgment hour of shame and sin!

On rush the band through fen and flood;
The spur and bridle reek with blood;
Alike on mountain, vale, and plain,
Nor cools the spur, nor checks the rein;
When, sudden as the lightning's glance,
Flashes a gleam on helm and lance.
All halt — each hand is on the sword,
Each eye upon their silent lord,
All wondering, as the radiance pale
Now clings around his iron mail,
While all the troop are midnight dark,
All fixed, their chieftain's mood to mark;
Yet baffled all, the vizor down,
No eye might see the spirit's frown,
The pallid cheek, the eyeball's glare,
The writhe of terror, guilt, despair.

'Tis past: along the mountain's height
What splendour bursts upon the night?
A thousand torches pour their rays,
Broad banners glitter in the blaze,

And richly falls the dazzling shower
On marble porch and gilded tower,
And floats the forest glades along
The silver sound of harp and song,
And shines the gold and purple stain
Through the tall casement's pictured pane;
All pomp, and luxury, and light —
He knew, and sickened at the sight.
"There lies your spoil," the bandit cried;
"There feasts Ornano with his bride;
There, Austrian prince and Bosnian lord,
We 'll join you at your banquet-board!
We 'll teach you that the exile's steel
Can make the proud oppressor feel;
That help is far and death is near —
Now on! — the word is — 'Vladimir!'"

Onward the furious chieftain rode:
But more than rapine fired his blood.
A taunted passion, branded name,
Turned all his veins to living flame;
The heel of that high castle's lord
Had stamped upon his youthful sword;
Rivals in love, in pride, in power,
Rivals in palace, field, and bower;
In Buda's halls that chatellain
Had charged foul treason on his vane;
On Buda's plain Ornano's sword
Had Vladimir's proud cuirass gored;

In Buda's council-room his hand
Had driven the traitor from the land.
The hour long sought at last was come,
The hour for vengeance full and home.
Here was no gallant battle plain,
Where death is but a prouder pain;
Here was no pang, where ball or knife
Comes but a glad relief from life;
But here, to smite him in the hour
When life looked all one opening flower,
In hope's rich cup the gall to fling,
To show him that the worm could sting,
To show the ruined, unsubdued,
The exiled, come to pay the feud;
To rush upon his hour of joy,
To taunt, to trample, to destroy,
To stab the bridegroom by the bride,
Were triumph worth the world beside!

And now the bandits spring to ground,
Now throng their furious chieftain round;
Each belts his harness, tries his blade,
Casts his keen glance through glen and shade;
Few words, short consult there, their way
Is grimly pointed to their prey.
Still, all unsuited to the hour,
Flow the sweet strains from hall and bower;
Still shines that blaze of jubilee
On porch and casement, tower and tree.

Half-awed, half-wondering, at the sight,
The chieftain gazed on vale and height;
No trampling of the centinel
On battlement or rampart fell;
No horsemen to their chargers sprang,
No warder's trumpet-echo rang;
Wrapt in one revel prince and clown,
The portal open, drawbridge down.
"Onward! the soul-abandoned slaves
With their own hands have dug their graves.
Now strike and spare not!" was the word:
On rushed the tempest of the sword!

The halls are stormed, and all is flight,
Or combat, hurried, short, and slight;
Upbreaks the banquet; gems and gold
Before the robbers' steps are rolled;
No pause that flying crowd to slay;
No pause to seize that glittering prey;
For in their front Count Vladimir
Waves the "black pennon" on his spear,
Sure sign that where their chieftain leads
The noblest prize of battle bleeds;
Sure sign that he who lingers dies,
Till falls that battle's noblest prize.
One door is closed: his dagger's stroke
At once through bar and sculpture broke;
With charging shout and iron din
Burst at his heel the troop within:

There sat around the sumptuous board
Bewitching dame and high-born lord;
There blushed the cheek and beamed the eye;
And yet, as if no sound were nigh,
But of the bridal-breathing lute,
But of the dancer's fairy foot,
Still mingling song and perfume breathed,
Still flowed the wine, the dance still wreathed;
On went the lovely festival,
As if no murderer trod the hall.

The bandit chieftain stopped aghast;
Wild thoughts across his spirit passed,
All looked so fearless and so fair!
Far welcomer the falchion's glare;
Far welcomer the cloud of fight,
Blade shivering blade the only light;
A nameless consciousness of ill
Shot through his soul the icy thrill;
The lance fell feebly from his grasp;
Shook on his breast the corslet's clasp.
'Twas past: he heard his bandits' clang;
He scorned himself that felt the pang.
He gazed:— upon their tissued throne
Sat forms too dearly, deadly known —
"Now death to bridegroom and to bride!"
He shouted, gave one giant stride,
Couched his long lance, and, stooping low,
Strained every muscle to the blow.

'T is given! — what more than midnight pall
Has dropt upon that splendid hall?
All is the silence of the tomb!
What forms are gleaming through the gloom!
Are these the feasters of the night,
The rose-wreathed spirits of delight?
Gaunt, solemn, fettered, stained with gore!
He knows his victim shapes of yore:
From field, from dungeon, and from wave,
Move the dim tenants of the grave:
The slain, in spite of knightly gage,
Youth foully snared, unpitied age,
Fond beauty stricken in her prime,
Memorials of a life of crime,
Each giving, as it passed, the glare
That, more than language, spoke despair.

He looked again: the train were gone;
He heard the wind's sepulchral moan;
He heard the bell's slow, sullen toll,
The signal of the parting soul.
Where were his bandits? — at his feet!
That hour had wove their winding-sheet;
No more his steel the robber spanned —
There lay the blade beside the hand
In silent groupe on groupe they lay,
Dark piles of iron-cinctured clay.

Flashed the whole truth upon his eye —
The fiend had lured him there to die!

The compact written in his blood,
His talisman through fire and flood,
His pledge of life, revenge, and power,
Had found at last its final hour;
Ornano's dome, the festal hall,
The bridal pair, were phantoms all!
A snare to wile him to his grave,
To bind him guilt's eternal slave,
To drive him to the verge of time,
And strike, when all his soul was crime.
One pause for thought, one gloomy pause;
Again his feverish breath he draws,
Flings the damp elf-locks from his brow,
Yet there, though thousand winds might blow,
In thousand sheets might burst the rain,
Still, still would beat and burn the brain,
Still, still would echo in his ear,
Ay, in earth's womb, the sounds of fear.
"Yet come the evil, if it must,
By falchion's edge or lance's thrust,
Nor form of earth, nor form of flame,
Shall brand Count Vladimir with shame!"
He stood, compressed his bosom's thrill,
The mighty mastery of the will;
With firm-set teeth and iron nerve,
That knew not or to shrink or swerve;
Among the dead he took his stand,
Grasped his strong lance with giant hand,
And, howling curses on the air,
Dared the dark fiend to meet him there!

The challenge found its quick reply.
No thunder from its clouds rolled by,
But came a wild and wandering tone,
Half laughter, half a dying moan:
"Count Vladimir, such friends as we
Should part in grief and meet in glee;
Count Vladimir, we 'll sup to-night,
Nor thank the moon or stars for light."

Shook o'er his head a mighty wing;
He felt from earth his footsteps spring;
With lightning speed was past the wold;
He stood within his mountain hold;
There sat the band around the board,
Round went the wine, the revel roared.
Once more, like ocean's rising tide,
Rushed in full flow his native pride:
He filled a goblet to the brim,
Stooped his wild visage o'er the rim,
And shouting — "Welcome to our hall,
To night come friend, come foe, come all!"
To his bold lip the pledge he bore;
He shrieked — the draught was fire and gore!

He heard again the mocking tone;
He felt the touch through nerve and bone;
And, hark! what sounds of rushing flame!
Fire grasped the castle's solid frame;
Burst through the walls the livid spire;
Hall, banquet, feasters, all, were fire!

But who the rider of the storm?
Well knew his slave that giant form
Where the wild Bogaz ceaseless dashes;
On Ammon's shore of dust and ashes;
Where thy red surge Marmora sweeps
Its nightly corses to the deeps;
Ay, many a year is past and o'er
Since first they met on sea and shore.
Before his eye the tempter stood:
"Now pang for pang, and blood for blood!"
A grasp, a yell, an agony—
He dies!—all of him that can die!

That night, as far as eye could gaze,
The ocean wanderer marked the blaze;
That night on Bosnia's hills of pine
Ten thousand watchers marked the sign:
'Twas deemed some coming wrath on earth,
Some comet's glare, volcano's birth.
Morn came: the blasted heath alone,
The molten wall, the smouldering bone,
The smoke far darkening on the air,
Were all of man and passion there!
Still stands the wreck, a mark of fate,
Grand, gloomy, fearful, desolate;
And oft the Illyrian pilgrim still
Hears fiendish revel on that hill;
And oft upon the lightning's spire
He sees thee writhe, Count Vladimir!

ASPIRATIONS.

BY JAMES WILSON, ESQ.

Oh that I had wings like a dove!
PSALMS.

O for the wing of the regal bird
Whose scream on the savage cliff is heard,
When he cleaves the heavens with a rush of wings,
Scorning the earth and its meaner things!
Above the realm of clouds I 'd rise,
And shoot away through the boundless skies,
Till, high on my curbless pinion driven,
I should float o'er the starry seas of heaven.
O for the king-bird's wing to soar
Where the blazing sun doth his glories pour;
And to look unawed on the masses deep
Of the thunder-storms that beneath me leap!

O for the wing of the wild curlew,
That hurries the desert of ocean through,
And explores with eye of bold disdain
The shouting caves of the mighty main!
When the tempest shrieks, and the rush and roar
Of waters appal from the rocky shore,
She plumes on the bursting wave her form,
And careers 'mid the terrors of the storm.
O for the sea-bird's wing to roam
The infinite waters as my home,
To soar from the Ocean's wild embrace,
And pierce the eternity of Space!

J. Cawse. pinx.t

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CHAINS OF THE HEART.

The Castle of Trivulzio is one of the handsomest on the south side of the Apennines. Overlooking Lucca and the fine country that extends from the mountains to the Mediterranean, the horizon displays one vast basin of verdure, sheets of olive groves, dark and rich as if they were overlaid with sheets of amber, and vineyards unnumbered, always a strikingly beautiful ornament from their perpetual variety of colouring. The usual architectural beauty of the Italian landscape diversifies this most magnificent plain; convents like fortresses, chateaus like palaces, and even the large farm-houses and dwellings of the Tuscan peasantry, fixed by the natural instinct of the people upon the most picturesque spots, surmounting piles of marble rock, or rising from the heart of mulberry thickets, or nestled in the depths of recesses covered with the richest cultivation of Italian gardening, are to be seen on every side, and on all give singular animation and interest to the famous view from the long casements of the house of the Trivulzi.

The mansion itself was worthy to crown this magnificent view. It had the habitual grandeur of the houses of the Italian nobles; and it had the habitual history. It had been reared in the days when the Medici were unknown, or were simple traffickers between Leg-

horn and Florence; it was then a fortress, surrounded with ramparts, bastions, and circumvallations; cannon bristled on the battlements; and warriors, covered with iron and stanch lovers of plunder, caroused in the halls, were the pride of its lord, the terror of the peasants, and the gallant nuisance of the neighbouring city of fair Florence. This had its day. The Medici swelled from pedlars into merchants, and from merchants into sovereigns. The Trivulzi, a house of heroes, who had earned their meals with their swords for a hundred years, were indignant at the ermined cloaks and velvet bonnets of those who had earned them by the barter of Tuscan cheese for German ducats. They accordingly fell upon each other. The merchants fought as stoutly for their bonnets as the warriors for their helms, but they were the richer of the two. And even then the purse was the true hero. The Trivulzi were beaten not by iron but by gold. Yet iron had its share in their discomfiture. An army of Swiss in pay of the Florentine Republic came like a flood round the fortress, battered its walls, broke down its ramparts, routed its warriors to the farthest extremity of the land, and finished by bringing the head of the house and his four valiant sons, like a pack of wolves, in a chain, to beg their lives from Cosmo de Medici in his royal counting-house. So ended the warlike history of the castle.

But gentler times were to come. The next head of the house was a courtier of the emperor of Germany,

that northern barbarian who, grim as his own bears, has for ten ages kept his paw upon the sunny, lovely, and lazy, land of the south; been regularly beaten out of it once every fifty years, and then as regularly returned as the flood-tide covers the shore left by the ebb. This chief added nothing to the glory of the line, but he added much to its honours, in three ribbons of various orders, in an Imperial chamberlain's gold key, and in an Imperial high-steward's white stick. But he swept away the ramparts, extinguished the cannon, dismissed the warriors, and augmented the revenues by a grant of the confiscated estates of half a dozen nobles, who in their day of rashness had called the Germans legitimate descendants of the Goths.

His lineal successor, the hero of our tale, was born in days when Italy thought no more of going to war than of going to heaven, when an Italian nobleman was universally distinguished for wearing the best embroidery, and being the best player of billiards in Europe, unequalled in knowing the difference between a good fiddler and a bad, in taking care of every man's wife but his own, and in suffering nothing to come between his thoughts and perfect happiness but the delicacy of his snuff and the texture of his silk stockings. This was the age of France. Italy and Germany had done their work on the castle and its inmates. The warrior had left his monuments, and the courtier his lands. The French *elegant* was now to complete the character of the building and its equipment. The

frowning grandeur of the feudal seat had already been moulded into Imperial magnificence. But the taste of the age of Louis Quatorze now came to decorate the exterior with orangeries, statues, and pavilions, and to fill the interior with sculptured doors, painted roofs, and frescoed walls. All was glitter, gilding, and refinement. And the possessor was worthy of the temple. The duca di Trivulzi was now exactly sixty years old. But by the help of a ten years residence at Versailles, and a rigid use of powder, rouge, late hours, and the conversation of old marchionesses, he might have safely passed for ten years more. He had gone the whole round of life, and was weary of the round. He had spent his ten years in sighing at the feet of a Belle St. Helieres, or a plus Belle St. Helene; made up his mind that there was nothing so essential to the character of a man of the *mode* as being always on the point of dying for some fair face or other, and nothing so detrimental to his comfort as marrying any of the hundred goddesses at whose shrine he daily offered the incense of his smiles, sonnets, and snuff-boxes. Versailles in those days was the palace of high blood, the shrine of high beauty, and the paradise of about a thousand embroidered idlers, who duelled, danced, and gamed, through life; declared themselves the flowers, or gems, of the world; determined the laws of taste for all mankind; and decided by an unalterable judgment that all mankind besides were not worth the name of human beings.

But trouble, like the air, will make its way every where; and even in the glittering crowds of the glittering *salons* of Versailles, the gay, graceful, and much tired duca di Trivulzi was destined to know that there was trouble in the world. Victor Amadeus, the hero of Savoy, was about to be punished for his temerity in daring to resist the hero of heroes, Louis Quatorze. The Piedmontese hero was guilty of riding at the head of his bold mountaineers, of sleeping on rocks, marching through snows, and, worse, of laughing at the heroism which determined to conquer the world in a periwig and perfumes, and fight battles from a sofa at Versailles, with the duchesse de Matignon on one side and the princepesa di Caramanti on the other. The order for the total extinction of the Piedmontese was issued to the sound of the *Menuet de la Cour;* and, before the supper which finished the ball was over, Marshal Vendôme was flying out of the gates of Paris with his six Picardy steeds, and the thunderbolts of France were gathering to burst on the mountains of the Lower Alps. From Turin to Tuscany was some distance; but the French had made longer journeys to the south of the land of the Lazzaroni. And intelligence from his *fattore*, the old tenant of his palace and manager of his remittances, gave him notice that both would be in no slight hazard in case of a visit from any of the belligerents. Still, philosophy and the announcement of a new opera, in which *la divinissima Angelina*, the wonder of the Bolognese, the rapture

of Venice, and the envy of all the world besides, was to sing the opening air, kept him in the atmosphere of that spot where all the pleasures wave their butterfly wings over all the roses of royalty. The *fattore* again wrote, and wrote in vain; described the formidable aspect of the German hussars, who came to cut off the queues and heads of the French gendarmerie; and deprecated the mighty havresacks of the Swiss rangers, who came trooping down from the Grisons to see whom they might rob, according to the immemorial custom of that moral, disinterested, and virtuous, people, who sell their blood for every man's money, who murder each other for the due consideration of eight sous a day, to the great delight of all poets and lovers of romantic simplicity; and who abroad are the most boorish, and at home the meanest, most money-squeezing, most miserly, and most mercenary, of any slaves of Mammon that creep upon the earth, to the endless glory of pastoral innocence, mountain air, village life, Rousseau, and Ranz des Vaches.

Still the accomplished duca clung to that embroidered cushion of existence, the court life of Versailles. But another calamity came to strike his sensibilities to the core. He had a sister in Spain, married to a Spanish count, the owner of vassals, merino sheep, and olive groves innumerable. The countess had died bringing her only son into the world, and bequeathing him to the especial care of her brother. The inheritance of the Trivulzi was not to be left to a

youth unacquainted with the graces; and the first effort which the duca had made since his first recollection of existence was to write to the widower, and desire him to send his boy to Paris, that he might have the advantage of taking lessons from the most exquisite dancing-master that ever aided Nature in her evident intention of turning all Frenchmen into baboons. The young count Guzman de Almaraz came, but he came too late in life. All hope of perfect Gallicism was gone, in a fine, tall boy of fifteen, with eyes as black and wild as a stag, a hot heart, a daring head, and the remembrance of having rode, climbed, sprung, and swum, through all kinds of Spanish heaths, hills, ravines, and rivers. His ducal uncle tried him for a month; found him good-humoured but incorrigible; discovered that he had high spirits, a handsome figure, and a will of his own; but that he would never make a French bow, dance a minuet after his own heart, or think that a saloon, with whatever number of antiquated belles and varnished marquises, was the very temple of happiness. Guzman was thence sent to Tuscany, to learn there his duty to the noble person who, when he grew weary of decorating the earth, was to put him in possession of honours, titles, and gold candelabra, enough to bewilder the head of any young Spaniard from the Pyrenees to the straits of the Mediterranean.

The intelligence that finally moved the duca from the pivot of his soul and body, the ball-room of the palace, was, that this nephew, his heir, the headstrong

and headlong Don Guzman, had fallen desperately in love, and was even advanced to that state of frenzy which borders upon marriage. This was a prodigious vexation to the philosophy of the old bachelor. But his pride was doubly stung by the additional hearing that the fair culprit on the occasion was Cassandra Buonarotti, the daughter of a retired officer in the Venetian navy, and actually living on a pension from the Republic in the intolerable town of Fusina.

The alliance threw his pride into an agony. He forbade the intercourse at the moment; to make the mandate sure, threw himself into his *calèche*, and galloped from the first opera of the season through the flat and frightful centre of France, soared over the side of Mont Cenis, then an enterprize still worthy of Hannibal himself, and, plunging down into the Italian valleys, suddenly arrived at Florence just in time to arrest the progress of the abbot of St. Ivrogna, who was bound on that evening to the palazzo di Trivulzi, to make the handsomest pair in all Tuscany the happiest, in spite of fate, high blood, and bachelor uncles.

The result was ruinous. The bridal party fled, like a covey of wild pigeons at the sight of the hawk; the intended bridegroom was driven out of the *palazzo* in a chaise and four, under the guardianship of a pair of fierce-whiskered guards armed to the teeth, and conveyed to his family mansion in the Huerta de Granada. The fair intended bride, in a paroxysm of terror, tears,

and perfumed waters, flung upon her forehead, eyes, and lips, to bring her back to this world of woe, by the experiment of half drowning, half suffocation, was carried to the room of the lady-steward of the palace, and remorselessly sent to bed.

This was the most extraordinary achievement ever performed by the duca in the course of his sixty years. And he had reason to be proud of so distinguished an effort of mind and body, if it were only for the result. An hour longer at the opera, on the night of his departure from the court, would have allied the ancient race of the Trivulzi with a family who could not trace their existence beyond three generations, and actually connected the daughter of a man who had earned a pension by serving his country with the descendant of a line who had done nothing for themselves nor any one else within the memory of man. But so vast an effort required a corresponding repose; and for a week the duca lounged between the sofas and the *bergères* of his magnificent dressing-room, until he was sick of every painted panel of this most lovely chamber.

This life was to be endured no longer; and he had given orders for an immediate return to France, when he was informed that a general requisition to mount the cavalry of his highness of Tuscany had laid its grasp upon every horse for a hundred square leagues, and that if he ever reached the frontier he must reach it on foot. The duca now felt the *ennui* of his *palazzo* deepen into actual misery; felt himself a prisoner;

felt the silken sofas of his saloons harder than flint; thought his tesselated marble floors a Gothic impertinence; and turned from his Raffaele tapestries, glowing as they were with all the splendours of the Genoese loom, even to the quiet green of the landscape that spread itself before his huge crystal casements, and the equally quiet blue of the sky that roofed the horizon, mountains, valleys, brown groves, grey convents, white cottages, and all. But what was sky or landscape to him! He looked round him; he saw in front a vista of oaks and elms, of vineyards and mulberry fields, that seemed never to have an end; behind him, he looked through a vista of fifty rooms, all royally statued, carved, furnished, and gilded, and all silent, stately, and dull, beyond the patience of man. He wished that they had been crowded with marchionesses, young or old; with men and women even of a less etherial grade; with children, with any thing, rather than afflict him with the echo of nothing but his own tread on their marble floors, and nothing but his own image in their mighty mirrors. In the desperation of his day-dreams, he even once wished that he had married.

He was lingering at the edge of a balcony that overhung a garden worthy of the golden age, and thinking of his last promenade in the orangery of Versailles, when he was struck with the sounds of a female voice accompanied by a guitar. The air was slight, but the voice was singularly sweet. Every man has his soft moment; and the duca had been brought to the melting

point by utter want of something to do. The guitar-player was a novelty; the song was that for which the dukes of this world think nothing too high a price — it was a new sensation. The old current of romance, iced over by ten years of cotillons and flirtation, of all things the most frigorific, suddenly began to flow; and he determined to see the source of emotions which convinced him that there were more matters in the heart of man than were taught by the dice-box or the dancing-master. Opening the folding doors of the balcony, he descended to the parterre; and, from the thicket of myrtle and woodbine which screened it from every wind but the sweet south, he took a full view of the guitar-player. The look was long; and, when he turned away, he wished that he had indulged himself with a look of twice the length. The performer was worth the gaze of any duca under the stars. She was about that time of life when the wild animation of girlhood begins to soften into the richness of female beauty. She might be seventeen, she certainly was not less; she might be twenty, she certainly was not more: but, whatever might be said by the chronicles, the gazer's eye told him that he had never seen a creature so perfectly answering his conception of loveliness. She had paused for a while, and fixed a pair of the largest blue eyes he ever saw, magnificent, living sapphires, on the sky. He saw, or fancied he saw, a tear quickly stealing down; but whether the tear of devotion, or of delight, of rapture at her own delicious harmony, or

sorrow for love or lover, was beyond his discovery. He lingered, watching every trait of blushing cheek, vivid lip, and starry eye, until a gush of the night air startled the object of his admiration, sent her within her chamber, and sent the duca to his supper; not to eat, but to ponder; not to feel indignant at the hardness of silken sofas, and exclaim against the monotony of roofs and walls painted with every hue of earth and heaven, but to wonder who and what the stranger was, and to wonder infinitely more at himself, and why he should wonder about any thing in the round of the globe.

At length the superb old duenna, the grand regulator of all the female ways and means of the mansion, was summoned; and to his measureless surprise explained that the personage who had the presumption to sing within his excellenza's hearing was the very officer's daughter whose marriage with his nephew his excellenza had so happily come in time to stop; that in consequence of her illness on the occasion she had been permitted to remain in the palace till her recovery, but that she was to set out by daybreak. "Let that order be countermanded!" were the only words uttered by the signor. The duenna was all astonishment, and looked narrowly into his countenance to catch the rising signs of insanity. But his excellenza waved his hand; the duenna retired; and the duca spent the next hour in walking vigorously up and down the chamber.

Love in an old bachelor is like summer in Lapland; it either does not come at all, or it comes with a ven-

geance; or, like fire in an Indian forest, it is either smothered in swamp, or it bursts over the land in conflagration; or, like a Dutch dyke, it either will not suffer a rivulet to trickle out, or it lets an ocean pour in. The duca was in love, completely, desperately, ludicrously. And he told the lady so. But, to the eternal reproach of eternal constancy, the lady, on being told, said she was as much in love as the lord. And she said true. The difference was only this: that the exquisite Cassandra was in love with splendid tapestries, marble halls, Titianesque galleries, the handsomest equipages in Tuscany, and two hundred thousand ducats a year. Never was there a more genuine passion. Young Guzman had pleased her heart through her eye; but the *palazzo* pleased her heart through her understanding. Guzman was certainly young and handsome — but he was gone: he might even be dead. In short, she preferred the possessor to the expectant. And no woman who has ever meditated on that perplexing affair, a settlement for life, will fail to do honour to the delicacy of her motives and the propriety of her principles. His excellenza had no one to consult, but that most pleasing of all councillors — self. He made his proposals of his title, fortune, and six equipages. They were most graciously accepted. Himself was thrown into the bargain.

The marriage-day was fixed. But what can preserve the perpetual down of Cupid's wings! On the very day before the ceremony, they were prodigiously ruffled

by the news of a burst of thirty thousand Frenchmen into Tuscany, and a battle, in which the Florentines had exhibited their usual gallantry, and been routed, horse, foot, and dragoons, without the loss of a man. The French chasseurs came up, shooting the duca's pheasants and turkeys, to the gates of his avenue. But there their bivouac was made for the night; and, by next morning, they had other considerations on their hands than either the duca or his pheasants; for they had a long day's shooting with a German division, hastily moved down from the Veronese. The Germans fought steadily, the French briskly; several hundreds were put *hors de combat* on both sides; and in one unlucky volley a straggling shot was sent direct to the spot where the duca stood mustering his servants, sword in hand, to defend the entrance to his mansion, if the heavy Germans should leave him to the fortune of war and the mercy of Frenchmen. The bullet went through his shoulder, giving him a new sensation, and teaching him that, absorbing as love was, he still had room for other sensibilities. He groaned bitterly as he passed by the door of the bridal hall, already hung for the occasion; but the surgeon was now of more importance to him than the priest; and he forgot for a while even the blue eyes and radiant smiles of the fair Cassandra in the sight of the preparations of science. The ball was obstinate; and three days of fever put him in hazard of his life, and reminded the lovely Cassandra of the uncertainty of her being a

duchess. Other considerations, too, assisted her moral. Among the officers of the German division was one, who, seeing her excessive grief, had thought it his duty to attend to her peculiar consolation. He had first addressed her with the distant homage due to the wife of the great duke of Trivulzi. But, on hearing from her own lips that she was not yet in possession of that honour, he burst out into an involuntary speech from a German tragedy, of which though she could not comprehend a syllable, yet she was clearly convinced from the ardour of the reciter that the whole was an appeal from the heart of a hero to the heart of a heroine.

The German spoke a little Italian; French he unequivocally declared to be an object of his utter disdain, and unworthy of the lips of any animal living but a marmozet. But he had a bold, bronzed visage, handsome so far as could be discovered under the usual war-establishment of an hussar's mustaches; he laughed at every thing, played enough on the guitar to discover all its secrets of discord, sang like a mountaineer, and talked for ever. Those would have been charms for any lonely lady in existence; and the lovely Cassandra felt herself fortunate in having the young colonel and his regiment so conveniently at hand, while the duca and his surgeon held so many conferences.

The days fled along. She taught the young German her own silken language, while he returned the attention by the most grotesque compliments to her beauty

in the wildest stanzas of the Black Forest. She soon began to draw many an involuntary comparison between sixty and six and twenty, formality and festivity, the gay adventures of a life of rambling with the man of one's heart, and the stiff solemnity of a ducal life, varied by a drive once a week to Florence and a drive back again, with an old man's fancies to keep in order for the next ten years, and, for every year after, an old man's infirmities to nurse. But she looked round her, and saw a terrible drawback on her new passion in the splendid room in which she was indulging her comparisons between the duca, peevish with pain, and buried in pastilles and papillotes, and the young hero who was at that moment caracolling one of the most beautiful chargers of Hungary at the head of a squadron, in the landscape below her window. She looked again; and the marble tables, the Parian statues, lovely as Venus when she rose from the foam, or bright as Apollo when he shakes his tresses at his morning palace gate; the pearl and gold cabinets; the silken draperies, flowing from ceiling to floor, like clouds burning with the glories of the evening heavens, spoke volumes against the crime of running away from such exquisite things; reproved her ingratitude to the ancient proprietor, who could so soon make her the proprietress; and, finally, a recollection that this apartment, rich as it was, was but one of fifty, to the full as crowded with marbles, silk, and mother-o'-pearl, brought her to the complete conviction that of all offences to man below or saints

above the most grievous was inconstancy. She applauded the delicacy of her conscience; and, with the delight of a good action, determined to proceed immediately and enquire after the health of her beloved.

But, just as she had reached the superb door of the very superb chamber where the duca lay, wishing that the Frenchman whose musket had laid him there were broiling on St. Laurence's gridiron, heated tenfold, she was checked by the sight of the colonel hastening across the colonnade below, and making signs of strong impatience to speak to her. She paused; he had a thousand things to say, but they were summed up in the tidings that the whole division of cavalry were to move within the hour, in pursuit of Vendôme's retreating army. The lady listened. The dialogue continued, as she too retreated, step by step, further from the door of his excellenza; and at length, in a shaded corridor, where but a step led them out to the shaded walk of the flower-garden, the colonel disclosed the whole burthen of his soul. He was desperately in love; and whether he died by the lady's scorn, by absence, or by a French pike, was perfectly indifferent to him. The fair Cassandra's heart palpitated at the idea of this premature dissolution; but she was not yet vanquished. Her conscience rallied, and whispered the gilded tables, the embroidered robes, the six equipages; and conscience prevailed. The lover pressed his suit still more eloquently. But Cassandra thought of the strong distinction between a tent and a saloon, a cottage and a

palazzo; and she was firm once more. "Well, then," said the colonel, in a fit of the deepest despair, "take this last remembrance of the man whom you have driven out of the world; since you refuse to be the bride of the prince von Hohenzollern Hibberflitzen, wear this cross for his sake." He drew from his neck one of his orders set round with diamonds, and threw it over her bosom. She had not a syllable to answer. Her thoughts were busy on other things. A prince! By some strange accident she had never thought of asking the colonel's titles. Yet the name was familiar to her ear, as that of one of the officers performing a distinguished part with the German army. Her conscience took up the question again. A princess, with a gallant, gay, and handsome, young husband, the pride of the army, the life of courts, and her adorer in particular! Her conscience decided that no old duke on earth had a right to stand a moment in competition. The colonel was in raptures. He acknowledged that he had withheld his titles since his arrival in Italy, in the first place, to avoid the troubles of etiquette, and, in the next, that, if he were to be loved, he should be loved for himself alone. The fair Cassandra paid him the flattering compliment of confessing that from the first interview he had made an indelible impression on the very depths of her soul.

There was no time to be lost. The regiments were already in motion. The prince's equipage waited at the palace gate. And, in half an hour, the fair Cas-

sandra, veiled from head to foot, with her guitar, her monkey, and her waiting-maid, was in the carriage, with the prince by her side, whirling away at full gallop for Turin, where the ceremony was to be performed that unites for ever those whose hearts are born to flame together.

The arrival at Turin was rapturous to all, for all were deplorably tired. But the drive through streets of palaces and walks of state was congenial to the spirits of the lady and her maid; and all was gay admiration. It was, however, with some slight revulsion of feeling that the fair Cassandra perceived the equipage driving in under the heavy gateway of the principal inn. She had anticipated a *palazzo*. But this was war; and at all events she must now be contented. The colonel went out to arrange public matters with the commandant. He did not return with the eager punctuality of a lover. The hours passed. He did not return even with the lax punctuality of a husband. The day fled. The evening fled. The morning came. But the prince came not. Four and twenty hours dragged wearily, drearily, desperately, along. The fair Cassandra wept in silent indignation; her maid clamoured in open rage. The heroine's conscience was now awake again; and she glanced on the wild and half furnished room with a virtuous contrast of the richly furnished chamber which she had left behind. At length a letter arrived. Cassandra flew to it as a messenger of hope. It was perfectly plain, if not alto-

gether cheering. It informed her that the German was not a German, but a Spaniard; that his name was not Adalbert prince of Hohenzollern Hibberflitzen, but simply Don Guzman de Almaraz; that he had once loved her, but loved her no more; that, knowing her desertion of the nephew for the uncle, he had joined the German army; that, accident throwing him in her way, he had determined to punish her inconstancy; that he had punished her, broken off her mercenary match, and now recommended it to her to make her way back to Fusina as fast as she could, for which purpose he transmitted her passports, to be used without delay.

This was a thunderstroke. The fair Cassandra was totally overpowered, and burst into a passion of tears. Her demoiselle was equally shocked, but gave vent to her injuries by the tongue; called all men, and especially all colonels, perfidious to the last degree; and promised in the native style to have revenge for the wrongs of her matchless mistress, though she should go to seek it at the ends of the earth. She instantly conveyed the deserted beauty to her bed, and then rushed out, to bring the recreant lover to a sense of his crimes.

She perhaps followed him far; for, to the astonishment of the fair Cassandra, twilight fell, but brought no tidings of the *donzella*. To her terror, she now found that her diamond watch had gone off with her. Further enquiry proved that her purse had taken

flight at the same time. She was now in the most promising condition for a heroine; yet she never felt herself less inclined to enjoy a discovery. Her conscience, too, awoke again; and the glories of the duca, and his pomps and vanities, rose up within her soul with the clearness of an inventory. Among the other evidences of conscience was its upbraiding for her miraculous tardiness in finding out that the accepted new lover was the jilted old one. She now detected a thousand traits in which the resemblance of Guzman and the villain prince of Hohenzollern Hibberflitzen—fool that she was!—must have struck any woman alive. But all their interviews had been so hurried, and the traitor's mustaches so mighty; his voice had been so unintelligibly barbarized, and her fine eyes had been so effectively buried in her own bosom, on the ground, or the tassels of his sword-knot, that she had not time to imagine herself laughed at beyond any flirt alive. But let us return to the duca.

Doubly wounded by fortune, in the shape of a French marksman and a Fusinese jilt, the duca never felt himself so much alive since the days of his earliest recollection. In his indignation he flung the surgeon from him, thereby cutting short the prospect of a handsome rental for the next six months, the shortest period in which the rules of science and its fees could suffer a duke to recover of a gun-shot wound. He flung the surgeon's whole scientific establishment after him, flung a pelisse over his limbs, and had actually

flung himself on the back of one of his Arab horses, determined to give chase to the perfidious pair, when he found himself seized by the hands of a dozen grooms, to whom the discomfited surgeon had declared that their lord was in the last stage of frenzy. The delay brought him to his senses. He pondered on the absurdity of pursuit, remembered that in matrimonial affairs the crime was generally its own punishment, returned to the *palazzo*, ordered his dinner, ate with the appetite of health, drank confusion and a speedy marriage to the parties, and went to bed a new man.

Paris returned to his meditations; and in three weeks after the retreat of the French he determined to follow them, though no longer in the character of a belligerent. But, just as he was drawing on his boots, he was informed that the prior of the Monastery la Mastrina, which made so showy a figure in his landscape, had a wish to make a communication to him. The duca ordered the attendance of the messenger. He was a peasant of the Abruzzi, sent by the prior as the bearer of a jewel which he had found on the road of the upper Apennines, as he was coming to the fair of Lucca. The duca, to his astonishment, found that it was actually his own order of the Blue Dragon of Sardinia, of whose abstraction from his cabinet he now had the first intelligence. Commending the honesty of the Abruzzan, he threw his purse into his bonnet. But this the boy declined. The duca cast it on the

floor; the boy stooped to restore it to its noble owner, rose up again, and rose up with a pair of the largest blue eyes in all Tuscany streaming with tears, a cheek like a wet rose, and a pair of lips striving to utter unutterable things. The jewel-bearer was Cassandra herself, and Cassandra lovelier than ever. The duca had not felt such a sensation since the French bullet. His first impulse was wrath, and he was about to frown the truant out of the world. But this was not to be easily done; for the frown was met by a smile of such exquisite fondness, and the smile followed by a sigh so drawn from the very heart-veins of repentance, that the duca must have been more or less than human to resist. He was neither. The lovely Cassandra then detailed the intolerable fraud by which 'she had been betrayed into the hands of a whole regiment of German savages, at the moment when she was thinking of nothing but the rapture of the approaching hour which was to make her the happiest of wives to the most noble and accomplished of men. She had been violently seized, half strangled by a set of wretches, carried off she knew not whither, escaped she knew not how, returned she knew not whence, and had made the first use of her freedom to come and die at the feet of her only love and only lord.'

What is to be done if women will say such things, and look as beautiful as angels while they are saying them! What, but to believe every syllable they say, take their yoke on the neck, and be mild and marriageable! The

duca found his indignation utterly evaporated, and congratulated himself on the graces of person and manner which had so effectually attached to him by much the prettiest creature that he had seen since the last court-day. The wedding was appointed forthwith. Within three days the lovely Cassandra was to feel her conscience at its ease, and be mistress of bijoux and filagree enough to have established a grand signor and his harem.

The season was now that blending of spring into summer, which so much resembles the painting on a peach, the touches of exquisite immaturity melting into crimson ripeness. The evenings were the very soul of softness, the breezes the living breath of buds and blooms, the twilight crowned with stars of the most dewy silver. All was made for a bride and bridegroom on the very verge of rapture. The duca, heated with the fatigues of ordering letters to be written, summoning the nobles for fifty leagues round to the ceremonial, proposed a walk in the gardens. The lady was all compliance. They strolled through vistas of every fruit and flower that perfumes the summer airs of golden Tuscany. At length they reached the bower where the duca had first told his love, and, if the truth may be added, where the lovely Cassandra had listened to some hundred speeches of the most faithless of colonels. But other thoughts were now in her soul. She looked at the stately towers of the palace, rising over bright and burnished groves of magnificent trees,

and felt herself fortified against all inconstancy, at least for three days to come. But the duca's eyes began to close as he sat under the vine-trellised shade. Nothing is more curious in the chapter of absurdities which we call human nature than the sudden whispers of suspicion which sometimes come in between our loudest pledges of confidence. As the duca's fatigue disposed him to slumber, he desired the fair bride to sing him one of her cavatinas; this was done, accompanied on the guitar with infinite taste. Still a slight touch, half suspicion half gallantry, reminded the duca that if slumber closed his eye his beloved might stray. The riband of his recovered order was on his shoulder. He proposed gaily to bind his fair captive to him while he gave way to 'a reverie on his approaching happiness.' The lady declared that she only desired to be bound to him in chains of adamant, which it should be the delight of her life to twine with roses. The riband was tied to the slenderest wrist in all Italy; and the duca, holding the end of this silken fetter, closed his eyes, for the purpose of enjoying his reverie more at his ease. In two minutes he was soundly asleep, and might be wandering in soul on the banks of the Ganges, or climbing the Mountains of the Moon.

It has always been deemed dangerous to set women thinking; for their thoughts run in all odd directions. The lady, as she looked upon her lord, was struck with the contrast between his ancient graces and the young beauty of that handsome villain don Guzman. While

the thought was shaping itself according to the usual fashion of young brides going to be chained to old husbands, she was roused by a whisper at her ear. It was her name. The next sound was a supplication for forgiveness in the most impassioned tone. The next phenomenon was the apparition of don Guzman himself, handsomer than ever, beseeching her to have mercy on him, telling her that he found it impossible to live without her, and swearing by her bright eyes and incomparable loveliness that if she bade him despair he would plunge the sharpest of swords into the most faithful of bosoms, and there end his life and his sorrows together. The evening was unlucky for constancy, and favourable to love. The fair Cassandra's conscience for once forgot to reckon the marble tables and silken tapestries. The dialogue continued, while don Guzman offered her his Spanish chateau for her throne and himself for her footstool. But the riband! It was gently loosed from the captive's wrist, and fastened round the neck of the duca's favourite spaniel, which had remained a silent spectator of the proceeding. The fair Cassandra was foolish enough to be actually in love again, and forgetful enough never to raise her eyes to the *palazzo*, while she glided through the gardens with the foot of a sylph to the portal where don Guzman's horses were to have been in waiting. But in their place was a whole host of the duca's liveried footmen, sword in hand, ready to arrest the fugitives. The lady screamed and fainted at the sight. Of course

this finished the battle; and the don and his prize were conducted in great indignation to the *palazzo*. They passed by the vine trellis, and there was the duca still enjoying his slumber, and with the captive spaniel sitting happily in his chain. The gravity of a Venetian senate might have given way at the sight. The Tuscans are sons of Nature; and the whole embroidered rabble roared with unceremonious laughter. His excellenza was instantly recalled from his tour round the globe, and forced to see with eyes broad awake the captive which he had got in his silken band, and the captive which had got out of it. To be burlesqued by his own chamberlains, and jilted for the second time within a month, were new sensations, not recommended by their novelty.

But the duca was now accustomed to an increase of his sensations; and never was privy-councillor of his Imperial majesty more completely mystified as to the course which it became his dignity to take. The days were gone by when he could have hanged both the culprits from the tallest elm in his avenue. The day, too, was gone by when he could believe that the lovely sinner before him had ever cared the worth of one of those fan-sticks, which she was now tearing into atoms, for him. The day, too, was nearly gone by when he could imagine his ancient face, with all its *papillotes*, likely to be a match for young Guzman's, handsome, vivid, and glowing, with nothing but its own raven locks to cluster about it.

The duca was old, but still he was an old noble. In a fit of angry generosity, which turned into a fit of laughter at the general oddity of the situation, he started forward, caught the hands of the two runaways, bade them be happy, and desired them both to come and sup with him. "My dream," said he, "is done, and yours is beginning. But, nephew, take my advice before you take my heirship. Never trust a woman at all, or trust her entirely. If you go to sleep, do not tie her; if you tie her, do not go to sleep." Then turning to Cassandra, who was bowed to the ground with contrition and covered with blushes — "Never fear any reproaches of mine, fair lady. I owe to you the kindness of having saved me from a prodigious blunder. Constancy is difficult to the young, and more difficult still to the lovely. You have the best reasons, then, for fickleness. Now, however, I am satisfied that you will never be inconstant to *me*. And now all parties have nothing to do but to be as happy together as the palazzo di Trivulzi can make them. *Andiamo*."

The duca led the way; the lovers followed. The marriage preparations were already made. The only difference was a change in the persons. The castle was crowded next day and all day; and, before the next sunset, don Guzman and the signora Cassandra were pronounced to be the handsomest and the happiest pair under the canopy of the blue skies of Italy.

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THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.

THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

From many years of wandering, and many days of care,
Wherein the lonely pilgrim's heart must heavy burdens bear;
From greetings cold in stranger-lands, and perils of the sea,
O shade of my beloved friend! I turn once more to thee.

Fair pictured form! when last I gazed upon thy placid brow,
There sat beneath thy carved frame a lovelier one than thou:
To me thy fixed, unaltered smile in mockery seems to try
To give her ever-varying charms — of cheek, and lip, and eye.

Methinks 'twas only yesterday I stood before thee last;
The winter whitened every stream, the heavens were overcast;
But in the hall was light and fire, and round the hearth there drew
A small and chosen band of friends, the cheerful and the true.

Methinks even now her speaking smile of happiness I see,
Two children nestled at her feet, another on her knee;

And in her large dark eye there beamed that eloquence
of bliss
Which mocked the storm without, when joy within
was such as this.

I hear her voice an ancient lay of pleasant fancy sing,
I see the children to her harp dance round in merry ring;
Her Christmas tale of goblin-knight encased in armour
black,
And forest-spirit by her spring — how freshly come
they back!

Her hoary-headed servants loved to meet her gentle eye:
The watchful hound roused up from sleep if she passed
softly by:
Fair pictured form! I gaze on thee in agony, unknown
To those who fill the dwelling-place from which her
light is gone.

Her laughing children — some are dead — and one is
far away;
Her husband hath a second bride, a stranger-lady gay;
Her friends have all forgotten her, for now they gather
here,
And bear to see and talk of thee without a single tear.

Oh! if returning home must bring such knowledge
sad and strange,
Old bonds, old memories, swept from sight by the cold
tide of change,
I would that I had never lived such weary things to see,
My lovely and forgotten friend!—lamented but by me!

THE GREAT BELT.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

Life is a tale begun, whose hast'ning close
Will make the matter clear; the mystery
Elucidate or solve; the incidents,
However wild, explain and justify.

BALL'S CREATION.

DURING the long war between England and France, which terminated in the abdication of Buonaparte and his retreat to Elba, it is well known that at various times most of the continental powers were compelled by Napoleon and the presence of a French army to enter into an alliance with the emperor, and to assist him in his career of ambition.

In the northern parts of Europe this influence would have been ruinous to British commerce, but for the gallant services of our Navy and the daring prowess of our seamen; for one look at the map will show the utter impossibility there is for ships to proceed to the ports of the Baltic except through the very heart, as it were, of the kingdom of Denmark. With Russia and Sweden we were at peace, but with Denmark we were at war; and thus the market in Russia must have been closed against British produce (excepting that which was conveyed overland from Gottenburg to Stockholm, and thence by a precarious voyage to the Gulf of Fin-

land) but that the proud flag which Nelson had triumphantly borne before the conquered ships and batteries of Copenhagen still floated in supremacy through every part of the northern seas, and our enemies had the mortification of seeing large fleets, composed of several hundred merchant-ships richly freighted, passing within a short distance of their shores, under the protection of men-of-war, that were constantly employed in convoying them.

These ships, arriving from different parts of England, assembled at the general rendezvous in Wingoe Sound on the coast of Sweden, and, when a sufficient number were collected, they were formed into divisions, and made their passage through the Cattegat into the Great Belt, where, during the summer, ships of the line and frigates were stationed, at proper distances, to assist the convoys and to guard them over the Baltic Sea into the Gulf of Finland; and perhaps there never was a more interesting and spirit-stirring spectacle than the passage of the fleet through the Great Belt.

The merchant-ships, several hundred in number, with their white sails expanded and covering a space of six or seven miles, were led by a ship of the line, carrying the commodore's flag, ahead of which none dared advance. On each side of the fleet, at intervals, were frigates, sloops, and gun-brigs, to defend the merchant-vessels and keep them within bounds; and the rear was protected by other frigates and brigs, which were also occasionally employed n taking the

dull sailers in tow, and, with every stitch of canvas set, dragging them up into the body of the fleet. Close to the shore the enemy's gun-boats and well manned armed vessels could be seen rowing along, and ready to take advantage of any shift of wind that might force a straggler within a probable distance of being captured, when they would boldly dart upon their prey, and, in spite of every exertion on the part of the British men-of-war, were not unfrequently successful. If the wind died away and a calm ensued, the gun-boats were particularly active, for their long guns seldom failed of doing considerable execution; and the rapidity with which they shifted their stations, and the smallness of the object they offered for a mark, generally enabled them to escape with impunity from a fire in return. On the land, strong detachments of horse-artillery kept parallel with the gun-vessels, ready to repel any attack which might be made by the boats of the men-of-war, supported by the armed brigs of a light draught of water.

It was on a lovely day at the commencement of July, 1811, that an English seventy-four stationed off Reefness observed a convoy approaching, and, having joined it, proceeded in company through the Great Belt to the south end of Langeland, where she left the convoy with a westerly wind, and trimmed her sails to return to her old station. They gradually receded from each other, till the seventy-four appeared the only ship floating on the smooth waters of the Belt.

The weather was extremely beautiful; the cool breeze tempered the atmospheric heat and swelled the sleeping sails; the sun shone in rich splendour; the shore scenery was finely picturesque; and the enemy's armed vessels were slowly returning to their different ports, disappointed in their expectations of a prize.

The tall ship glided swiftly along; and on the starboard side of the quarter-deck the captain and the first lieutenant paced to and fro in earnest conversation; many of the officers were walking on the larboard side, whilst the seamen grouped themselves together on the forecastle, sporting their sea wit and cracking their nautical jokes at the expense of the Danish flotilla. Suddenly the lieutenant quitted the side of his chief, and immediately afterwards the shrill pipe of the boatswain's mate was heard, followed by his deep, hoarse voice, exclaiming — "Bargemen, away! Pinnacers, away!" In a few minutes the crews of the two boats named were on the quarter-deck, and received orders to hold themselves in readiness for night-duty. The captain of marines was also directed to have a party equipped for the same service, and a few of the best men were selected from the ship's company to complete the expedition.

About midnight, when a little to the southward of the track between Nyborg on the island of Fünen and Corsoer on the island of Zealand, the boats, with the addition of a double-banked cutter, put off from the ship under the command of the second lieutenant, who

received orders to lie in the course which a vessel going from one town to the other would probably take, and detain every boat he might fall in with. Should nothing present itself that night, his boats were to make for the islet in mid-passage, and, lying concealed throughout the day, again to row guard as soon as darkness returned.

These orders were punctually obeyed; and, nothing appearing to attract their notice, Lieutenant Montagu at the approach of daylight repaired with his small squadron to the islet; the boats were carefully concealed, and the men directed not to appear at all where it was possible they might be seen. The ship had continued her course, and no traces of her were visible: the day passed on; the westerly wind prevailed; and, just before sunset, Montagu, by the aid of his glass, discovered several small vessels preparing to quit Nyborg, and one that was larger and better equipped than the others he knew to be the mail-packet. This pleasing intelligence he communicated to his brother-officers and the seamen and marines, and joyful expectation of a rich prize animated all. It was evident that the Danes were unacquainted with the proximity of the boats: the signal-posts had reported the ship to be at anchor off Ramsoe; and thus they indulged in hopes of sending across to Zealand without any danger of capture.

Darkness came on; the British boats were extended in a line; and, after two hours of anxiety, Lieutenant

Montagu, who occupied the central station, had the satisfaction of seeing a dark object approaching through the twilight gloom, and running down full upon him. As it neared his boat, he audibly whispered — " 'T is the packet ! be ready, men ! " and the utmost silence prevailed, broken only by the dashing and hissing of the spray, as the Danish vessel cut through the yielding waters.

It was known that the packet (a cutter of about thirty tons burthen) never went unarmed, and every heart beat high as she came down booming before the wind. Montagu forbore making the preconcerted signal to the other boats, as he was not without a hope of taking the packet by surprise ; he therefore placed the barge right in her track, and was not discovered till close under her bows, when, by a judicious movement, he clapped alongside, and boarded with his men. Resistance would have been equally foolish and unavailing ; and thus, without a blow being struck or scarcely any noise being made, he took possession of his prize. To send every one below whilst he shortened sail and brought the cutter to the wind was but the work of a few minutes ; and he was soon made sensible by several musket-shots that his other boats had been equally on the alert, and were bringing the vessels to. In less than an hour nine market-vessels, laden with goods and every delicacy of the season, and the packet, with passengers and baggage, were captured. But there was also in a national point of view a more important seizure

made; for so sudden and unexpected had been the attack that the captain had not time to sink the mail, and thus very important dispatches, together with an immense number of notes on the bank of Denmark, fell into the hands of the English.

Montagu had ordered the marines and three seamen to remain with him on board the cutter, and had sent the barge away to assist his comrades. He then descended to the cabin of the packet, where the passengers in indescribable terror were crowded together, and uttering bitter lamentations. But there was one who attracted his attention more than all the rest, and awakened every generous emotion of his heart. It was a young female of exquisite beauty, apparently about seventeen years of age, but her countenance was that of fixed despair. Her dress was elegant, though somewhat soiled and negligently put on; and at her feet lay a female domestic giving way to convulsive bursts of anguish. Montagu felt all the soft yearnings of tenderness and compassion stealing through his breast; he gazed in admiration and with pity on his captive; their eyes met, and in an instant she flung herself before him, and clung to his knees. At the first moment the sudden sobbings of unrepressed agony prevented her speaking; but, recovering more of self-possession, in a voice sweetly musical she addressed the astonished lieutenant, in a language half English, half French, and implored him not to detain her as a prisoner, for she was hastening to the court of Den-

mark, a supplicant for a father's life. Her beseeching look, her earnest entreaty, her flowing tears, and her humble attitude, distracted the mind of poor Montagu; and for an instant he cursed the chance which compelled him to be cruel. In vain he pointed out the impossibility of releasing the vessel; in vain he assured his lovely prisoner that she would be safe; and that in all probability the captain, when acquainted with the particulars, would instantly set her at liberty. 'One hour's delay,' she urged, 'might bereave her of a parent, the only one she had known from infancy. The sentence of death was suspended over him for a breach of military etiquette, and none but the king could save his life.'

Poor Montagu, who had never shrunk in the hour of peril, now trembled with conflicting emotions; the whole scene was so sudden, the appeal so touching, that he stood undecided how to act. In a few minutes he raised the beauteous mourner; but she clung still closer to him, and in accents of extreme woe bewailed her lot, till nature was subdued and she sank senseless on the deck. That was indeed a terrible moment for Montagu, and he swore that if it cost him his own life, or, what was equally dear, his future prospects of promotion, he would break through his duty and set her on shore that night.

Leaving the wretched girl to the care of her servant and the passengers, he went on deck; but the proud feelings of a victor had vanished. It is true he rallied

sufficiently to issue his orders with accuracy and judgment; but the features of that beseeching countenance were stamped upon his heart, and the soul-thrilling accents of her sweet voice still sounded in his ears imploring for a father's life. He knew that a dereliction of duty might bring him to a court-martial; he knew that all attempts at concealment would be vain: nevertheless he was determined; and, directing the captain of the packet to have the lady's luggage in readiness, he ordered the crew of the barge to stow it in their boat. As commanding officer he was not amenable for his conduct to any one present; but in this instance he informed his brave fellows of a few leading incidents connected with his situation, and his intention of landing the lovely girl immediately. Selecting, therefore, a few of his stoutest followers to remain in the cutter, he put the Danish crew and passengers on board the other vessels, and directed the next in command to proceed towards Ramsoe with the prizes under easy sail.

The lady and her servant were placed in the barge, the sails were hoisted, and, as the wind had gradually died away to a gentle air, the brave seamen stretched to their oars, and made their favourite boat fly through the sparkling waters.

But who can describe the enthusiastic gratitude of the pious daughter, as, sitting by the side of Montagu, and closely wrapped from the keen night-air in his boat-cloak, she felt assured by his persuasions that her

speed would be accelerated instead of retarded by her capture; that a very short time would land her on the shores of Zealand, which she now saw rising into view; and that, as it was almost calm, had she remained in the packet, she could have made but little progress! Delicious to the ear of the lieutenant was the voice of the sweet girl, and he drank deeply of the intoxicating draught of pleasure.

The seamen appeared to be all actuated by one generous sentiment; but, as the barge was now rapidly approaching the shore, great caution was necessary not to excite alarm. The frowning batteries of Corsoer were rising in the gloom, when the coxswain descried a boat near them: the men instantly lay on their oars; but Montagu, finding nothing to apprehend, boldly pushed alongside, and discovered that it was a small fisherman, who, unsuspicious of danger, had come out to fish. His terror at being taken was extreme, and Montagu for a few minutes suffered it to have full scope; he then proposed that he would permit him to go unmolested, with a reward into the bargain, if he would pledge himself to land the lady and her attendant at Corsoer, to which place, then at a short distance, he was immediately to proceed.

The poor fisherman and his companion gladly assented; the lady's baggage was put into their boat, and she prepared to follow, but, first turning to Montagu, with unrepressed thankfulness, she threw her arms round his neck, buried her face upon his bosom,

and burst into tears. With every hallowed and pure sentiment of fervent devotion, the lieutenant raised her up, and, imprinting one chaste kiss upon her cheek, assisted her to change her embarkation; he then wrapped his cloak around her, pressed her burning hand to his beating heart, uttered a faint farewell, and returned to his seat in the barge. The fair girl held out her hand to the coxswain, which he grasped with eagerness and raised to his lips; that hand contained her purse, which she tendered for his acceptance, to be divided amongst his men; but, with the generosity though with the characteristic bluntness of a seaman, he dashed a tear from his eye, and, rejecting the proffered gift, exclaimed, "No, I 'll be d——d if I do!—'t would be a black score in the purser's account at the last day."

The boats separated; the lieutenant followed the fisherman, till he saw him enter the harbour of Corsoer, and then, with conflicting feelings, he directed the coxswain to steer by a bright star, which he knew would guide his course towards Ramsoe.

But they had not proceeded far before the morning twilight was brightly glimmering in the east, and the young officer and his coxswain bent down their heads, whilst with eager glance their eyes swept round the north-western horizon; but, though fancy occasionally shadowed forth ideal imagery, the haziness of night had not sufficiently passed away to enable them to discover the objects of their search.

Day broke. The haze was gradually dispelled by the rising sun, which had not yet, however, reached the horizon. The breeze freshened from the southward. The barge, with flowing sheets, aided by the oars, dashed through the smooth waters. But with the opening glory of the morn a scene presented itself that for a moment caused the heart of the young lieutenant to sink within him.

The officer whom Montagu had left in charge of the prizes had obeyed his instructions, and kept under easy sail. The packet and the market-boats were visible to the barge slowly proceeding on their course; but there was also visible that which did not seem to be observed on board the prizes. A portion of the Danish flotilla, which had attended the convoy up the shores of the Belt, in returning to their harbours, had discovered the captured vessels, and were evidently in eager pursuit.

Boldly did the stout bargemen stretch their sinewy arms to the oars, that bent to their rapid strokes. Gallantly did the swift boat dart over the rippling waters; musket after musket was fired by the young lieutenant to warn the prizes of their danger; but it was not till the headmost of the gun-boats had got them within reach of shot that they seemed sensible of being chased: then indeed all sail was crowded, and every effort made to accelerate their speed. Still the gun-boats gained upon them; and the headmost (which had greatly outstripped its companions) was preparing

to throw a destructive fire of grape and canister at the distance of a cable's length, when Montagu, in the barge, boldly dashed alongside, and, though at first repulsed, yet after a short but desperate struggle succeeded in getting on board. Here, hand to hand the contest raged, and death smote down his victims. The two lieutenants met: their bright swords flashed in the red flame of the musketry. Montagu felt that his future hopes principally depended upon that moment. Annihilation would be preferable to dishonour; but conquest might possibly regain character, distinction, and all that he feared was lost. His steel passed through the heart of the Dane, who fell lifeless on the deck.

A shout — a thrilling, soul-stirring shout — burst from the barge's crew, as they rushed headlong upon the enemy, who, deprived of their gallant leader, called for quarter and surrendered. The gun-boat's head was immediately put round to meet the approaching flotilla, and the heavy charge of the eighteen-pounder, designed for the British, was poured with destructive precision on the advancing foe. Again she was put before the wind, and the stern gun well plied did considerable execution. Several of the enemy's vessels were sunk or disabled; but, though the daring of British seamen for a while kept the whole in check, yet the Danes still pressed on, apparently determined to recapture the prizes or perish.

Montagu perceived their object: but the tall masts of the seventy-four were now visible, and he knew that a

short time would suffice to bring her near enough to induce the Danes to discontinue the chase, lest they should be unable to retreat. But the great force of the enemy, the incessant fire which they kept up, together with their superior sailing, left him but small hopes of escape. Suddenly the seventy-four shifted her position; the tall masts were concealed under clouds of canvas; and the lieutenant became sensible that his brave captain was hastening to his rescue as speedily as a slant wind would permit.

The crew of the barge gave three hearty cheers as they witnessed the manœuvre, and the Danes, who likewise beheld it, were aware that one half-hour must decide their victory or compel them to sheer off; they therefore cheered in return, and with redoubled efforts pursued the prizes, which the crews of the pinnace and cutter were barely sufficient to keep in subjection, though they were enabled occasionally by a well directed fire of musketry to annoy the enemy.

The momentous struggle arrived: two of the largest gun-boats ranged in amongst the prizes. Montagu, clapping his helm a-starboard, ran stem on to the first, and, by a well directed shot from his stern gun, sent the other to the bottom. The conflict now became terrible: each vessel, as it came up, surrounded the gun-boat of the lieutenant; the barge's crew fought with cool and undaunted bravery, but, overpowered by numbers and many of them severely wounded, they were reluctantly compelled to yield.

But the prizes were saved. The Danes, eager to recover their commodore, had lost too much time to think of further pursuit; and Montagu, whilst stretched bleeding on the deck, his head supported on the shoulder of the wounded coxswain, saw the certainty of their escape, gave one feeble cheer, and closed his eyes in insensibility.

Captain Wilkinson was much attached to Montagu, and heard with considerable pain the causes of his capture as they were detailed by the second in command, who, from motives of personal hostility, had given a colouring to the whole transaction which perverted the truth, although adhering to occurrences that were undeniable. Of his ultimate fate they were ignorant, but it seemed most probable that death had cleared the forfeit for his breach of discipline.

But, happily for Montagu, it was not so; and, on recovering from a long attack of fever and delirium, he found himself in a splendid apartment, on a bed of down, surrounded by curtains of rich velvet; and dim recollections of the past came crowding confusedly upon his mind. Visions of an incomprehensible nature floated before him—his wounds still gave him pain, but feelings of a pleasing and consolatory kind soothed his breast, and he sank into a deep and refreshing slumber. He dreamed that a pitying angel from the abodes of eternal happiness was ministering to his wants, and the countenance of the heavenly visitant was blended with the lovely features of that beautiful girl who had knelt

at his feet to plead for a father's safety. There was a sweet communion of spirit, a fervent mingling of the heart's emotion, which seemed to place him on an equality with his angelic guardian; and sentiments of devout gratitude were united with the most delightful sensations of strong and ardent affection.

Montagu awoke from his sleep with the objects of his dream still strongly impressed upon his imagination — he unclosed his eyes, but the vision of his slumbers appeared to be realized, for he actually beheld the eyes of that lovely female bent full upon him, whilst a benign look of compassion gave a peculiar and interesting expression to her face. It was, in fact, the beauteous girl herself, and Montagu seized her extended hand and pressed it to his lips, as the tears of pleasure chased each other down her glowing cheeks.

Emilie Zeyfferlein, on landing at Corsoer, had hastened to Copenhagen, and, through the influence of a friend at court, had obtained an interview with royalty. She had in fact been the first bearer of the account of the capture of the packet, and she did not fail to extol in appropriate terms the devoted generosity of the young English officer. A respite, however, was all she could obtain for her father, with a promise that the circumstances connected with his alleged fault should be strictly examined into. With this she hastened back to the prison where her parent was confined. But, on passing through Nyborg, she heard of the action that had been fought, saw the wounded and insensible lieu-

tenant, and, after an interview with her father, she returned to attend upon poor Montagu.

The Crown-Prince heard of these circumstances, which the Danes — naturally a brave people — had extolled with admiration. Montagu was removed to the palace of the Prince, who had conversed with the English prisoners taken with their young officer, and received from them a history of the transaction; and Emilie was permitted to undertake the office of nurse. Carefully and vigilantly had she watched and attended him through his perilous illness, and latterly her whole soul had become engrossed by the hope of saving her benefactor; for it had been ascertained that the charges against her father had originated in malevolence, and, consequently his life was not only spared but he was released from confinement and retained in the immediate suite of the Prince.

Montagu would have recovered fast, but there were two things that greatly impeded his convalescence — the first was an agonizing apprehension of the consequences of his breach of naval discipline; and the second arose from the painful certainty that he must part from the fair girl, who now seemed bound to his heart as part and parcel of his very existence.

The survivors of the barge's crew had been exchanged: Captain Wilkinson had made strict inquiries of them relative to the affair, and their replies so clearly proved the humanity and bravery of Montagu as to raise him greatly in the personal estimation of his

worthy and excellent commander. But public duty prevailed over private feelings; and, though determined to do all in his power to aid his young friend, yet there was no alternative but a court-martial. As soon as Montagu could undergo the fatigue, he wrote to his captain, detailing and explaining every circumstance; and this letter, with a recommendatory one from the Crown-Prince, speaking in high terms of the young lieutenant, was forwarded to the admiral.

But Admiral G—— was a strict and stern disciplinarian, unacquainted with those finer feelings of the mind that prompt the tender mercies. As he could not appreciate the young lieutenant's motives, there appeared to him no palliation of his offence; but he rather deemed the yielding to female influence an aggravation. Consequently the letters, though intended to be forwarded to the Admiralty, went no further than himself; and Montagu, decorated with orders presented by a generous enemy, returned to his ship in Wingoe Sound, to be placed under arrest by his countrymen and friends.

The winter was at hand, and the large ships returned to England. The flag for a court-martial was hoisted on board the Raisonnable in Sheerness harbour; and the gallant Lieutenant Rivers, who lost his leg on board Nelson's own ship in the battle of Trafalgar, was active in his exertions for the almost desponding prisoner.

I was then but a boy, but I well remember the circumstances. The noble-minded Captain Clay sat as

president at the head of the table, and the other officers were ranged on each side, with the judge-advocate at the bottom. On the left of this latter personage stood Montagu, in full uniform, but without the emblems of distinction which he had received from the regent of Denmark. He still carried his left arm in a sling, and his forehead displayed a ruddy scar from a wound yet scarcely healed; his face was pale, from his long sickness and agitation, which Captain Clay no sooner observed than he directed that the prisoner should be accommodated with a chair, behind which stood the provost-marshal, with his naked sword.

The court was opened, and the great cabin was immediately crowded in every part, whilst many a brilliant from the heart of sympathy hung on the eye-lids of the daring and intrepid tars, who loved a generous deed and mourned its sad requital.

The charges were read and the witnesses called. The first was the officer to whom Montagu had given the command of the prizes; and his evidence was heard with pain by every member of the court, particularly as its main points were corroborated by those who were subsequently examined. The barge's crew confirmed that part of the testimony relative to their proceeding to Corsoer; but neither the respect due to the court nor the fear of consequences could deter the sturdy but honest coxswain from giving free utterance to the fulness of his heart. He was a remarkably fine-looking man; and, as he stood on the right of the

judge-advocate, with his black handkerchief carelessly knotted round the collar of his white shirt, and his flaxen hair curling wildly over his face, he presented an admirable specimen of Britain's pride. Occasionally a glance of deep meaning was thrown towards the prisoner, who had long valued and esteemed this humble friend.

To expect or even command the coxswain merely to answer the interrogatories that were put to him was out of the question; he reasoned in his own way upon the evidence he gave, and drew such a picture of the distress of the duteous daughter that there was scarcely a dry eye in the court. It was the language of nature, in its most simple but at the same time its most eloquent form — it was a seaman appealing to the hearts of seamen in their own peculiar way.

"God bless your honours!" said he, throwing out his right arm, and advancing close to the table, "ould Jack Tiller is not to be told that the articles of war must be obeyed, and death is denounced against them as breaks 'em: but I pities they as wants pity; and though duty to our king and country must be done, yet there 's a neglect of duty to the great commander-in-chief, whose voice we have so often heard upon the waters, that will bring us to a more terrible court-martial than this here, where your honours know that if being marciful is a crime every one on you is as guilty as my brave officer there. And oh! if you had but seen her when she grappled the lieutenant — her

beautiful eyes swimming in tears, as if the spring-tide of sorrow was rushing from her heart——"

"Witness," exclaimed the president, interrupting him, "you must confine yourself to answer questions, without going into particulars."

"I wull, your honours! indeed I wull!" replied the coxswain: "but if you had only heard that sweet girl plead for a father's life—remember your honours, it was her father—and some of your honours, I dare say, has got lovely children—though God forbid that any on 'em should ever have to work such a traverse as she had—yes, your honours, it was her father—and, poor thing, she had no mother"—and here the brave fellow's voice, which had become tremulous, wholly ceased, whilst a strong feeling of sympathy pervaded every soul present.

"Witness, have you any thing more to say?" inquired the president.

"God bless your honour again and again for that kindness!" answered the coxswain. "I knew you would never throw a poor tar slap aback for speaking a bit of his mind. I've sarved my king, God bless him! many years, and some of your honours knows that Jack Tiller never wanted a tow-line when boarding an enemy! Captain England there will be a voucher for my experience in them 'ere matters, and so I think I can tell when a brave man does his duty; and as to Mr. Montagu, may I be—— I beg pardon, your honours, but I was going to say if ever a seaman fought

as a seaman should fight, it was Mr. Montagu! But, what's the worth of a heart that has no compassion for a signal of distress, and would leave a fellow-creature to be wrecked, when a spare anchor would save 'em?"

"Attend, coxswain," said the president; "do you think the prisoner had any other motive in going over to Corsoer than that which you have mentioned?"

"Prisoner, your honours?" replied the coxswain doubtingly, and then, as if suddenly recollecting, he went on, "Oh ay, I understand now — you means Mr. Montagu! As for his motives I can't speak, but I know he had his side-arms and pistols."

"Do you think that the cause of his quitting the prizes was pure generosity?" asked the president.

"If it warn't, may I be —— I beg pardon again, your honours," said the coxswain. "And who can tell when they see the big round tears following in each other's wake down the cheeks of beauty — who can tell what tack they may stand on, or to what point of the compass they may head? — a brave man turns 'em into a sort of a language as quick as a marine turns into his hammock — there's no twisting 'em end for end, or convarting 'em deliberately into twice-laid."

"The lady must have been very beautiful to have produced so great a *fascination*," said a young member of the court.

"Produced what, your honour?" asked the coxswain, who immediately thought of the purse. "Why,

ay, she did press it on me to be sure, but I would n't touch a stiver; and, as for her beauty, why your honour can judge for yourself." The coxswain turned round to some one who stood at a short distance behind him, enveloped in a boat-cloak, and whom he now handed forward, to the great surprise of the court. Having done this, he took his station respectfully by the side of the person he had introduced, and in a business-like way removed the cloak — when Emilie Zeyfferlein, in all her loveliness, stood revealed to their eager gaze.

Expressions of admiration issued from every part of the crowded cabin, but they were uttered only in an audible whisper. The president looked round him in a state of perplexed embarrassment; the members of the court rose from their seats with marked respect; and the junior captain, who was the nearest to her, immediately offered her his chair. Captain Wilkinson came round to her side, and offered kind encouragement, whilst ill repressed bursts of honest approval for several minutes issued from the bold tars without the cabin.

But who could paint the feelings or the look of Montagu at the wholly unexpected appearance of one who at that very moment occupied every thought of his heart! — it would be impossible. She looked imploringly towards the president; she tried to speak, but her voice faltered; yet her presence carried more energy and force with it than all the powers of language. She had braved the elemental strife of winds and waves,

and there, a devotee to gratitude and love, she stood ready to plead for her benefactor.

But this state of things could not be suffered to continue long. The president adjourned the court for the day; the prisoner was removed to his private cabin; and Emilie was conducted by the worthy Captain Clay to his wife and family, till the sensation which had been created had somewhat subsided.

I must pass over the interview between the distressed Montagu and the fondly attached Emilie — it was a mingling of delight with agony, a blending of smiles with tears. She had come to England, accompanied by her father, in a neutral vessel, and furnished with letters from the regent of Denmark to the ruler on the British throne. They had gained information at the Admiralty of the intended court-martial, and not a moment was lost in hastening to Sheerness.

On the following day, the sitting of the court was resumed. The trial proceeded. A verdict of Guilty was returned, and sentence of death passed upon the prisoner. Montagu heard it with every outward semblance of firmness — but oh! the agony of his heart! He had borne an irreproachable character — he had bravely fought for his country—he had an aged mother, who prized him as her dearest and most cherished treasure — he loved and was beloved — and to die by an ignominious execution, with thousands of eyes to witness his degradation! — oh! the rush of thought was dreadful.

But the spirit of the beauteous Emilie was stirred up, her mind was strengthened, her frame was nerved with energetic resolve; and, without seeing the condemned officer, she returned to the metropolis, and sought by every means within her power to influence the mercy of the Crown in favour of Montagu. The letters from Denmark were but little noticed by the regent, and the loss of lives caused by the defalcation of the doomed one was aggravated by the admiral; so that the only boon the supplicant could obtain was, that the life of the lieutenant should be spared. This, however, was renewed existence to herself, for whilst he lived she was prepared to share his lot whatever it might be; and the heavy weight which threatened to crush the young bud of her future hopes was removed from her heart. Yet the blow had been too severe for the parent of the prisoner; his situation had been incautiously disclosed to the fond mother; the tender fibres which bound her to the world were severed; and she sank to the grave, with no child to close her eyes in death, and to see her laid in the receptacle for perishing mortality.

Montagu was dismissed the service. Every tie that had bound him to his country was broken. He returned with the devoted Emilie to Copenhagen, changed his name, married the lovely girl, and is at this moment a Danish admiral, high in the confidence of the monarch.

NEW FIGURES.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Oh give me new figures! — I can't go on dancing
The same that were taught me ten seasons ago;
The *Schoolmaster* over the land is advancing —
Then why is the *Master of Dancing* so slow?
It is such a bore to be always caught tripping
In dull uniformity year after year;
Invent something new, and you 'll set me a-skipping.
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Oh give me new figures! — *La Pantalon's* merit —
(*If* merit is in it) — I never discerned;
'Tis old "*right and left*," but deducting the spirit;
Terpsichore! what a mere dawdle you 're turned!
Oh! think of the time when you tript down twelve couple,
To tunes it was really exciting to hear;
I fear you 're grown old, and your joints are less supple:
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Next *L' Eté* commences; and into the middle
A lady and gentleman slowly advance,
And practise their steps, while the harp and the fiddle
Play something much more like a song than a dance!

En avant is composed of a walk and a hobble;
A shuffle half-sideways achieves *en arrière;*
They *chassez* as if they all thought it a trouble:
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Oh give me new figures! — *La Poule* my aversion —
Four ladies and gentlemen all of a row!
And so *very* odd to see Major Macpherson
And little Miss Thistlewig dance *dos-à-dos!*
And oh! what a very strange figure *Trenise* is!
In what a confusion the dancers appear!
Now this way, now that way! I marvel it pleases:
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

La Pastorale next — see young Smith how he lingers,
Unwilling to figure as *Cavalier seul;*
Adjusting his hair, and then twirling his fingers,
And simpering round him — oh! *so* like a fool!
And now he starts off with a hop and a wriggle,
His hands in a fidget betraying his fear;
And, see! all the girls are suppressing a giggle!
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Finale has merit — for 'tis the *conclusion,*
And *that*'s the sole merit I think it can claim;
And (save a commencement of greater confusion)
Finale and *L'Eté* are one and the same.
And then, in the pauses they talk of the weather,
So cold, or so hot, for the time of the year;

And they part as if weary of being together!
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure! — the *Waltzers*, I note 'em,
And wonder they 're all perpendicular still;
Were *I* to attempt to perform a *Tetotum*,
A fall would soon prove me deficient in skill.
I think *Lady* Waltzers are all *spinning Jennies;*
The *Gentlemen* must be as mad as King Lear!
With heads full of sense — as the head of a *pin* is!
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure! — the figure of France is
A figure activity cannot but shun;
I want a new figure! — the old country dances
Were really and truly all *figures of fun.*
I want a new figure! — the minuet paces
Were slow, but a grace in each step did appear;
Quadrillers have nothing to do with the *Graces:*
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure! — ah, yes! I confess it!
I want one *in every sense of the phrase;*
My waist *will* increase, though I strive to compress it
By wearing the newest Parisian stays!
I want a new figure! — it fills me with terror
To think of my weight — (I am weighed once a year)
And, oh! I can't bear to look into a mirror! —
I *want* a new figure to dance with my Dear!

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CHURCH OF ST PIERRE AT CAEN.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE AT CAEN.

BY HENRY D. INGLIS, ESQ.

PROUT again!—Architecture—figures—perspective—all Prout! A pleasant life of it that Prout must have, peering about for subjects for his pencil; one day, strolling with his hands behind his back through a busy market-place, nothing of all the grotesque dresses and characteristic habits escaping the practised eye that ranges over them; another day, seated in some shaded nook of the square, where stands some ancient cathedral, catching the effects of light and shade, and the picturesque outline, and perceiving numerous minute beauties concealed from all but a painter's eye; or, it may be, taking refuge within its precincts from the noon-day heat, and there gathering glorious materials for the pencil; bringing away clear images of long-drawn aisles, and far-stretching columns, and gorgeous checkered lights from painted windows, and a thousand recollections that beget enthusiasm in the mind and give vigour to the hand of the painter.

And few places could be better chosen for the painter's wanderings than Caen. Every where one sees the antique and the picturesque; the lofty stone buildings, with here and there the old painted wooden houses, with their carved window-frames; the ruined churches, now converted into other common uses of

domestic life, but which, with their fretted windows and arched doorways, produce a singularly antique effect; and the many noble churches, with their lofty spires and elaborate workmanship, which one suddenly stumbles upon, even in the worst parts of the town, where they might least be expected.

It was just so that I stumbled upon the Church of St. Pierre, while ferreting out what was to be seen, on the first morning after my arrival in Caen. Just glance your eye at the engraving, and you may judge whether or not I had reason to be pleased that I stumbled upon this church; I saw it, just as you see it now — only, that an engraving cannot represent the many-coloured lights that checkered the pillars and the floor. The figures, in twos, and threes, and alone, were also there, as indeed they are at all hours of the day, kneeling at some favourite shrine. But I have one recollection of the Church of St. Pierre, distinct from its general features.

You perceive that vacant chair in the foreground. One evening, not long before the church closed, I pushed open the door and walked in; the kneelers were all gone; but, upon a chair, which might be placed near about where that unoccupied chair is placed in the engraving, sat one, whose attitude, behaviour, and countenance, at once prepossessed and interested me. It was a female; her elbows rested on her knees, and her face was buried in her hands. She was in too great sorrow to care for her personal appearance; quantities

of beautiful light chesnut hair had escaped from her Norman cap, and partly concealed her hands; and I plainly saw that tears were forcing their way between her delicate fingers. It was evident that she had come to this temple of religion hoping thus to calm her sorrow; but that the cause of that sorrow was too recent to yield to the healing influences of devotion. She withdrew her hands from her face to clasp them together; and, raising a countenance, youthful, and very beautiful, but very sad, appeared to put up a petition to Heaven.

Alas! so young, and yet so sorrowful!—what blight has fallen upon her heart, and withered the hopes that were springing there! For whom does she pray, for the living or for the dead? I had already in my mind made a little etching of her history, and I wished to know if I had etched truly. Sorrow is not uncommunicative; and she answered me, though with difficulty, yet with readiness. The reader must not expect that I am about to give the outline of a romance. Her's was an every-day grief, a sorrow that may crush any young heart as well as her's, and that needs not in the telling any embellishment of the novelist to give it interest.

Fanchon loved: but Fanchon had little to give to Henri besides her heart. Henri's parents were avaricious; and in France children are seldom disobedient. Henri dared not marry Fanchon; but he would not marry her whom his parents had chosen for him. Youth seldom calculates upon the healing influences

of time. The French army was about to depart for Algiers; and Henri, in despair, almost in madness, cried out *Vive la gloire!* and departed with it. To this length Fanchon had proceeded, and then she began to sob deeply.

"Poor girl!" said I, "do not tell me more, if it so afflicts thee."

"Ah! my God! my God!" said she, pressing her forehead; "he —— is dead!"

Alas! what consolation had I to offer her! I silently pressed her hand, and left her to her sorrow.

Poor stricken maid! said I within myself, they have much to answer for who have broken thy heart.

AN ITALIAN NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON WOMAN," &C.

THE moon was up: the shepherd's pipe no more
To listening maiden warbled on the shore;
No longer pealed the convent's hollow bell;
The stag had sought his covert in the dell;
Steeped in bright dews the fragrant violet slept;
O'er the calm stream the bending willow wept;
The pensive stars unclosed their trembling eyes,
To keep as wont their vigils in the skies;
Scarce in that calm seemed Nature's heart to beat,
As if with heaven she held communion sweet;
So blest the hour, charmed angels might repair
To scenes below, and watch and worship there.

THE SKELETON HAND.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE, ESQ.

> And he must have this creature of perfection!
> It shall not be, whatever else may be!—
> As there is blood and manhood in this body,
> It shall not be.
>
> JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE shadows of night had gathered over the village of Hazlewood—the wind howled along the mountains—and the snow, which had been some time falling, already covered the ground. The weather was cold and cheerless, and, the inhabitants keeping within doors, and closing their casements to prevent the driving snow from insinuating itself within, the village wore rather a gloomy aspect. There was one exception, however, to the sombre appearance of the little community of Hazlewood. That exception was the ancient stone mansion of 'Squire Hazleton, situated in the skirts of the village, just beneath a wild and woody spur of the highlands of the Hudson. The old halls were brilliantly lighted—the fires blazed brightly upon the broad hearths—and a happy company was collecting, buoyant with anticipated pleasure and delight. It was the bridal night of Susan Hazleton, the pride of the village. She had been betrothed for two or three years to Henry

Rosencrantz, a promising young man, son of one of the richest and most respectable landholders on the borders of the Hudson. In the early part of their courtship, the possession of her hand had been disputed by Roswell Thornton, a young man of suitable age and prospects for Susan: but there were indications of a passionate and revengeful disposition; doubts as to his moral principles; and some distrust as to his habits; which would have deterred the gentle girl from accepting his proposals, even had she not been affianced to one whom she loved with the deepest and purest affection, and who was every way worthy of her regard. But we must do Thornton the justice to admit, that he sincerely and deeply, nay, madly, loved her. And it was not until every effort had been exerted in vain, and several direct repulses encountered, that he ceased pressing his suit. He then became moody and reserved; and, after lingering in the neighbourhood of the object of his affections for several months, suddenly left that part of the country, vowing never more to return. Meantime, Henry, his more happy rival, was assiduous in every attention to his future bride which could minister to her happiness, and ingratiate him more deeply in her affections. She was worthy of his love, little short as it came of adoration. She possessed a good understanding, which had been well cultivated. Her spirits were lively and buoyant; her light form was all symmetry and grace; and her countenance beautiful. With all these attractions she united the

gentlest and sweetest disposition and the utmost artlessness and simplicity of manners:

> Her face so fayre as flesh it seemed not,
> But heavenly portrait, and bright angel's hue,
> Clear as the sky, without e'en blame or blot,
> Through goodly mixture of complexion's due;
> And in her cheek the vermil red did shew,
> Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
> The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
> And gazer's sense with double pleasure fed,
> Able to heal the sick, or to revive the dead.

Unaffectedly pious, with a heart keenly alive to the calls of distress and suffering, with a hand "open as day to melting charity," and a life adorned with every feminine virtue, Susan Hazleton was the general favourite of the village. And, as Henry was deservedly esteemed for his exalted moral worth, and the general excellence of his character and disposition, their marriage had been a subject of pleasurable contemplation to the whole of their little community. Of a delicate constitution, yielding as the fragile willow, and as susceptible as the sensitive plant, to complete her happiness the lovely Susan would require all those little nameless and endearing attentions which sweeten and render the cup of life delightful. And these attentions it would be the pride, the happiness, and the ambition, of Henry to bestow. Such were the interesting pair, whose nuptials the joyous group in Hazleton Hall had assembled to celebrate.

It was now time for the bride to appear, and the eyes of the company began to turn wistfully towards

the door through which she must enter from the long corridor into which the stairway from her apartment descended. There seemed indeed to be some delay. Even the bridegroom, awaiting her to join him in an ante-room, began to cast earnest, if not impatient, glances towards the door. Still she did not come! The little pleasantries usually indulged in at the expense of the principal figures on such occasions were suspended in the drawing-room. The appointed moment for the ceremony had passed — and yet the bride was not there! The mother was just rising to investigate the cause of the unexpected delay, when the bridemaids entered, trembling with affright, their lips and cheeks white as their wedding garments! The guests were upon their feet in an instant, and the cause of the alarm eagerly inquired by every voice at once. The agitation of the damsels was so excessive that a coherent story could not be extracted for several moments. To the unutterable consternation of the company, however, it appeared from the statement of her attendants that, after the toilet of the bride had been completed, and her bridal ornaments arranged, she desired to be left to the communion of her own thoughts for a short space, requesting her fair attendants to descend and linger in an ante-room below stairs, where she would join them with the doating bridegroom, in a very short time, and present herself to the expectant company. Marvelling at her delay, and growing somewhat alarmed withal, they at length

ascended to her apartment. It was empty! And the recollection instantly flashed upon the mind of one of the young ladies that, while sitting below, she had heard, or fancied she heard, a faint scream as of one in distress. But it was too feeble and transient to make an impression at the moment, though it now rung in her memory with fearful distinctness. The conclusion of this statement, full of terror and alarm to the whole company, fell like a thunder-stroke upon the ear of the lover, and sounded to the already half-distracted mother like the death-knell of her daughter. Search was instantly made through the house and over the whole premises. The alarm quickly spread through the village, every part of which was examined, and every well fathomed. But the search was fruitless. No sign or trace of the bride could be discovered, and the mystery of her disappearance was apparently impenetrable. The affectionate mother was frantic; the doating father unmanned; the bridegroom left in a state of suspense and agony easier imagined than described; while the whole village was agitated and alarmed.

At an early moment of the alarm the strange intelligence was communicated to the village-inn, kept by the worthy Mr. Christian Vebber, where several of the young gallants of the neighbourhood, not in attendance upon the wedding, were enjoying a social evening around a blazing and comfortable nut-wood fire. The cheerful faces of the party were at once clouded with gloom; for, as we before remarked, the

lovers were general favourites, and the subject of the happy wedding had been discussed only a few minutes before.

"Poor Susan!" exclaimed one of the circle, Gilbert Dawson, a young man of about twenty-five: "I hope nothing can have happened to her."

"Perhaps," said Charles Stanley, "she has just dodged out for a frolic, to startle the bridegroom; and she may have stepped in at old Mrs. Williamson's, or perhaps tripped across the green to widow Godfrey's. Surely nothing serious can have happened to the sweet creature!"—and he would have gone on to name twenty other places, where she might have fled for a little frolic, had he not been interrupted.

"All these places have been visited," replied Montgomery, the young gentleman who brought the unwelcome news, and who was to have stood up with the happy pair as one of the groomsmen, along with his sweet cousin Catherine Livingston—"all these places have been visited, and she cannot be discovered." And a silent look told more of his fears than his lips. Concealing his emotion, however, as well as he could, and desiring Gilbert Dawson to come along with him and assist in the search, he told the others not now to be alarmed, as she might yet perhaps be found unharmed. Before proceeding a dozen rods from the inn, Gilbert stopped short, and struck his hand upon his forehead for an instant, as if some sudden thought, some startling conceit, had entered his brain.

"It 's two hours or more since I saw him pass," said Gilbert, heaving a deep sigh, and continuing his soliloquy. "It *was* he; I could not be mistaken; though it was rather dusky. He has visited no one — can he have fulfilled his horrid vow?"

"Who? — Roswell Thornton? Heaven forbid!" exclaimed his companion. "But I tremble lest it may be so. How was he dressed?"

"Muffled in a large great coat, and riding as if the tempter was at his heels," replied Gilbert.

"Do you know," asked Montgomery, "whether any body ever heard him declare he would injure Susan Hazleton if she should marry Rosencrantz?"

"I heard him," said Gilbert, "not fifty yards from this very spot, swear that if Susan agreed to marry Henry, blood should be shed. When I met him, he was in a dreadful state of agitation from passion. His face was as white as the snow beneath us, his lips quivered, and all his features were distorted with suppressed rage. I spoke to him, but could get no other answer than broken sentences, vowing vengeance. 'He touch her! Never, while there is blood in these veins! Blood! — blood! — oh! Mark me, Gilbert,' he said, staring wildly in my face — 'they shall know what it is to rouse a devil!' I was horror-struck, and begged him to be reasonable, but he broke from me, muttering he would have his revenge, cost what it would. From that day I have never seen him until the thick twilight of this evening, when he passed me

as I have already said. It was supposed he had settled in New Orleans; but him, or his ghost, I certainly saw this very evening, and you may suppose I dread the worst."

"I am afraid there is too much cause," said Montgomery. "And what is more, I have not liked seeing that croaking old raven, Elsie Hallenbake, hovering around the village so closely of late. But let us hope for the best. The mystery may yet be solved, and the sweet creature restored to the aching bosoms of her friends."

"Ah," said Gilbert, "it may be so. But it is an awful thing to be left to one's own passions. Good servants, but bad masters, as old Roach used to say of fire and water."

The colloquy ended here for the present, and the friends continued the search with the rest of the villagers through the night. But no tidings of the lost one were obtained.

Nor was any information received of her, or any light thrown upon her mysterious disappearance, for many years afterwards. The deep gloom that settled over the village, when further search was abandoned, and all rational hope extinguished, gradually wore away, save in the family thus bereft of its idol. The heart-broken parents were carried to the grave in rapid succession, and a deep and settled melancholy rested upon the disappointed Rosencrantz, who from that day forward was scarcely known to smile. The

grief with which he was at first overwhelmed sunk into his soul and preyed like a canker upon his bosom. And if the soothing hand of time had allayed in some measure the bitter poignancy of his affliction, it was only that the partially cicatrized wound might be torn open afresh.

Such was the fact: and the circumstances were in this wise. While the surveyors were engaged in the exploration of a route for a turnpike-road through a rocky region not many miles from the Hudson, some time after the close of the revolutionary war, being a period of ten or twelve years subsequent to the painful occurrence which I have described, the skeleton of a female was discovered at the bottom of one of those deep rocky glens of which there are many in that wild section of country, near the old Albany post-road. The skull had been fractured, as if by striking against the pointed fragment of a rock near which it lay; and, on a close examination, a cut was found remaining upon one of the ribs near the region of the heart, as of some sharp instrument. This discovery was soon noised abroad — the recollection of the long-lost Susan Hazleton was revived — further investigations were made by those who had been her friends, including her lover — and, strange as it may appear, upon a finger of the skeleton hand, the joints of which seemed not to have been disturbed, but lay together in the spot where the hand must have originally fallen, was found the diamond ring of the bride, sparkling as when presented

by Rosencrantz, on the morning of the happy day appointed for the wedding! The gush of feeling which succeeded this discovery must be pictured by the imagination of the reader. One feature of the dark mystery was now solved. No doubts could longer remain, that the loved object so long wept by him to whom she was betrothed, and over whose sweet remembrance there was an odour of sanctity, rich as the dews of Araby, had been cut off, in the moment of her highest and brightest hopes, by the foulest murder! Still, with the exception of a single circumstance, which will appear presently, there seemed no possible clue by which the homicide could be detected, although her virtues pleaded "like angels trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of her taking-off." The man who had at first been suspected, in consequence of Gilbert Dawson's communication to Charles Montgomery, had never since been seen or heard of, even by his own relations; and it had long been supposed that Gilbert, who had perished in the Jersey prison-ship, might have been mistaken in the identity of the muffled stranger.

There was, however, a strange and unaccountable resident in a lone hut among the mountain crags, over whom a slight shade of suspicion had ever been cast, and which was now transiently revived. Her rude dwelling was not quite half a mile from the glen in which the skeleton had been discovered. Elsie Hallenbake, the beldame of whom it is now necessary to speak,

was an old woman at the time our tale commences. Her whole life and character had ever been shrouded in a dark cloud of mystery. She had been resident in that vicinity for many, many years, and simple-minded people did not scruple to declare her little better than a sorceress, who practised devilish incantations, and held familiar converse with spirits of darkness. Her form and figure were tall and masculine; her features sharp, sallow, and wrinkled; her nose high and hooked, like the beak of an eagle; while her sunken, coal-black eyes, whenever crossed in her purposes, or otherwise angered, flashed with the piercing and terrible glances of the basilisk. For more than fifty years she had lived within a few miles of Hazlewood, in the midst of the wild region already mentioned, which was too rugged for cultivation. Sometimes she was in the village, or prowling about the adjacent settlements, practising as a fortune-teller, by way of paying for supplies of food, which from fear would never have been denied her; but, for the most part, her time was occupied in wandering about the woods and among the hills, climbing from crag to crag over the rocks, and traversing the glens and ravines of the neighbouring highlands. Many were the wild and startling tales told of Elsie in the neighbourhood, which it would not be edifying to repeat. Had she been mistress of the whirlwind, she could not have been more delighted with storms. She had been seen, her tall form erect, and with extended arm, standing upon the verge of

fearsome precipices, in the midst of the most awful tempests, conversing as it were with unseen spirits, her long, matted hair streaming in the wind, while the thunder was riving the rocks beneath her feet, and the red lightning encircling her as with a winding-sheet of flame. A projecting rock hanging over the chasm in which the bones were discovered had formerly been a favourite seat of hers when watching the black and angry clouds as they rolled up from the west; but this haunt had long been forsaken, and all her narrow foot-paths wound off in different directions. More than once in the village of Hazlewood, soon after the occurrence, when the sad tale of Susan was the theme of conversation, had she let fall some dark expressions intimating that she knew more than she would tell; but if questioned would evade the subject by mystical language, mingled with hysterical laughing, as incoherent and unmeaning as the ravings of a maniac. All these things had been forgotten, until the surveyors mentioned the fact that, when engaged in that neighbourhood, she hovered round, watching their steps, and glancing her keen eyes sharply upon them from the distance. As they approached the glen, she became uneasy, restless, and agitated. And when finally the discovery was made, she uttered a piercing, unearthly scream, more frightful than the yell of the hyena, and ran swiftly to her hut, where she shut herself up for several days. Not one word would she afterwards utter upon that subject.

The skeleton remains were gathered up, and entombed in the family vault of Rosencrantz, who was unshaken in his purpose, that although they had been so violently torn asunder in life, yet in death their ashes should be intermingled. The superstition that in cases of concealed murder and doubtful guilt Heaven will interpose a species of miracle through the ordeal of compelling the suspected to touch the body, or any part of the relics of the deceased, was no where more religiously believed than among the good people of Hazlewood. Nor did their ideas of this sort of appeal to the divine decision stop here. Some of them held that Heaven in its vengeance would designate the guilty by causing blood to ooze even from the dry bones of the victim, should the murderer come into their presence. It is true that there was no suspicion of any individual in particular, save the slight shade of doubt that had sometimes rested upon the mysterious Elsie Hallenbake, and the long absent and almost forgotten Thornton; but it occurred to honest Christian Vebber, whose faith in the ordeal was strong, that, as he kept an inn, the villain who had been guilty of divorcing the gentle spirit of Susan Hazleton from its beautiful earthly tenement might some day make one of the numerous guests seeking entertainment at his house. Under this belief, in which he was invincible, after much importunity, he was permitted to take the joints of the hand which had sustained the ring, to be suspended close against the ceiling, over the stanch oaken

dining table in the ancient hall. Should the murderer ever pass that way, and sit down at his table, Christian Vebber was morally certain of his detection.

Once more the feelings awakened by the recent discovery and the exhumation of the precious relics died gradually away. Five, ten, fifteen, additional years elapsed, bringing with them all those changes in the population of the little town which must necessarily occur in the course of so many years, and which are so visible to one who has been long absent, though comparatively unperceived by those remaining stationary. Most of the generation on the stage at the period of the commencement of our narrative had passed away—either to the new countries, or to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." No light had been thrown upon the murder, which had now become a transaction of ancient days. But Henry Rosencrantz yet lived to mourn; and Christian Vebber still flourished in a hearty, green old age, keeping the same comfortable inn on the post-road between Kingsbridge and Claverack.

It was about mid-day of the 20th of September, 179–, that a stranger rode up to the inn just mentioned, covered with dust, and mounted upon a jaded horse, which he directed to be taken care of, while he ordered dinner for himself. There was an ingathering of people at the tavern, upon occasion of some town or county business, for whom dinner was providing, and the traveller was invited to dine with the other guests.

His appearance was somewhat remarkable, though perhaps scarcely enough so to excite more than the ordinary attention awakened by the arrival of any stranger among the loungers about a village-inn, had it not been for the uneasiness which the half-unmeaning scrutiny of the by-standers appeared to excite in him. His countenance was bluff and weather-beaten; his eye sharp, restless, and suspicious, in its quick glances; his dress was of that half-genteel, half-worn, and rather slovenly, appearance, indicative of a discarded gambler, in the down-hill of his profligate career. His hair was coarse and dark, though somewhat grizzled and intractable; and he wore whiskers heavy and ferocious enough for a dragoon-officer or a pirate, a modern attaché or a dandy. But other men had stopped to refresh at the sign of the Black Bear before, looking no better than he; and when the bell rang he passed into the dining hall with the other guests, and seated himself to a bountiful dinner served up on the old table, covered with a cloth white and clean as the driven snow.

The meal proceeded for a space much as ordinary meals do among plain people, where health, exercise, and clear consciences, contribute to impart an appetite. The worthy old landlord did the honours of the table, but not with his wonted skill. Several times he missed the joint in carving the turkey; the merry-thought was broken in its extraction; and he splashed the gravy upon the sleeve of 'Squire Zantzinger's new coat.

It appeared in the sequel, that during this operation his eyes were alternately occupied with the work immediately in hand, and in stealing frequent though hurried glances at the stranger. Their eyes met but once, as the stranger chose to avoid another encounter. These circumstances were scarcely observed by the company, however, and the dinner was half ended, when a sudden start of the stranger, with a simultaneous fall of his knife and fork upon the old Dutch china plate, instantly directed every eye in the company in a full gaze upon him. A fresh drop of blood had fallen upon his plate, and, as he turned his face upward, directing his eyes to the ceiling, a second crimson drop fell upon his chin! Nearly in the same instant of time, at the exclamation of "Roswell Thornton!" by the host, every man started upon his feet. The skeleton hand, withered and forgotten by all save Christian Vebber, was dropping blood upon the plate of the stranger, who had accidentally seated himself immediately beneath it! As the name was sternly pronounced, the countenance of the stranger became pale as ashes, and every limb shook with agitation. He attempted to fly, but was seized before he could reach the door. Resisting for a moment with convulsive energy, he might have given them some trouble to secure him, but for the interposition of another object. This was none other than Elsie Hallenbake, who at that instant appeared at the window, glancing her snaky eyes full upon him; her wrinkled and ghastly

features lighted up with a fiendish smile; while she uttered a shriek of horrid laughter. Had the iron entered his soul, he could not more suddenly have ceased his opposition. His arms fell, and he gazed wildly around. "Ah!—there!—see her!" he exclaimed. "Yes, Rosencrantz! it was I—and God's vengeance has overtaken me at last!" Saying this he fell with exhaustion. The guests were horror-struck at the scene passing before them: by many of them the transaction with which the disclosure was connected was forgotten, if it had ever been known; and of the name of Thornton they were likewise ignorant. The stranger, who was Thornton himself, was secured, and Christian Vebber rehearsed the particulars of the transaction already related, which had occurred nearly thirty years before.

The sequel to this narration will not be long:—Thornton made a full confession of his atrocious crime. He had loved Susan Hazleton more, he said, than mortal was ever loved before; and when he found that his suit was unalterably rejected, his whole soul was agitated with the conflicting passions of love, jealousy, hatred, and revenge. His first and principal object was to prevent his rival, whom he could not but respect, though he hated him *because* he was his rival, from cropping this fairest flower in creation. But how was this to be accomplished! Affecting to leave the country, he yet did not retire so far but that he was enabled, through the assistance of Elsie, to inform himself of

all that passed in Hazlewood. Having ascertained the time appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, he returned to the village, disguised and as privately as possible, but without any settled purpose as to the course he should pursue. The thought of stealing her away, and perhaps compelling her to become his bride, after all hopes of Henry should have by some means been extinguished, occurred to him; and, impracticable as this design must have appeared to him on reflection, he madly determined upon its execution. Stationing a fleet horse on the edge of a copse skirting the village, he contrived in the dusk of evening to secrete himself in the hall of the family-mansion, where the opportunity occurred of seizing her as she descended the staircase to join her maidens, as before related. One faint shriek, and she swooned in his arms, as he rushed from the portals of the hall. Hurrying along, her weight scarcely forming an obstacle to his progress, he sprang upon his horse, and succeeded in reaching the solitary hut of "the Mountain Witch," as Elsie was sometimes called, without discovery.

When the poor girl recovered from her faintness, the appalling fact was but too evident, that terror, by a single stroke, had overthrown her reason and utterly prostrated her intellect! She stared vacantly round the hovel, and looked up into his face, and upon the hard, skinny features of "the midnight hag," with the unmeaning gaze of the idiot — without emotion or con-

cern. Thus, by this awful stroke, had his purpose been defeated! What next was to be done? By his first rash act he had ventured so far that to return were more dangerous than to go o'er. A search would soon take place, that would be general, thorough, and extensive. The dark thought of a deeper crime, for the concealment of the less, now flashed upon his mind as the only alternative. And the dreadful resolution of her murder was taken — although he said nothing of this fearful resolve to his accomplice. Then, seizing her in his arms, he rushed furiously from the infernal den of this modern Hecate, who pursued and endeavoured to dissuade him from the perpetration of a deed which she must now have foreseen. Reaching the verge of the precipice overhanging the glen so often mentioned, he plunged a Spanish blade into her bosom, and, casting the body into the chasm, threw himself upon his horse, and fled the country.

But, from that dread night to the present hour, no tongue could tell, no pen describe, the horror of the life he had led. Go whither he would, or mingle with whom he might, whether sleeping or waking, in all places, and under all circumstances, the shade of Susan Hazleton — her last vacant stare in his face — the last faint groan she uttered — were ever present with him. He fled to the south, visiting the whole range of Atlantic cities, and attempting to drown his mental sorrows by mingling in riotous company, and quaffing the intoxicating bowl — but in vain. In the act of

applying the cup to his lips, or wheeling in the giddy round of bacchanalian pleasures, the figure would appear glaring and pointing at him. Life soon became a burden, and he wished to rid himself of its accumulated horrors — but he could not. He provoked a duel; but his antagonist fell, and he escaped unhurt. Then came the war of the revolution. He entered the service, that he might meet the embrace of death in the field. But, in the midst of the fray, and foremost in the onset, while his comrades were falling around him, he was sure to escape unhurt. The worm still gnawed at his heart, and death had no power over him. After the peace, he embarked as a sailor, determining to throw himself overboard in the midst of the ocean. An invisible power restrained him, and he could not execute his purpose, while nothing could be more dreadful than his situation during the watches at night. If he looked up, the figure was in the shrouds; if down, it was at his side, glaring full in his face with the same vacant and piteous look as in the hut of Elsie Hallenbake. At Cuba he could not provoke the Spaniards to assassinate him. He was once wrecked upon the Double-Headed Shot Keys, and the whole crew perished but himself. He travelled over Europe, to change the scene; but the shade was present with him still. During the earliest massacres in Paris, when heads were rolling from the scaffold in countless numbers, he courted the guillotine by all possible means — but without success. Sailing for New Orleans, a pirate darted upon the

vessel from an inlet in one of the bays on the coast of Florida. Being an unarmed merchantman, she was captured of course; and he rejoiced as the savage fellows sprang on board, their eyes flashing fury from their dark fierce countenances. A general massacre commenced, by dirk, handspike, and pistol. A huge, horrible-looking fellow, with shaggy, coal-black whiskers, and brows from beneath which his eyes gleamed like brands of hell, raised a handspike over his head, and he courted its fall. But, just as the Spaniard was nerving his arm for a vigorous blow, it was arrested by an exclamation from the pirate-captain of—"Hold! Cain's own countenance, by all the gods! Give the gallows a chance for him as well as us, for if he is n't marked as one of the devil's own write down Dirck Vanderveer for an honest man. He can help a lady walk the plank, or lighten a packet, or cut a throat, as well as any of us, or there 's no more truth in physiognomy than Moll Flanders. Stand aside, there, my hearty!"—Thus was his life again saved, that his mental tortures might yet longer be protracted. After plundering and burning the vessel, the pirates washed their own blood-stained deck, changed their colours and clothes, and put boldly into New Orleans. Escaping thence, Thornton ascended the Mississippi, and joined the Indians, as the party that he supposed must be defeated in the encounter with Harman and St. Clair. Rushing impetuously into the thickest of the fray, neither sabre nor musket, neither arrow nor cannon,

nor other messenger of death, could have any effect upon him. The Indians were victorious because he was among them, and the vengeance of Heaven would not allow him yet to be killed or captured. Finally, he returned to the States, the vision leaving him no rest —the fires of hell burning in his bosom—and he mysteriously deprived of the power of taking his own life. When the desolating plague of yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, he was there, and rejoiced in the calamity, as affording him a hope of deliverance from the torturing pangs of conscience. Here he faced death in his own dread empire. Seeking opportunities of exposure, he watched with every sick family that would employ him. He nursed family after family, commencing with the first taken sick, and continuing until the terrible pestilence left him alone living in the dwelling. He breathed the foulest air, kept in the midst of the pestilence, closed the eyes of the dying, and wrapped them in their winding-sheets; and all with impunity. At the still hour of midnight, he was the first and the last to answer the hoarse, sepulchral cry of the sexton—"Bring out the dead!" Assisting in loading the "death-carts," he would repair with them to the charnel-houses, and linger there in the hope of breathing a stronger air of contagion! Still was the arm of death powerless over him, while the stings of conscience, like the lashing of scorpions, became sharper and sharper every day. At last he resolved to return to Hazlewood, and unburden his mind by confessing

the guilt that lay like a consuming fire upon his soul. But when he arrived his heart again failed him; and had it not been for the miraculous bleeding of the skeleton hand he would probably have continued his wanderings, oppressed by the unutterable agonies of increasing remorse and accumulating horrors.

We have mentioned the strange and appalling appearance of Elsie Hallenbake, at the window, at the time of Thornton's arrest. She, too, had lingered on earth far beyond the period of life allotted to humanity, defying alike the elements of storms and cold, as though she could never die. But, on the morning after Thornton's execution, she was found dead in her miserable hovel.

TIBBIE INGLIS,

OR

THE SCHOLAR'S WOOING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Bonny Tibbie Inglis!
  Through sun and stormy weather,
She kept upon the broomy hills
  Her father's flock together.

Sixteen summers had she seen —
  A rosebud just unsealing —
Without sorrow, without fear,
  In her mountain sheiling.

She was made for happy thoughts,
For playful wit and laughter,
Singing on the hills alone,
With Echo singing after.

She had hair as deeply black
As the cloud of thunder;
She had brows so beautiful,
And dark eyes sparkling under.

Bright and witty shepherd-girl!
Beside a mountain-water
I found her, whom the king himself
Would proudly call his daughter.

She was sitting 'mong the crags,
Wild, and mossed, and hoary,
Reading in an ancient book
Some old martyr-story.

Tears were starting to her eyes,
Solemn thought was o'er her;
When she saw in that lone place
A stranger stand before her,

Crimson was her sunny cheek,
And her lips seemed moving
With the beatings of her heart—
How could I help loving!

Among the crags I sat me down,
Upon the mountain hoary,
And made her read again to me
That old, pathetic story.

And then she sang me mountain-songs,
Till all the air was ringing
With her clear and warbling voice,
As when the lark is singing.

And when the eve came on at length,
Among the blooming heather,
We herded on the mountain's side
Her father's flock together.

And near unto her father's house
I said "Good night" with sorrow,
And only wished that I might say
"We 'll meet again to-morrow."

I watched her tripping to her home;
I saw her meet her mother:
"Among a thousand maids," I cried,
"There is not such another!"

I wandered to my scholar's home —
Silent it looked and dreary;
I took my books, but could not read —
Methought that I was weary.

I laid me down upon my bed,
My heart with sadness laden;
I dreamt but of the mountains wild,
And of the mountain-maiden.

I saw her in her ancient book
The pages turning slowly;
I saw her lovely crimson cheek,
And dark eye drooping lowly.

The dream was like the day's delight,
A life of pain's o'erpayment:
I rose, and with unwonted care
Put on my sabbath-raiment.

To none I told my secret thought,
Not even to my mother,
Nor to the friend who from my youth
Was dear as is a brother.

I gat me to the hills again,
Where the little flock was feeding,
And there young Tibbie Inglis sate,
But not the old book reading.

She sate as if absorbing thought
With a heavy spell had bound her,
As silent as the mossy crags
Upon the mountains round her.

I thought not of my sabbath-dress,
I thought not of my learning;
I thought but of that gentle maid,
Who, I believed, was mourning.

Bonny Tibbie Inglis!
How her beauty brightened,
Looking at me half abashed
With eyes that flashed and lightened!

There was no sorrow then I saw,
There was no thought of sadness.
Oh, Life! what after-joy hast thou
Like Love's first certain gladness!

I sate me down among the crags,
Upon the mountain hoary;
But read not then the ancient book—
Love was our pleasant story.

But then she sang me songs again,
Old songs of love and sorrow,
For our sufficient happiness
Great charm from woe could borrow.

And many hours we talked in joy,
Yet too much blessed for laughter:—
I was a happy man that day—
And happy ever after!

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

CAREERING o'er the stormy deep,
Whose mountain billows never sleep;
Near bleak Fuego's rock-bound shores,
Where the eternal tempest roars;
When first the gallant seamen sped,
Death's terrors o'er their track were spread;
And land, and surge, and sky, seemed blent
In one unearthly element.

Strain they every nerve, and now
Northward turn their daring prow
To milder climes, where softer gales
Gently impel their shattered sails,
To that vast Deep, whose waters roll
From either India to the pole,
O'er which perennial summer smiles—
Ocean of ten thousand isles!

Ah! what fairy visions then
Burst upon those toil-worn men!

Lands of soft airs and sunny skies,
And fruits and flowers of beauteous dies,
And smiling dales, and wood-crowned hills,
All sparkling with transparent rills;
And graceful forms with flowing hair,
And arms and swelling bosoms bare,
And dark eyes flashing bright as gems
In eastern monarchs' diadems;
While wreaths of fragrant flowers embraced
The polished brow and taper waist—
Forms such as Fable placed of yore
In Pleasure's bowers on Paphos' shore,
Or glad the faithful Moslem's eyes
In his kind Prophet's paradise.

See, with voluptuous dance and song,
These luscious forms their sports prolong,
Under the deep, o'erarching shade
By towering palms and toas made,
And beneath these, with arms outspread,
The tree which yields their daily bread.

But, hark!—what shriek of agony
Pierces the merry minstrelsy!—

The fatal stroke has just been sped
On the yet writhing victim's head;
And see with reeking brains and gore
The flowery greensward sprinkled o'er!

Why is the victim doomed to bleed?
Dark Superstition prompts the deed.
The Savage owns its potent sway;
His gods, and — still more fierce than they —
His priests, the sacrifice command,
And scatter death throughout the land!

Another scream of wild despair,
Of frantic anguish, fills the air!
See yon young mother, like the deer
Bounding away when hounds are near,
While closely to her panting breast
The first-born of her love is prest:
But vain her fleetness, vain her fears,
Her struggles vain, and vain her tears,
Vain her resistance to the last:—
The noose around its neck is cast —
One gurgling cry — one quivering thrill —
One frenzied shriek — and all is still!

Vain are the gifts which Nature pours
With lavish hand on favoured shores:
The Savage, with uncultured mind,
Will play the tyrant with his kind,
And, cruel, on his gods confer
The self-same hideous character;
Till e'en the Eden where he 's placed
He makes a blood-stained, howling waste!

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HAMILTONS REVENGE.

HAMILTON'S REVENGE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

On a summer morning in the year 1571 two men alighted from a carriage, and walked along the side of the river Seine towards a cottage, from the door of which the spires of Paris might be seen some league or so distant. They appeared by their looks and dress persons of condition; one, the taller of the two, wore a short cloak of a military cut, ornamented with golden fleur-de-lis, had a feather in his hat, and a sword by his side; the garb of the other seemed to belong rather to the church than to the court: and the bearing of both had more of haughtiness than humility.

They paused on their way, and entered into conversation. "What you say is true," said the churchman, for such he was; "this wild beast has broken into the beautiful garden of my master, and goes browzing down the fruit-trees and flowers, with as little remorse as an ass champs thistles. And yet who can, who dare, attempt to turn him out?"

"The attempt is not to make," replied the other — a leader of the armies of France — "but he foiled me in the field as cleverly as he foiled you in the cabinet. Bravery accomplished the first — but how he escaped the long, cool, hoarded hatred of mother church would take a saint to say."

"Ay," said the churchman, without heeding the sneering tone of his friend, "he escaped from skilful hands when he escaped from us. Yet I am not without hopes of seeing him removed; such a deed would be acceptable to Christendom. Knowest thou any one hardy enough to strike one good stroke for us, and remove him?"

"Remove him!—a gentle word for so stern an act," said the other. "I know one who can do the deed—a foreigner. He lately came to our camp; and in the last battle proved himself loyally—he will not stand on stepping-stones in a matter of this kind: it was but the other day that he shot a fair shot in behalf of the church in Scotland."

"Ah! you mean Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh," whispered his friend; "will he undertake for fruitful France what he did for his own barren land? Bethink you a little: he is said to be rough and intractable: and then his nation—your Scot must have some purely selfish reason for doing even a deed of glory."

The other paused, and said in a low tone—"I know the nation and the man, and am ready with reasons weighty and convincing. Come, let us venture upon him; he dwells in this little cottage." So saying, they entered the house.

Hamilton was but newly risen; and, if his looks might be trusted, seemed better acquainted with fast and vigil than with actions requiring a strong arm and a determined heart. A coarse loaf and some

milk stood before him on the breakfast-table, of which he had partaken sparingly; a sheathed sword lay beside it; a short carabine, from which depended a small silver casket, hung on the wall; while a crucifix, with a cushion below, stood in a niche facing where he sat. Bothwellhaugh received his visiters courteously, motioned them to seats, and, having looked at them for a moment or two as if in expectation of being addressed, said abruptly — "What would you? — Say your errand: I have that on my mind to-day which earnest prayer can alone assuage and mitigate."

The churchman with mild looks and a soft tone of voice began: "My son, your name is not unknown to us, nor the good deed done for the church in the heretical isle. The blessing of the true church is already thine; we therefore release thee from all self-vowed penance in this matter. Arise, then, and let thy hand be prompt and valorous again, as it was on that day when heresy was struck as with a planet."

"Father," said Hamilton, meekly, "I have lived a free life among a fierce people — I have neglected holy ordinances — done deeds not enough repented of — need I lift the veil higher? Suffice it that though the other day I rushed into battle and shed blood — I have since been wondrously admonished — the sword-hilt and my hand shall be no longer acquainted: henceforth James Hamilton will, by prayer and penance, deeds of gentleness and charity, seek favour from Heaven and respect from men."

"Consider this matter ripely," said the prelate. "thou art young and valorous — hast a ready hand and prompt judgment: such gifts were not vouchsafed to be misused; they have been bestowed for a high purpose."

Hamilton remained silent for a short space. "I know not what I have been created to do," he said. "I have done much in my brief time. To what task seek you to train me? The church is sore beset: but the sword is an ungentle weapon to use in the cause of mercy; and, alas! I have small skill in any other."

"The deliverance of the true church is not to be wrought by the sword alone," answered the prelate: "that has been tried, but fortune has not smiled. Nay, I have scruples in my own mind whether the true nobles of this land act wisely and according to the will of the saints in pitching their tents, displaying their banners, and giving heretics the benefit of a fair field. It is an honouring of their cause, a sort of acknowledgment that they merit the treatment of fair and knightly enemies. I have my scruples, I say. There stands Gaspar de Coligny accursed of the church: it is meritorious to slay him wheresoever he is found; and we know how to reward the chosen servant who removes him — whether by sword or shot."

Hamilton sat unmoved, nor could either of his visiters observe that he was at all touched, though at the concluding words of the prelate his hands shook, and his eye for a moment's space rested on the carabine beside him. "I love the church," said Bothwellhaugh,

"but am no reader of riddles: France is distraught with civil war; but the Lilies lack no leaders: the princes and nobles of France are brave."

"It is not to leaders I allude," said the prelate; "we have no lack of such. Alas! it is not in the front of battle this Leviathan can be conquered: we want a courageous servant—one who scruples not to do privily a blessed deed for our afflicted country. Often have we tried it; but I doubt whether so worthy an act will be permitted to French hands—we are not to be so honoured."

"My lord duke," said Hamilton to the companion of the prelate, "you are a soldier, and love plain words: interpret what your friend means—tell me what deed is expected from my hand which a Frenchman is not reckoned worthy enough to perform."

The duke—for such was his title—had all along eyed Bothwellhaugh as though he saw him not: he had observed no change of countenance; his looks continued sad, his frame composed; nor did he move in his place any more than a statue. He is ours, body and soul, thought the duke. "I know not how it happens," he said, "but your churchman, be he ever so pious and learned, can no more go straight to the mark than an arrow can. He has a curve in his motions, and loves to draw needless lines of circumvallation round an undefended position. I am plain and blunt—judge for thyself. The lands of Gaspar Coligny are broad and fair, and the Crown would not

grudge a moiety of them to him — I see you understand me! — what sayest thou?"

"By my faith, my lord duke," said Hamilton, calmly, "you are a riddler as well as the prelate. All that I can gather from you both is that the Admiral is one whom you would fain subdue — a truth known to all Christendom, as I take it."

"And the merited death of Murray is known to all Christendom," answered the prelate. "But Scotland has banished from her bosom him who wrought the acceptable deed. He who calls Coligny to his account —whether by dagger-stroke or carabine-shot—will be honoured in the French court and reverenced by the French church. There is my hand on it, Hamilton."

Bothwellhaugh grasped the proffered hand so hard that the blood sprung from beneath the nails; then, flinging it from him with violence, exclaimed — "Draw your sword! — else I'll strike you dead at my feet!"

The prelate stepped between them, and said — "Accursed be he who smites with the sword to-day! — be composed, my children: I forbid strife."

"Stand aside, Sir Priest!" said Hamilton, sternly, "and take care of yourself — I hold you not pure in this matter."

"It becomes thee not, my child," answered the other, "to be choleric with us to-day. I imagined that passion was subdued within thee, and that on the day which saw the flame of thy castle ascend to heaven and thy lady and thy little one turned out to the

desolate heath we should have found thee in a better mood."

The sword of Hamilton dropped into the sheath. He sunk down on his seat, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed as if every sob would have been his last. His visiters looked at one another and then at him. He was the first to speak.

"The deed which I have done—though done in the face of the sun and in revenge of wrongs such as even vengeance like mine could not repay—has yet, it seems, been misunderstood, and I am numbered with hired stabbers, who bargain to spill the blood of the noble and far-descended. The hand of Hamilton will never be so polluted. It was lifted—and it struck the destroyer of his peace, the murderer of her whom he loved. O fool! fool! to trust to the tender mercies of James Stuart." He crushed a silver goblet of water which he held in his hand as he uttered this, and dashed it on the floor.

"Be composed," said the prelate: "that cup is an emblem of our enemies: "thy vigorous hand crushed it in a moment of emotion—even so wilt thou crush Coligny—this is typical. Thou mournest for one—I mourn for many: thou sorrowest for one body—I sorrow for millions of souls. What is the fate of one frail creature compared to the desolation about to descend on this land! The robe which covered our holy church for a thousand years, the robe woven by martyrs' hands and sanctified by ministering angels, is now to

be rent in twain; and he who can avert this great evil prefers nursing his private griefs to doing the glorious work." The prelate looked upward as he spake, and his eyes kindled.

Bothwellhaugh rung a small bell, the door opened, and a person of a stern look and vigorous frame entered — the sole companion of the exile. "Claude," said Bothwellhaugh, "there are none save friends present — be seated. The church, the true church, is in great emergency: Coligny is bent on its destruction, and is at the head, as thou knowest, of a victorious army: it is the opinion of the church that he must be removed — that he must be met with, in short. The good that will be wrought more than sanctifies the deed. Let my horses be ready. I must prove whether Coligny's coat be proof——"

He would have said more, but was interrupted by his impatient friend. "Bothwellhaugh! Hamilton! cousin! — are you utterly distraught?" exclaimed Claude: "will you make yourself a text for infamy to preach from! What will fiery Morton, fierce Lindsay, and stern Glencairn, say when such a tale is told! What will they say in the halls of the Hamiltons! If you bargain to do the dirty work of mother church — I name her with reverence — she will find ye enow of ticklish enterprizes. A fair field and lances in rest, or in the strife of battle, strike and spare not! But, if you love your name and reverence your own soul, allow no one — not even the holy church — to ensnare you into

an action which requires much reasoning to reconcile to your own conscience."

"You hear," said Bothwellhaugh, "what my cousin, Claude—as bold a soldier in a right cause as ever drew sword—thinks of this. The meanest hind in Scotland would be of the same opinion; so," added he, sternly, "let me hear no more about it."

"Hamilton," said the duke, "I have misunderstood your character. We part friends—do we not?"

"We part not now," answered Bothwellhaugh. "I owe it to my name and to one who is no more that those from whom I have sought protection should know on what grounds I claim it. Will you be seated. The tale of Bothwellhaugh is a brief and a sorrowful one."

The prelate and his companion sat down, and Hamilton with a clear voice related his story.

"It is known to you that I warred for my righteous queen against her fanatic subjects and ambitious kinsman, and that I failed—Heaven denied success to a good cause, and delivered us to our enemies. It would have been attended with danger had the prisoners been led to the block—I was spared—was forgiven, as James, the regent, called it—was released from my bonds, and desired to consider myself at liberty. I sought my way to my own home—the sun was down before I reached the wooded glens of the Eske—I thought on the wife I loved, and whom I had won from many wooers—and I thought, too, on the babe of her

bosom, born in anguish when she heard of Langside, and that I was wounded and a prisoner. I thought, too, of the gentle use which my enemy had made of his victory over me: kindly feelings arose in my bosom towards him; and as I neared my own land I almost felt for him as a brother. I made my way through a wild wood, and entered the chase or park. I saw something like a human figure flitting from bush to bush, and from tree to tree: at first I imagined it was one of my deer-keepers looking after his charge, or perhaps a thief come in the cloud of night. I tried to approach it, but it neither fled nor yet advanced: the wild deer of the chase sprang up from the ground where they lay in groups, and gazed on the figure as it passed; and the wild bisons, the last of the old Caledonian breed, huddled together, and snorted with fear as they looked. A dread on this came over me. I had stood in the front of battle against fearful odds, yet quailed not. I had met my mortal enemy sheathed in steel and armed to the teeth when I had but my mantle and sword, yet I gave not back. But I could not see that white phantom — for such it appeared — without a tremour of nerve and a shaking of my joints."

Hamilton passed his hand over his brow, and after a momentary pause thus continued his story:— "The turrets of Bothwellhaugh Castle became now visible. I walked onwards: still the figure moved before me, starting from bush to tree, and seeming as if anxious

to elude me. All at once, what looked like a dark cloud over the summit of my home grew fiery red, burst into flame, and threw a glare over hill and tree. I stood and eyed it for a minute's space. The rushing sound which accompanies a strong fire told me that my castle was in a blaze. I called on my lady's name, and sprung forward. In a moment the white figure rushed into my arms, and, sobbing, named me, sank at my feet, and turned her face upwards. That I tell this sad tale tranquilly is because she was woefully avenged. The enemy — one whom I have vowed never to name — came at the twilight, seized my castle by Murray's order, and turned my wife and her little one in her bosom to the wild hills to perish. It was my own wedded one I held in my arms — but how changed from her I had wooed in bower and hall, and who was sung of by minstrels — whom even the stern Knox called fair and lovely to look on, and warned men against her beauty and her smiles! The alarm she felt for me, the birth of her first-born, and the surprisal of her castle, were more than reason could bear — she was mad — she died in my arms — my child died in hers — and thus ruined and desolate I vowed a vow of blood and vengeance — it has been fearfully kept."

Hamilton rose, took down his carabine from the wall, advanced, and, handling it, said:— "This little weapon has been my friend in many a bloody fray, and saved me from the bold cavaliers of England and the fiery knights of France: it never missed fire, and I never

missed my aim. Yet I wish it had failed to save its master from the enemies of his country rather than it had wrought my will on one of the boldest and bravest knights that ever belted a sword to his side. But I rue it not—I rue it not—the deed was the deed of the saints as much as it was mine—I prayed to be directed—I humbled myself by fast and vigil—I asked a sign of Heaven's will, and as I asked it the form of my murdered wife flitted before me, and seemed to beckon me on to Linlithgow. You think I rave, my lords—or you think an evil spirit led me—even as you think did I think myself. The form crossed vale and stream, keeping scarce a lance's length before me. When I paused it seemed to frown, and with its right hand waved me on. And when it disappeared in the gray of the morning I found myself beside Linlithgow, and saw the busy burghers setting their town in order. The streets were already full of people.

"I walked into the market-place. An old man eyed me, and said—'Alas! what has a Hamilton to do here? The enemies of his name and faith prevail in the land; and, before the sun has an hour risen, James the Heretic and all his train will be upon you. Come, therefore, into my house and hide your head; elude what you cannot resist; jeuk and let the jauw gae by—it is a wise proverb.' So I went into his house: it was one of an old fashion, with deep recesses in the walls, and in every recess a saint. I saw no living thing save the old man himself. He came to me, and

said:—'I have lived eighty years and odd in the land —many changes have I seen, but never such an evil one as this—our righteous sovereign is dethroned and imprisoned—our nobles, corrupted by English gold, sell their country as if it were a marketable commodity, and then, having done so, ensnare our souls in the meshes of this new heresy.' He advanced to a window as he spoke. 'From this place,' he continued, 'I shall soon see James the Apostate and his train. There will be Douglas, who laughs at God and man—Lindsay, whose eye is of iron—Parkhead, who fears neither fire nor steel—and Glencairn, who blasphemed in godless rhyme the shrine of Loretto and all its precious relics. Hark!—is that the prancing of their horses and the jingling of their bridle-reins?'

"A sound which seemed the rushing of water swelled on the wind, and then died away. The old man continued. 'His time, though nigh, is not yet come—see that your weapon be in trim, the powder good—and is one ball sufficient?' I looked sternly on him, and said—'What mean you?—what mean you?' 'And is it Bothwellhaugh who asks the question!—he who saw his house destroyed and the lady of his heart with the babe in her bosom turned out to the mercy of the elements to go mad and die! What mean I!—I mean that the man who did this deed is at hand, and must answer for it before the judgment-seat on this blessed morn. What mean I?—what means that loaded carabine—that kindled eye—that flushed cheek—that

look directed to the way in which he must come? — They mean death to James Stuart, and revenge for thine own wrongs. All this was revealed to me, no matter how: the vision which led thee this way appeared also to me. Did I not see the shadowy finger point out the fatal spot? — did I not see the eddying smoke stream forth from that window? — did I not hear the sharp knell and the sudden shriek? — and did I not see the visionary train startled and planet-struck, whilst their leader threw one stern glance towards the spot where I stood, and then dropped, never to rise?'

"I know not how it was, but I felt as if fire was in my veins, and not blood. I traversed the room with unequal steps — but at every step I took the desire of vengeance increased upon me. And when, amid the morning air I heard the neighing and prancing of horses, it seemed no longer to me that I was about to do a stern action, for which my name will be coupled with the base and the bloody, but a high and holy deed, approved by the church and by my own conscience, and to which I had been marshalled by visions from heaven. Even at the moment I presented my weapon I prayed for a token — and the token was vouchsafed — the form of my wife, plain and distinct, seemed at my side, holding her hand towards the object of my anger. What needs there for more! — I fired — he fell! — the old man caught my hand, and said — "Blessed be the hand that fired the shot! — blessed be the eye that directed it! — and blessed be the day on which

the deed was done! There!—seest thou?—mount that horse!—the swallow is not fleeter—he will bear thee to the woods of Cadyow in spite of all that thy pursuers can do.' He pointed to a large, dark horse, saddled and bridled, which stood under the window behind the house. I threw myself on its back, and, as I rushed away, I could hear the outcry of—'Burst open the doors!—bring hammers!—bring beams of wood!—our regent is murdered!—the light of the reformation is quenched!—and the harlot has triumphed!' I heeded not their cry. But, when I saw the pennon of Parkhead, heard the stern command of Lindsay, and the fanatic shout of Glencairn taking the lead in the chase, I gave my horse the rein—and when I reached a steep ravine I dashed headlong down—men say I urged my horse with my dagger—and without any farther impediment reached the towers of Cadyow, and then made my way to the shores of France."

Hamilton paused: but in his eye there seemed something yet untold. "My son," said the prelate, "thou didst a good deed, a deed which Heaven sanctioned: the vision thou sawest was sent from above; the hand that pointed the way was a holy one."

"Sir," said Bothwellhaugh, sternly, "the vision was from below and not from above. I have seen it again, holding out its finger before me to the virtuous and the noble: and had I not been blind and mad I might have known that the spirit of my mild, my meek, my lovely, wife could not desire blood. Hell,

sir, can put on the shape and wear the hue of heaven! Let those who seek to tempt me to blood again be sure that their corslets are proof!"

The prelate made a sign with his finger, and, bowing to Bothwellhaugh, retired with his companion. They spoke not till they were a mile on their way. "The Church hath lost a stout champion," said the prelate.

"And the devil has got one," said the duke. "How well he gave a shape and meaning to his own desire of vengeance! — and how readily he believed that the forms of his own fancy were those of heaven! I think he believes now that the old man was a demon, and the vision of the lady one of the lesser fiends — excellent!"

HUMAN LIFE.

BY CHRISTOPHER COOKSON, ESQ.

Half in day, and half in night,
Chiefly prized when least in sight,
With possession more desiring,
Grovelling now, and now aspiring,
Sensitive, with want of feeling,
Backward wandering, onward stealing,
Child of light, in darkness lost,
Boasting then of light the most,
Little knowing, ever prying,
Always living, always dying,
Craving peace, yet loving strife —
Sum them up: the whole is Life.

THE ACAPULCO INDIAN'S SONG.

The tribes of the forests bordering on Acapulco are the *romanceros* of the New World. They have a kind of guitar, which they delight in, and touch with some wild skill. Their songs are not, like the few rude descants of the red men of the North, on battle or flight, on revenge or hunting, the four eternal themes of the northern forest. They are story-tellers and lovers, in short, a kind of American *jongleurs*, Troubadours who never heard of Chivalry, nor played on lutes twined with chaplets from the hands of ladies "proud and fair," as became the showy minstrels of Provence and Italy; nor sat on tapestried footstools at feasts of monarchs in ermine and warriors in mail. But theirs are the homely inspirations of Nature, with no better teachers of song than the birds, no better saloon than the sycamore and acacia woods, no better audience than their wild but very handsome women, and no better *largesse* than the shouts of delight, the extravagant boundings, or the floods of tears with which those children of impulse never fail to reward the poet and the minstrel. The following song is a well known address to one of the forest beauties. It had made its way into Spanish, from which it is now transferred.

THE INDIAN TO HIS LOVE.

Off with the bow! The lake's blue waters heave.
Off with the sandals!—rest thy weary feet.
Twilight is sitting by the couch of Eve;
Through branch and bloom the air is sighing sweet;
No spotted snake dares touch this flowery ground;
Here is no tiger's eye, no panther's bound.

The clouds are painted, like the forest leaf,
Where lays his rainbow-wing the autumn sun;
The sunbeams burn, all westward, like the sheaf
Ripening in autumn, heavy, rich, and dun;

The stars are jewels, sparkling in heaven's ears,
Or dew of heaven's rich flowers, resplendent tears.

Now sing—and hark! the fountains all are hushed;
The birds are silent on the honey tree;
The breeze that through the young palmettoes gush'd,
The whole soft sky, is listening but for thee;
The stars seem dreaming in a trance of love,
The world one spell, all charmed, below, above.

Come, love, and fear not; in each diamond star
Are shapes that watch thy steps with shield and bow,
Sweet spirits that in forests wild and far
Watch o'er each braid upon thy lovely brow,
Guarding thy beauty from the serpent's sting,
From poisonous flower and dew, from fang and spring.

Love, see those meteors—sisters to thine eye,
Those flying orbs of living fire and gold;
Those are the spirits' evening revelry,
From hand to hand through purple ether rolled;
Or but the sparkles of the rushing car,
That bears the mighty king of sun and star.

Oh come! and we will wander merrily
Through forests lighted by the firefly's lamp;
For true love liveth only with the free:
The mountain's marble brow shall be our camp,
The vine and honeysuckle make our hall,
Our hearts be one, and love be all in all.

THE WILL.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

NOTHING in the whole routine of country life seems to me more capricious and unaccountable than the choice of a county beauty. Every shire in the kingdom, from Brobdignagian York to Lilliputian Rutland, can boast of one. The existence of such a personage seems as essential to the well-being of a provincial community as that of the queen-bee in a hive; and, except by some rare accident, when two fair sisters for instance of nearly equal pretensions appear in similar dresses at the same balls and the same archery meetings, you as seldom see two queens of Brentford in the one society as the other. Both are elective monarchies, and both tolerably despotic; but so far I must say for the little winged people that one comprehends the impulse which guides them in the choice of a sovereign far better than the motives which influence their brother-insects, the beaux; and the reason of this superior sagacity in the lesser swarms is obvious. With them the election rests in a natural instinct, an unerring sense of fitness, which never fails to discover with admirable discrimination the one only she who suits their purpose; whilst the other set of voluntary subjects, the plumeless bipeds, are unluckily abandoned to their own wild will, and, although from long habits

of imitation almost as unanimous as the bees, seem guided in their admiration by the merest caprice, the veriest chance, and select their goddess, the goddess of beauty, blindfold — as the bluecoat boys draw, or used to draw, the tickets in a lottery.

Nothing is so difficult to define as the customary qualification of the belle of a country assembly. Face or person it certainly is not; for take a stranger into the room, and it is at least two to one but he will fix on twenty damsels prettier than the county queen; nor, to do the young gentlemen justice, is it fortune or connexion; for, so as the lady come within the prescribed limits of county gentility, (which, by the way, are sufficiently arbitrary and exclusive) nothing more is required in a beauty — whatever might be expected in a wife; fortune it is not, still less is it rank, and least of all accomplishments. In short, it seems to me equally difficult to define what is the requisite and what is not; for, on looking back through twenty years to the successive belles of the B——shire balls, I cannot fix on any one definite qualification. One damsel seemed to me chosen for gaiety and good-humour, a merry, laughing girl; another for haughtiness and airs; one because her father was hospitable, another because her mother was pleasant; one became fashionable because related to a fashionable poet, whilst another stood on her own independent merits as one of the boldest riders in the hunt, and earned her popularity at night by her exploits in the morning.

Among the whole list, the one who commanded the most universal admiration, and seemed to me to approach nearest to the common notion of a pretty woman, was the high-born and graceful Constance Lisle. Besides being a tall, elegant figure, with finely chiselled features and a pale but delicate complexion, relieved by large dark eyes full of sensibility, and a profusion of glossy, black hair, her whole air and person were eminently distinguished by that undefinable look of fashion and high breeding, that indisputable stamp of superiority, which, for want of a better word, we are content to call style. Her manners were in admirable keeping with her appearance. Gentle, gracious, and self-possessed, courteous to all and courting none, she received the flattery to which she had been accustomed from her cradle as mere words of course, and stimulated the ardour of her admirers by her calm non-notice infinitely more than a finished coquette would have done by all the *agaçeries* of the most consummate vanity.

Nothing is commoner than the affectation of indifference. But the indifference of Miss Lisle was so obviously genuine, that the most superficial coxcomb that buzzed around her could hardly suspect its reality. She heeded admiration no more than that queen of the garden, the lady lily, whom she so much resembled in modest dignity. It played around her as the sunny air of June around the snow-white flower, her common and natural atmosphere.

This was perhaps one reason for the number of beaux who fluttered round Constance. It puzzled and piqued them. They were unused to be of so little consequence to a young lady, and could not make it out. Another cause might perhaps be found in the splendid fortune which she inherited from her mother, and which, even independently of her expectations from her father, rendered her the greatest match and richest heiress in the county.

Richard Lisle, her father, a second son of the ancient family of Lisle of Lisle-End, had been one of those men born, as it seems, to fortune, with whom every undertaking prospers through a busy life. Of an ardent and enterprising temper, at once impetuous and obstinate, he had mortally offended his father and elder brother by refusing to take orders and to accept in due season the family livings, which time out of mind had been the provision of the second sons of their illustrious house. Rejected by his relations, he had gone out as an adventurer to India, had been taken into favour by the head-partner of a great commercial house, married his daughter, entered the civil service of the Company, been resident at the court of one native prince and governor of the forfeited territory of another, had accumulated wealth through all the various means by which in India money has been found to make money, and finally returned to England a widower, with an only daughter and one of the largest fortunes ever brought from the gorgeous East.

Very different had been the destiny of the family at home. Old Sir Rowland Lisle (for the name was to be found in one of the earliest pages of the Baronetage) an expensive, ostentatious man, proud of his old ancestry, of his old place, and of his old English hospitality, was exactly the man to involve any estate, however large its amount; and, when two contests for the county had brought in their train debt and mortgages, and he had recourse to horse-racing and hazard to deaden the sense of his previous imprudence, nobody was astonished to find him dying of grief and shame, a heart-broken and almost ruined man.

His eldest son, Sir Everard, was perfectly free from either of these destructive vices; but he, besides an abundant portion of irritability, obstinacy, and family pride, had one quality quite as fatal to the chance of redeeming his embarrassed fortunes as the electioneering and gambling propensities of his father — to wit, a love of litigation so strong and predominant that it assumed the form of a passion.

He plunged instantly into law-suits with creditor and neighbour, and, in despite of the successive remonstrances of his wife, a high-born and gentle-spirited woman, who died a few years after their marriage, of his daughter, a strong-minded girl, who, moderately provided for by a female relation, married at eighteen a respectable clergyman, and of his son, a young man of remarkable promise still at college, he had contrived, by the time his brother returned from India, not only

to mortgage nearly the whole of his estate but to get into dispute or litigation with almost every gentleman for ten miles round.

The arrival of the governor afforded some ground of hope to the few remaining friends of the family. He was known to be a man of sense and probity, and by no means deficient in pride after his own fashion; and no one doubted but a reconciliation would take place, and a part of the nabob's rupees be applied to the restoration of the fallen glories of Lisle-End. With that object in view, a distant relation contrived to produce a seemingly accidental interview at his own house between the two brothers, who had had no sort of intercourse, except an interchange of cold letters on their father's death, since the hour of their separation.

Never was mediation more completely unsuccessful. They met as cold and reluctant friends; they parted as confirmed and bitter enemies. Both, of course, were to blame, and equally of course each laid the blame on the other. Perhaps the governor's intentions might be the kindest. Undoubtedly his manner was the worst: for, scolding, haranguing, and laying down the law, as he had been accustomed to do in India, he at once offered to send his nephew abroad with the certainty of accumulating an ample fortune, and to relieve his brother's estate from mortgage, and allow him a handsome income on the small condition of taking possession himself of the family mansion and

the family property — a proposal coldly and stiffly refused by the elder brother, who, without deigning to notice the second proposition, declined his son's entering into the service of a commercial company, much in the spirit and almost in the words of Rob Roy, when the good Baillie Nicol Jarvie proposed to apprentice his hopeful offspring to the mechanical occupation of a weaver. The real misfortune of the interview was that the parties were too much alike, both proud, both irritable, both obstinate, and both too much accustomed to deal with their inferiors.

The negociation failed completely; but the governor, clinging to his native place with a mixed feeling compounded of love for the spot and hatred to its proprietor, purchased at an exorbitant price an estate close at hand, built a villa, and laid out grounds with the usual magnificence of an Indian, bought every acre of land that came under sale for miles around, was shrewdly suspected of having secured some of Sir Everard's numerous mortgages, and in short proceeded to invest Lisle-End just as formally as the besieging army sat down before the citadel of Antwerp. He spared no pains to annoy his enemy; defended all the actions brought by his brother, the lord of many manors, against trespassers and poachers; disputed his motions at the vestry; quarrelled with his decisions on the bench; turned Whig because Sir Everard was a Tory; and set the whole parish and half the county by the ears by his incessant squabbles.

Amongst the gentry, his splendid hospitality, his charming daughter, and the exceeding unpopularity of his adversary, who at one time or other had been at law with nearly all of them, commanded many partizans. But the common people, frequently great sticklers for hereditary right, adhered for the most part to the cause of their landlord — ay, even those with whom he had been disputing all his life long. This might be partly ascribed to their universal love for the young 'Squire Henry, whose influence among the poor fairly balanced that of Constance among the rich; but the chief cause was certainly to be found in the character of the governor himself.

At first it seemed a fine thing to have obtained so powerful a champion in every little scrape. They found, however, and pretty quickly, that in gaining this new and magnificent protector they had also gained a master. Obedience was a necessary of life to our Indian, who, although he talked about liberty and equality, and so forth, and looked on them abstractedly as excellent things, had no very exact practical idea of their operation, and claimed in England the same "awful rule and just supremacy" which he had exercised in the East. Every thing must bend to his sovereign will and pleasure, from the laws of cricket to the laws of the land; so that the sturdy farmers were beginning to grumble, and his *protégés*, the poachers, to rebel, when the sudden death of Sir Everard put an immediate stop to his operations and his enmity.

For the new Sir Henry, a young man beloved by every body, studious and thoughtful, but most amiably gentle and kind, his uncle had always entertained an involuntary respect, a respect due at once to his admirable conduct and his high-toned and interesting character. They knew each other by sight, but had never met until a few days after the funeral, when the governor repaired to Lisle-End in deep mourning, shook his nephew heartily by the hand, condoled with him on his loss, begged to know in what way he could be of service to him, and finally renewed the offer to send him out to India, with the same advantages that would have attended his own son, which he had previously made to Sir Everard. The young heir thanked him with a smile rather tender than glad, which gave its sweet expression to his countenance, sighed deeply, and put into his hands a letter 'which he had found,' he said, 'amongst his poor father's papers, and which must be taken for his answer to his uncle's generous and too tempting offers.'

"You refuse me then?" asked the governor.

"Read that letter, and tell me if I can do otherwise. Only read that letter," resumed Sir Henry; and his uncle, curbing with some difficulty his natural impatience, opened and read the paper.

It was a letter from a dying father to a beloved son, conjuring him by the duty he had ever shown to obey his last injunction, and neither to sell, let, alienate, nor leave, Lisle-End; to preserve the estate entire and

undiminished so long as the rent sufficed to pay the interest of the mortgages; and to live among his old tenantry in his own old halls so long as the ancient structure would yield him shelter. "Do this, my beloved son," pursued the letter, "and take your father's tenderest blessing; and believe that a higher blessing will follow on the sacrifice of interest, ambition, and worldly enterprise, to the will of a dying parent. You have obeyed my injunctions living — do not scorn them dead. Again and again I bless you, prime solace of a life of struggle, my dear, my dutiful, son!"

"Could I disobey?" inquired Sir Henry, as his uncle returned him the letter; "could it even be a question?"

"No!" replied the governor peevishly. "But to mew you up with the deer and the pheasants in this wild old park, to immure a fine, spirited lad in this huge old mansion along with family-pictures and suits of armour, and all for a whim, a crotchet, which can answer no purpose upon earth — it's enough to drive a man mad!"

"It will not be for long," returned Sir Henry, gently. "Short as it is, my race is almost run. And then, thanks to the unbroken entail — the entail which I never could prevail to have broken, when it might have spared *him* so much misery — the park, mansion, estate, even the armour and the family pictures, will pass into much better hands — into yours. And Lisle-End will once more flourish in splendour and in hospitality."

The young baronet smiled as he said this; but the governor, looking on his tall, slender figure and pallid cheek, felt that it was likely to be true, and, wringing his hand in silence, was about to depart, when Sir Henry begged him to remain a moment longer.

"I have still one favour to beg of you, my dear uncle—one favour which I may beg. When last I saw Miss Lisle at the house of my sister Mrs. Beauchamp (for I have twice accidentally had the happiness to meet her there) she expressed a wish that you had such a piece of water in your grounds as that at the east end of the park, which luckily adjoins your demesne. She would like, she said, a pleasure-vessel on that pretty lake. Now I may not sell, or let, or alienate—but surely I may lend. And, if you will accept this key, and she will deign to use as her own the Lisle-End mere, I need not, I trust, say how sacred from all intrusion from me or mine the spot would prove, or how honoured I should feel myself if it could contribute, however slightly, to her pleasure. Will you tell her this?"

"You had better come and tell her yourself."

"No! Oh no!"

"Well, then, I suppose I must."

And the governor went slowly home whistling, not for "want of thought," but as a frequent custom of his when any thing vexed him.

About a month after this conversation, the father and daughter were walking through a narrow piece of

woodland, which divided the highly ornamented gardens of the governor, with their miles of gravel walks and acres of American borders, from the magnificent park of Lisle-End. The scene was beautiful, and the weather, a sunny day in early May, shewed the landscape to an advantage belonging, perhaps, to no other season: on the one hand, the gorgeous shrubs, trees, and young plantations, of the new place, the larch in its tenderest green, lilacs, laburnums, and horse-chesnuts, in their flowery glory, and the villa, with its irregular and oriental architecture, rising above all; on the other, the magnificent oaks and beeches of the park, now stretching into avenues, now clumped on its swelling lawns (for the ground was remarkable for its inequality of surface) now reflected in the clear water of the lake, into which the woods sometimes advanced in mimic promontories, receding again into tiny bays, by the side of which the dappled deer lay in herds beneath the old thorns; whilst, on an eminence, at a considerable distance, the mansion, a magnificent structure of Elizabeth's day, with its gable-ends and clustered chimneys, stood silent and majestic as a pyramid in the desert. The spot on which they stood had a character of extraordinary beauty, and yet different from either scene. It was a wild glen, through which an irregular footpath led to the small gate in the park, of which Sir Henry had sent Constance the key, the shelving banks on either side clothed with furze in the fullest blossom, which scented the air with its rich fragrance, and

would almost have dazzled the eye with its golden lustre but for a few scattered firs and hollies, and some straggling clumps of the feathery birch. The nightingales were singing around, the wood-pigeons cooing overhead, and the father and daughter passed slowly and silently along, as if engrossed by the sweetness of the morning and the loveliness of the scene.

They were thinking of nothing less; as was proved by the first question of the governor, who, always impatient of any pause in conversation, demanded of his daughter 'what answer he was to return to the offer of Lord Fitzallan.'

"A courteous refusal, my dear father, if you please," answered Constance.

"But I do not please," replied her father, with his crossest whistle. "Here you say No! and No! and No! to every body, instead of marrying some one or other of these young men who flock round you, and giving me the comfort of seeing a family of grandchildren about me in my old age. No to this lord! and No to that! I verily believe, Constance, that you mean to die an old maid."

"I do not expect to live to be an old maid," sighed Constance; "but nothing is so unlikely as my marrying."

"Whew!" ejaculated the governor. "So she means to die as well as her cousin! What has put that notion in your head, Constance? Are you ill?"

"Not particularly," replied the daughter. "But yet I am persuaded that my life will be a short one.

And so, my dear father, as you told me the other day that now that I am of age I ought to make my will, I have just been following your advice."

"Oh! that accounts for your thinking of dying. Every body after first making a will expects not to survive above a week or two. I did not myself, I remember, some forty years ago, when, having scraped a few hundreds together, I thought it a duty to leave them to somebody. But I got used to the operation as I became richer and older. Well, Constance! you have a pretty little fortune to bequeath — about three hundred thousand pounds, as I take it. What have you done with your money? — not left it to me, I hope?"

"No, dear father, you desired me not."

"That's right. But whom have you made your heir? Your maid, Nannette? or your lap-dog, Bijou? — they are your prime pets — or the County Hospital? or the Literary Fund? or the National Gallery? or the British Museum? — eh, Constance?"

"None of these, dear father. I have left my property where it will certainly be useful, and I think well used — to my cousin Henry of Lisle-End."

"Her cousin Henry of Lisle-End!" re-echoed the father, smiling. "So, so! Her cousin Henry!"

"But keep my secret, I conjure you, dear father!" pursued Constance, eagerly.

"Her cousin Henry!" said the governor to himself, sitting down on the side of the bank to calculate: "her cousin Henry! And she may be queen of Lisle-End,

as this key proves, queen of the lake, and the land, and the land's master. And the three hundred thousand pounds will more than clear away the mortgages, and I can take care of her jointure and the younger children. I like your choice exceedingly, Constance," continued her father, drawing her to him on the bank.

"Oh, my dear father, I beseech you keep my secret!"

"Yes, yes, we'll keep the secret quite as long as it shall be necessary. Don't blush so, my charmer, for you have no need. Let me see — there must be a six months' mourning — but the preparations may be going on just the same. And, in spite of my foolish brother and his foolish will, my Constance will be lady of Lisle-End."

And within six months the wedding did take place; and, if there could be a happier person than the young bridegroom or his lovely bride, it was the despotic but kind-hearted governor.

HYDER ALI.

FROM THE INDIAN.

Round him rang the jewelled chain,
On his brow the jewels shone,
O'er him swept the tiger vane,
Shields of warriors were his throne;
Circled with ten thousand steeds,
Fleet as wind and fierce as flame,
Foremost where the battle bleeds,
Dark Mysore, thy Sultan came.

Down the Ghaut * the tempest poured —
  Living storm of man and steel —
Thousand thousands, horde on horde,
  Sword in hand and spur on heel —
Rushing like the thunder-stroke,
  Seen a cloud but felt a fire:
Down the burning tempest broke:
  India was a funeral pyre.

Kingdom of the palaces!
  What avail thee, proud Bengal,
Mighty rivers, circling seas,
  Mountain ridge, and battled wall!
Hyder o'er thee shakes his spear,
  O'er thy plains his riders sweep;
Child of agony and fear,
  What hast thou to do but weep!

Come, thou rooter-up of thrones!
  Come, with scimitar and brand;
Vishnu from his temple groans:
  "Smite the stranger from the land!"
Strength be in thy lance's thrust!
  Glory sit upon thy vane!
Make the heavens at last be just:
  Hindostan is free again!

* The ravines forming the descent from the Mysore country, the table-land of India.

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CUPID CAUGHT TRIPPING.

CUPID CAUGHT TRIPPING.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

Alas for Love! — the spirit-light
  Has faded from his lordly brow;
The restless wings whose sunny flight
Made all o'er which they floated bright
  Are dim and drooping now;
And all their beauty of the skies
Has perished in his downcast eyes!
Is this the boy whose smiles are fate?—
  Who, 'mid the high ambrosial bowers,
Would mock Olympus, in its state,
  And pelt the gods with flowers?
Can this be he whose golden darts,
  Of old, amid the Grecian glades,
Left wounds upon immortal hearts,
  And mocked the sacred shades?
Can this be he who, through the earth,
  Has wandered with the steps of time,
A conqueror from his very birth,
  A monarch in his prime;—
Still near — though ever on the wing —
A child — yet "every inch a king?"—

Alas for Love! — if she, his bride,
Who sought him once o'er mount and vale,
Amid her journeyings far and wide,
Had met him faint and pale,
With bow unstrung and brow o'ercast,
And dimmed by earth's alloy,
The yearning soul had wandered past —
She had not known the boy!

Alas! that ever Love should be
False to his own divinity,
And darken with the stains of earth
The colours of his glorious birth!
That he — the god — whose beauty grew
Amid the heavens' purest dew —
The stars who for his playmate hath —
Who has the rainbow for his bath —
Should quench his thirst, or dip his wings,
Amid the world's polluted springs;
And fling, at passion's bidding, down
His green and amaranthine crown!
That he, 'mid mighty spirits known
The mightiest and the brightest one,
Should lay aside his angel-glow,
And dim his brow's transcendent blaze —
Like Meropé, whose light was low
Amid her sisters' rays —
And leave his own high paths, to sport
With spirits of a meaner sort!

But thus it is! — and Love has still
A wayward and a wanton will —
A beautiful but wandering child,
Caressed by all — but all too wild!
A boy to make the bliss of home,
But ah! too eager far to roam! —
By many an unknown path he strays,
That wounds him with its thorny ways;
And many a burning plain he seeks,
That takes the colour from his cheeks:
Too oft he needs the touch of pain,
Like mortal hearts, to make him wise,
And oft his home is reached again
Across a "bridge of sighs!" —
Alas! that ever Love should be
False to his own divinity!

THE DYING TRAVELLER.

WRITTEN ON A SICK BED IN EGYPT.

BY R. R. MADDEN, ESQ.

It is not the sickness that preys on my frame,
It is not the torturing pain,
It is not the terror of death, nor the shame
Of the struggle, which makes me complain.
Oh no! I could yield me this night to the grave,
And encounter its gloom undismayed,
If one friendly regard its encouragement gave,
And my spirit's disorder allayed.

Every object around me awakens a thought
  Of the home I may never behold;
Every sound of the voice of the stranger is fraught
  With remembrance of accents of old:
But the sands of the desert, the waves of the deep,
  Are between me and all I hold dear;
And the wild Arab dwells where I'm destined to sleep,
  Where the grave has no hallowing tear.

The close of existence afar from our friends
  Is a dreary and desolate doom:
How cold is the look of the stranger who tends
  On the sufferings which lead to the tomb!
His apathy yields but to bigotry's zeal,
  Which, on faculties drooping, would fain
Its dogmas enforce, and the dying appeal
  Of the sinner would dare to arraign.

Officious fanatic! is colour or creed
  Of man's choice!—or his power to change!
From the faith of our fathers what effort indeed
  May the heart's early homage estrange!
In moments like these, when the spirit has need
  Of communing with Mercy above,
Are themes controversial the topics to lead
  Our last thoughts to the Father of Love?

But brief is the pang! I shall soon be at rest;
  Ere the sun of the morrow appear,

The illusions of life and its follies shall cease
To awaken a hope or a fear:
While I breathe shall the name of my country be blest,
One loved image recalled to the close;
Still homeward each thought wing its way to the west,
Till the weary heart sink in repose.

ADDRESS,

WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH, (NOW MRS. BARTLEY),

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The following lines were written by Sir Walter Scott, for recitation by Miss Smith on the night of her benefit at Edinburgh, in 1807. Owing to some mistake, they reached her too late for the purpose, and have never been either spoken or published. In the letter accompanying them, Sir Walter states that they had been written on the morning of the day on which they were despatched, and that the idea was, in his mind, better than the execution. Whatever may be the opinion of the reader on this point, they add another to the thousand proofs of the kindness of his disposition, since the proposal was made by himself, with the observation that something from his pen might perhaps "add a little salt to the bill."

When the lone pilgrim views afar
The shrine that is his guiding star,
With awe his footsteps print the road
Which the loved saint of yore has trod.
As near he draws, and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkles with a tear;

The Gothic fane's unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the taper's glow,
Oppress his soul; while they delight,
And chasten rapture with affright.
No longer dare he think his toil
Can merit aught his patron's smile;
Too light appears the distant way,
The chilly eve, the sultry day—
All these endured no favour claim,
But, murmuring forth the sainted name,
He lays his little offering down,
And only deprecates a frown.

We too who ply the Thespian art
Oft feel such bodings of the heart,
And, when our utmost powers are strained,
Dare hardly hope your favour gained.
She, who from sister climes has sought
The ancient land where Wallace fought—
Land long renowned for arms and arts,
And conquering eyes, and dauntless hearts—
She, as the flutterings *here* avow,
Feels all the pilgrim's terrors *now*;
Yet sure on Caledonian plain
The stranger never sued in vain.
'T is yours the hospitable task
To give the applause she dare not ask;
And they who bid the pilgrim speed,
The pilgrim's blessing be their meed!

THE BRIDGE OF TENACHELLE.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, ESQ.

The dawn of an autumn day was beginning to expose the havoc of a storm, the last gusts of which still shrieked through the stripped forests of Baun Regan, when two mounted fugitives appeared among its tangled and haggard recesses, urging their horses over the plashy brakes and cumbered glades at a speed which plainly told that they were flying for life or death. In the grey uncertain twilight, as they flitted, wavering and swift, from shadow to shadow, it was barely distinguishable that one was a female; and, but for the deep panting of their exhausted horses and the snapping and rustling of the leafy ruins underfoot, as they plunged down the thickly strewn alleys of the forest, they might have passed for the spirits of some stormy hunter and huntress, chasing the night-shadows for their game, so ghostly, wan, and unsubstantial, seemed everything around them. But the assiduous hand of the horseman on the slackening reins of his companion, the whisperings of encouragement and assurance at every pause in their speed, and, above all, the frequent look behind, would soon have betrayed their mortal nature, their human passion, their love, and fear, and danger.

They were the Lady Anna Darcy and the Earl of Kildare, who had fled together from Dunamare, where he had lately been under arrest, and were now hastening to the Geraldine's country of Offaley. Their story is soon told: the noble prisoner had won the daughter of his keeper to aid in his escape, and to accompany his flight and fortunes.

By degrees, as the morning advanced, the evidence of their sufferings through the wet night they had passed became more and more apparent. The earl's plume hung dripping and torn over his brows; his cloak fluttered in rent shreds, or clung to his stained armour; his face was torn with briars, and his horse's flanks were as red from the high furze and goring thickets as from the spur; for they had attempted their passage by a horse-track of the deep forest, and had strayed in the tempestuous midnight from even that dangerous pathway. It was a sad sight to look on such beauty as shone through the wretched plight of his companion, clad in so forlorn and comfortless a wreck of all that a tender woman needs upon an inclement journey. But, although the rain had beaten down her long hair till it hung heavily against her cheek, it had not weighed the rich curl out of it; nor had her eyes been dazzled into any dimness by the lightnings; her cheek was blanched, it might be as much from the washing of the recent showers and chill dews as from apprehension; but neither fear, nor the violence of piercing winds and rain, had subdued an

unconquerable grace and stateliness that asserted its innate nobility over her whole person, relaxed although it was, and sinking under almost insupportable fatigue.

"I would give the best castle in Offaley," cried the earl, in deep distress and impatience, "for one sight of the bridge of Tenachelle, with my ten true men upon the hill beyond. Hold up a little longer, dearest lady; had we crossed yonder ridge, we should see the Barrow beneath us, and, that once passed, all would be well. Alas, for thy poor hands! how they tremble on those reins! Would to God that I could bear this in thy place!"

"Better this," she replied, her faltering voice attesting how much she suffered, "better even this than what I fly from; and I am not yet so weary — although my hands *are* numbed upon this cold damp bridle. I think more of my poor Sylvio's hardships" — and she patted the drooping neck of her palfrey, willing, perhaps, to hide a tear that she could not restrain, by bending aside — "Alas, my lord, the poor animal is failing momentarily. I shall never be able to urge him up this hill." While commiserating her palfrey's weariness, Lady Anna had turned her eyes from the face of her companion, and it was well that she did not see the sick and despairing pang that crossed his features, as he looked along the opening glade in the opposite direction; for, right between them and the yellow sunrise, there came down a party of horsemen, their figures and numbers distinctly marked against

the sky, although still more than a mile distant; and, as the earl cast his eyes over the broad expanse of tree-tops and green hills, he all at once saw them on the ridge of the horizon. "Lady Anna," said he, in a low voice strangely altered, "Anna, love, the road is here more level; let us hasten on."

"Hast seen any one, my lord?" she inquired hastily, raising herself at his words, and looking round in alarm—but the pursuers were already out of sight, within the shadow of the hill. "Is there any new danger, Gerald?" she again asked, as he put his hand to her reins, and shook out her palfrey into a canter in silence.

"None, dearest: no more danger than we have been in all the night—but lash your horse," he cried, with involuntary earnestness; "lash him now, love, and do not spare!" and then again, endeavouring to conceal the cause of his agitation—"If we be not at the bridge by dawn, my men may have withdrawn out of sight of the O'More's country; therefore, hurry on, for the sun is already up, and we may not find them there."

They strained up the hill at the top of the exhausted palfrey's speed, and the lady for a while seemed satisfied. "Why dost thou look behind so often, my lord?" she said at length, turning her head along with him. "I see nothing but the tops of trees and the red sky."

"Nor do I, Anna," he replied: "but do not turn in the saddle; for, weary as thy palfrey is, he needs all thy care: hold him up, dearest—on, on!"

"We are pursued then," she cried, turning deadly pale, and the earl's countenance for a moment bespoke hesitation whether to stop and support her at all hazards or still to urge her on. "We are pursued," she cried; "I know it, and we must be overtaken. Oh, leave me, Gerald! leave me and save thyself!" The earl said not a word, but shook up her palfrey's head once more, and, drawing his dagger, goaded him with its point till the blood sprung.

"Oh, my poor Sylvio!" was all the terrified girl could say, as, stung with pain and reeling from weakness, the creature put forth its last and most desperate efforts.

They had struggled on for another minute, and were now topping the last eminence between them and the river, when a shout rang out of the woods behind. The lady shrieked—the earl struck the steel deeper into her palfrey's shoulder, and, stooping to his own saddle-bow, held him up with his left hand, bending to the laborious task till his head was sunk between the horses' necks. "Anna!" he cried, "I can see nothing for Sylvio's mane. Look out between the trees, and tell me if thou seest my ten men on the hill of Clemgaune."

"I see," replied the lady, "the whole valley flooded from side to side, and the trees standing like islands in the water."

"But my men, Anna? my men? look out beyond the bridge."

"The bridge is a black stripe upon the flood: I cannot see the arches."

"But, beyond the bridge," he cried, in the intervals of his exertion, now becoming every moment more and more arduous; for the spent palfrey was only kept from falling by the sheer strength of his arm — "beyond the bridge, beside the pollard elm — my ten men —are they not there?"

"Alas! no, my lord, I cannot see them. But, Mother of Mercies!"—she shuddered, looking round — "I see *them* now behind us!" Another shout of mingled voices execrating and exulting sounded from the valley as she spoke.

The earl struck his brow with his gauntleted hand, yielding for the first time to his excess of grief and anguish, for he had raised his head, and had seen all along the opposite hills the bare, unbroken solitude that offered neither hope of help nor means of escape. Yet he girded himself up for a last effort: he drew his horse close to the palfrey's side, and, "Dear Anna," he said, "cast thine arms now round my neck, and let me lift thee on before me: black Memnon will bear us both like the wind — nay, dally not," for the sensitive girl shrunk for a moment from the proposal; "remember thy promise in the chapel on the rock," and he passed his arm round her waist, and, at one effort, lifted her from the saddle; while she, blushing deeply, yet yielding to the imperative necessity of the moment, clasped her arms round his neck, and aided in

drawing herself up upon the black charger's shoulder. The palfrey, the moment it lost the supporting hand of the earl, staggered forward, and, though relieved of its burden, fell headlong to the ground. The pursuers were now so near that they could see plainly what had been done, and their cries expressed the measure of their rage and disappointment; for the strong war-horse, although doubly burdened, yet thundered down the hill at a pace that promised to keep his start; and hope once more revived in the fainting hearts of the earl and the lady.

"Now, thanks to Heaven!" he cried, as he found the powerful charger stretching out under them with renewed vigour; "thank Heaven that struck down the slow-paced loiterer in this good time!—Now, Memnon, bear us but over yonder hill, and earn a stall of carved oak and a rack of silver! Ah, the good steed! thou shalt feed him from thine own white hands yet, lady, in the courts of Castle Ley!—Look back now, love Anna, and tell me what they do behind."

The lady raised her head from his shoulder, and cast a glance along the road they had traversed. "I see them plying whip and spur," she said, "but they are not gaining on us—Red Raymond rides foremost, and Owen and the three rangers; I know them all: but, oh, Mary mother, shield me! I see my father and Sir Robert Verdun: oh, speed thee, good horse, speed!" and she hid her face again upon his breast, and they descended the hill which overhung the Barrow.

The old channel of the river was no longer visible; the flood had overspread its banks, and far across the flat holms on the opposite side swept along in a brown, eddying, and rapid deluge. The bridge of Tenachelle spanned from the nearer bank to a raised causeway beyond, the solid masonry of which, resisting the overland inundations, sent the flood with double impetuosity through the three choked arches over its usual bed; for there, the main current and the backwater rushing together, heaved struggling round the abutments, till the watery war swelled and surged over the rangewall and fell upon the roadwall of the bridge itself with solid shocks, like seas upon a ship's deck. Eager for passage as a man might be whose life and the life of his dearer self were at stake, yet, for an instant, the earl checked his horse, as the long line of peninsulated road lay before him — a high tumultuous sea on one side; a roaring gulf of whirlpools, foam, and gushing cataracts, on the other. The lady gave one look at the scene, and sank her head to the place whence she had raised it. As he felt her clasp him more closely and draw herself up for the effort, his heart shamed him to think that he had blenched from a danger which a devoted girl was willing to dare: he drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and Memnon sprang forward on the bridge. The roadway returned no hollow reverberation now, for every arch was gorged to the keystone with a compact mass of water, and, in truth, there was a gurgling and hissing as the river

was sucked in, and a rushing roar where it spouted out in level waterfalls, that would have drowned the trampling of a hundred hoofs. Twice did the waves sweep past them, rolling at each stroke the ruins of a breach in the upper rangewall over the road, till the stones dashed against the opposite masonry; and twice were both covered with the spray flung from the abutments: but Memnon bore them on through stream and ruin, and they gained the causeway safe.

The earl's heart lightened as he found himself again on solid ground, though still plunging girth-deep at times through the flooded hollows; but they passed the embankment also in safety, and were straining up the hill beyond, when the cries of the pursuers, which had been heard over all the storm of waters ever since their entrance on the bridge, suddenly ceased. There was the loud report of an arquebuss, and Memnon leaped off all his feet, plunged forward, reeled, and dropped dead. Red Raymond's arquebuss was still smoking, as he sprang foremost of his troop upon the bridge. Behind him came Lord Darcy, furious with rage and exultation. "Secure *him* first," he cried, "secure *him*, before he gets from under the fallen horse—bind him hand and foot!—Ah, villain, he shall hang from the highest oak in Clan Malir! and, for *her*, Sir Robert, she shall be thy wife—I swear it by the bones of my father, before that risen sun hath set! Come on!" and he gave his horse head, but suddenly his reins were seized on right and left by his attend-

ants. "Villains, let go my reins!" he cried; "would ye aid the traitor in his escape?" and, striking the rowels deep into his steed, he made him burst from their grasp; but, almost at the same instant, he pulled up with a violence that threw him on his haunches, for a dozen voices shouted, "Back, Raymond! back!" and a cry arose that the bridge was breaking, and the long line of roadway did suddenly seem to heave and undulate with the undulating current. It was well for Lord Darcy that he did so; for, the next instant, and before his horse's fore feet had ceased to paw the air, down went the whole three arches with a crash, swallowed up and obliterated in the irresistible waters. Among the sheets of spray and flashing water thrown up by the falling ruin, and the whirlpools of loamy froth from the disjointed masonry, and the tumult of driving timbers, and the general disruption of road and river, the musqueteer and his horse were seen sweeping for one moment down the middle of the stream, then rolled over and beaten under water, and tumbled in the universal vortex out of sight for ever.

Stunned, horrified, his horse trembling in every limb, and backing from the perilous verge abrupt at his feet, the baron sat gazing at the torrent that now rushed past him. The frightful death he had escaped—the danger he was even then in—the sudden apparition of the river's unbridled majesty, savage and bare, and exulting in its lonely strength—all the emotions of awe, terror, and amazement, crowded on his soul to-

gether. His daughter and her lover, it might be her husband or her paramour, lay within a gun-shot upon the hill before his eyes, for Anna had thrown herself by the side of the fallen and unextricated earl; but he saw them not, he thought not of them. He got off his horse like a man who awakens in sleep-walking, and grasped the nearest of his servants by the arm, as if seeking to make sure of the reality of their presence. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "this is a perilous flood, Geoffrey; we must have the scarp of the ditch looked to: but how is this? Ho, villains! where is my daughter? O fiends of hell, am I here!" and he started at once to a full consciousness of his situation. He tore off his helmet and heavy breast-plate, but his servants crowded round him and withheld him from the river, for he cried that he would swim the torrent himself if none else would. "Dogs," cried he, "take off your hands! would you aid the rebellious girl—the traitor's leman—the leman of a Geraldine! Raymond, reload your arquebuss—red hound, where is he?—Ha! drowned? O slaves and cowards, to let him be lost before your eyes and stand idly by! Owen Garreboyle, thou art my foster-brother; Sir Robert Verdun, thou hast been my son in bounties numberless: will you see me robbed of my child in my old age, nor strike a stroke for gratitude or fealty? Is there no man here will venture in for the love of my father's son?"

At this last appeal his foster-brother threw off his cloak. "Give me your hands, comrades," he said to

his companions, "for, though the Barrow were a river of fire, I would go through it for the love of Mac Roger More."

"Not so," cried the distracted old man; "not so, my trusty kinsman; enough lost already, without thee, my bold and loyal brother! But, Sir Robert Verdun, I had looked for other conduct from thee to-day: there is the lady that I would have given to thee this morning — there, sitting by her paramour upon the hill-side; and I tell thee I would rather let her marry him, Geraldine and rebel as he is, than bestow her on a faint-hearted craven, as thou hast this day shewn thyself to be."

"You wrong me, my lord," replied the knight; "you wrong me vilely. I would rather be the merest Irishman in Connaught than son-in-law of such a cruel tyrant and unnatural father."

"Get thee to Connaught, then, ungrateful traitor! — Go!" cried the enraged baron; and the knight, turning indignantly from his side, was soon lost to sight among the overhanging woods.

But, as he disappeared, there rose into view over the opposite hill a party of troopers, making at a rapid pace for the river. "They are the traitor's men," cried Darcy, "they will rescue him before my eyes! —and my child—oh would that she were rather dead! Shoot, villains! — let fly a flight of arrows, and slay them where they lie!" But he knew, as he uttered the unnatural command, that they were far beyond arrow-

range, and that, even were they not so, no man of his company would bend a bow in obedience to it. A few shafts were discharged against the party descending the hill, but they fell short and disappeared in the water or among the rushes and underwood of the flooded holm.

"Gunpowder and lead alone can reach them," cried Garreboyle. "But the arquebuss is gone, and here is nought save wood and feather. Let them shout" —for a cry of scorn and defiance sounded across the flood, as the servants of the earl relieved him from the fallen horse, and found him, past hope, unhurt—"let them shout: we shall meet yet with a fairer field between us. My lord, they are mounted again, and going."

"Let them go," said Darcy, without raising his eyes to witness their departure. He sullenly resumed his armour, sprung in silence upon his horse, struck him with the spurs, and, turning his head homeward, galloped back by the way he came.

TO THE EVENING OR TREE PRIMROSE.

BY THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

While proudly flaunt, to lure the gaze,
My little family of flowers,
Retiring from the noontide blaze,
Thou lovest, meek plant, the evening-hours.

Not with the gay carnation's blush
  Hath e'en the crimson orient vied;
Here, as it riots in the flush,
  The harlotry, of floral pride.

The rich nasturtium's orange hues
  Bright in the summer-sunbeam play;
And, lo! its fitful flame pursues
  The last faint smile of lingering day.

And when my garden's motley train
  Are shadowed by the veil of night,
With stedfast look we scarce sustain
  Its flashes of phosphoric light.

'Tis then, my evening friend, thine eyes
  I see thee slow, serene, unclose;
And, if a cloud obscure the skies,
  Would shield from storm thy pale repose.

Then oft, the sultry heats o'erpast,
  I bid thee lift thy modest head,
And hail thy tints, so cool, so chaste,
  Rejoicing in the silent shade.

And if thou owe, to shine afraid,
  Thy lustre to the pearly dew,
I greet thee like some timid maid,
  Thus stealing light, and trembling, too!

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON, ESQ.

SEVEN or eight years ago, I was travelling between Berwick and Selkirk, and, having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking-stick, and gazing intensely on the fairy palace of the magician whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater's, yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a coarse grey great coat, buttoned to the throat. His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks; but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language, in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a sallow hue and imprinted untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the classic scenery around us; and we had pleasantly journeyed together for two or three miles, when we arrived at a little sequestered burial-ground by the way-side, near which

there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf, and we sat down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.

"Here," said he, "sleep some of my father's children, who died in infancy."

He picked up a small stone from the ground, and, throwing it gently about ten yards, "That," added he, "is the very spot. But, thank God! no grave-stone has been raised during my absence! It is a token I shall find my parents living—and," continued he, with a sigh, "may I also find their love! It is hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned against his own child."

He drooped his head upon his breast for a few moments and was silent, and, hastily raising his fore-finger to his eyes, seemed to dash away a solitary tear. Then, turning to me, he continued: "You may think, sir, this is weakness in a soldier; but human hearts beat beneath a red coat. My father, whose name is Campbell, and who was brought from Argyleshire while young, is a wealthy farmer in this neighbour-hood. Twelve years ago, I loved a being gentle as the light of a summer moon. We were children together, and she grew in beauty on my sight, as the star of evening steals into glory through the twilight. But she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a mean shepherd. Our attachment offended my father. He commanded me to leave her for ever. I could not, and

he turned me from his house. I wandered, I knew not, and I cared not, whither. But I will not detain you with my history. In my utmost need I met a sergeant of the forty-second, who was then upon the recruiting service, and in a few weeks I joined that regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the invitation to the wolf and the raven rang at midnight through the streets. It was the herald of a day of glory and of death. There were three Highland regiments of us — three joined in one — joined in rivalry, in love, and in purpose; and, thank Fate! I was present when the till then invincible legions of the cuirassed Gauls rushed, with their war-horses neighing destruction, upon a kneeling phalanx of Scottish hearts, shielded only by the plaid and the bare bayonet from the unsheathed sabres of the united glory of France, as they poured like torrents of death on the waving plumes of our devoted band, to extirpate our name from the annals of Scottish heroism. Then, then, in the hour of peril and of death, the genius of country burst forth through the darkness of despair, like the first flash of the young sun upon the earth when God said 'Let there be light!' — as the Scots Greys flying to our aid raised the electric shout, 'Scotland for ever!' — 'Scotland for ever!' returned our tartaned clansmen; 'Scotland for ever!' reverberated as from the hearts we had left behind us; and 'Scotland for ever!' re-echoed 'Victory!' It was a moment of inspiration and of triumph. Forward dashed our Highland heroes, fearless

as their fathers, resistless as our mountain cataracts! The proud steed and its mailed rider quailed at the shout. Home and its world of unutterable joys — yes, home and the fair bosom that would welcome its hero — glory and the spirit of our fathers — all rushed upon our imagination at the sound. It was a moment of poetry, of patriotism, and of inspiration — of poetry felt by all, except the wretch,

> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native, land!

Heavens!" added he, starting to his feet, and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past gushed back upon his soul, "to have joined in that shout was to live an eternity in the vibration of a pendulum!"

In a few moments the animated soul that gave eloquence to his tongue drew itself back into the chambers of humanity, and, resuming his seat upon the low wall, he continued: "I left my old regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served in the West Indies; but I have heard nothing of my father—nothing of my mother — nothing of her I love!"

While he was yet speaking, the grave-digger, with a pick-axe and spade over his shoulder, entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat. He measured off a narrow piece of earth — it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to mark out the burial-place of his family. Convulsion rushed over the features of my companion; he shivered — he grasped my arm — his lips quivered — his

breathing became short and loud — the cold sweat trickled from his temples. He sprang over the wall — he rushed towards the spot.

"Man!" he exclaimed in agony, "whose grave is that?"

"Hoot! awa' wi' ye," said the grave-digger, starting back at his manner; "whatna a way is that to gliff a body! — are ye daft?"

"Answer me," cried the soldier, seizing his hand; "whose grave — whose grave is that?"

"Mercy me!" replied the man of death, "ye are surely out o' your head — it 's an auld body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave — now are ye ony thing the wiser for spierin'?"

"My father!" cried my comrade as I approached him; and, clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder, and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of his father to the wind; and he had died in an humble cottage, unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.

At the request of my fellow-traveller, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across a table near the window. A few white hairs fell over the whiter face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather than from age. The son pressed his lips to his father's

cheek. He groaned in spirit, and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and, with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed inquiringly, "My mother?"

The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell upon his knees by the bed-side.

"My mother! — O my mother!" he exclaimed, "do not you, too, leave me! — Look at me — speak to me— I am your own son — your own Willie — have you too forgot me, mother?"

She, too, lay upon her death-bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes — she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered; they seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy, and of blessing. For several minutes he bent over the bed, and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his; he started; and, as we approached him, the hand he held was stiff and lifeless. He wept no longer — he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother — his eyes wandered wildly from the one to the other — he smote his hand upon his brow, and threw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him, as if a thunderbolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funerals and the solitary mourner. The father's obse-

quies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart, made inquiries after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom we have already alluded. For several weeks his search was fruitless; but at length he learned that considerable property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same garb which I have already described, the soldier set out upon his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered. He proceeded along the passage — he heard voices in an apartment on his right — again he knocked, but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group were standing in the middle of the floor, and among them a minister, commencing the marriage-service of the church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and tears were stealing down her cheeks — she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angrily, and inquired, "What do ye want, sir?" but, instantly recognising his features, he seized him by the breast, and, in a voice half-choked with passion, continued — "Sorrow

tak' ye for a scoundrel! what 's brought ye here — an' the mair especially at a time like this? Get out o' my house, sir! I say, Willie Campbell, get out o' my house, an' never darken my door again wi' your ne'er-do-weel countenance!"

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridemaid.

"Peace, Mr. Leslie!" said the soldier, pushing the old man aside; "since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell — for auld langsyne — you cannot deny me that."

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not — she moved not — he took her hand, but she seemed unconscious of what he did. And, as he again gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face. The very language he had acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love and won her heart.

"Jeanie!" said he, pressing her hand between his, "it 's a sair thing to say *fareweel*, but at present I maun say it. This is a scene I never expected to see, for oh, Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truth and to your love as the farmer trusts to seed-time and harvest, and is not disappointed. I thought it was ill enough, when, hoping to find my father's forgiveness, I found them digging his grave; or, when I reached my mother's bedside, and found her only able to stretch

out her hand and say — 'It 's my ain bairn! — it 's my ain bairn! But I maun bid ye fareweel, Willie — fareweel already! — it is sair — sair! — But oh, may the blessing o' the God o' Abraham — ' As she said this the death-rattle grew louder and louder in her throat— for a moment her eyes became as bright as diamonds— I thought it was the immortal spark leaving the body; and before I could speak, the cold film of death passed over them, and the tears I saw gathering in them while she was speaking rolled down the cheeks of a corpse! — But oh, Jeanie, woman! — it wasna a trial like this — this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow! — But ye maun be anither's now — fareweel! — fareweel!"

"No! no! — my ain Willie!" she exclaimed, recovering from the agony of stupefaction: "my hand is still free, and my heart has aye been yours — save me, Willie! save me!" and she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another, imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder, but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old grey coat of the soldier, and, almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath to the astonished company the richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and, at the same time dropping his wrath, exclaimed, "Mr. Campbell! — or what are ye? — will you explain yoursel'?"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy, middle-aged man without a heart, left the house, gnashing his teeth. Badly as our military honours are conferred, merit is not always overlooked even in this country, where money is every thing, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Captain Campbell of his Majesty's ———— regiment of infantry, to whom long years before she had given her young heart.

LOVERS.

BY CAPTAIN CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE orchard smiles: upon the tufted tops
Of those lush cherry-trees, whose bright fruits blaze
A galaxy of virgins' lips, the rays
Of moonlight fall. Amongst these climbing hops
'T is sweet to hear the lover's merry pipe,
Or oaten reed, or gay resounding tabour;
What time he cheers him after long day's labour,
And meets his sweetheart. See, he plucks the ripe
And swelling cherries, and in a rich brede
Twines them, with many a kiss and sportive prank,
Amidst her waving hair! — Well may she rank
Young Colin as her own! — What joys proceed
From virtue and from industry! — for man
Of his own happiness is artisan.

A TALE OF THE AQUEDUCT.

BY THE HONOURABLE MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

The melancholy and romantic incident which suggested the following sketch is not a fiction; it took place in its principal details during the residence of John the Sixth in Brazil. The Aqueduct passes through the interior of the Convent of Santa Theresa, and the bold and novel experiment of entering with its waters was effected by the lover. The gloomy walls of the convent crown the summit of one of the beautiful eminences which encircle the harbour of Rio de Janeiro.

The hour was near: and in her cloistered cell
Young Agnes stood; her sable veil thrown back,
Her cheek of ashy paleness, and her eye
Strained forward with a fixed and eager gaze:
Each delicate nerve strung to its utmost force,
All motionless and breathless, there she stood.
Hark!—'twas the signal!—ay, again!—'tis he!
Back to her beauteous cheek, her lip, her brow,
The quickened life-blood rushed: athwart the space,
The dark and vaulted space, she sprang along,
Light, free, and fearless, as a spirit.—

She paused: nought save the low and gurgling sound
Of passing waters broke upon her ear;
Then, an impeded rush, a struggling breath,
And she was in his arms! His dripping cheek
Was fondly pressed to hers; and, with excess

Of joy, too perfect and too full for words,
They glided to her cell.—

And there he spoke to her of love and peace,
And bright-eyed Hope for ever hovering near;
He soothed her wounded and misgiving spirit,
Strengthened her fortitude, and, more than all,
He justified her to herself. He dwelt
On their young love, whose ties had been so riven,
So cruelly riven by the chilling hand
Of avaricious pride: he had not yet
Attained the splendour of his birthright wealth,
But that would come: meanwhile he had enough
For happiness with her. To a fair land,
Where Bigotry was crushed, nor dared to raise
Her hideous head; where freedom, justice, reigned;
To England, they would flee! All was prepared;
And through the dark canal must she resolve
E'en now to plunge with him. A page's dress,
A light-armed boat, await them at the foot
Of San Theresa; and the morning's dawn
Would view them bounding o'er the buoyant wave,
Blest in their truth and liberty.—

She listened: *could* such happiness be hers!
Or was it but a dream that mocked the sense?
Ha!—what was that?—a shadow surely passed
Between her and the flickering lamp!—she looked—
'Twas stillness all: the pale and feeble ray

Gleamed on the image of her patron-saint,
Whose eye seemed fixing sternly on her own.
Foreboding horror entered in her soul.
Wildly she clung to him. "What ails thee, love?
Speak to me, Agnes!"—At that moment fell
The extinguished lamp; a rude and powerful grasp
Wrenched the poor trembler from his hold; and then
She heard a clash of arms, and voices harsh,
And mortal struggling—last of all she heard
The deep, dread groan of manly agony!
The vaulted roof re-echoed with her name;
And many a sister in her distant cell
Was startled by the loud and piercing call:
She strove to answer, but her parched tongue
Essayed in vain; and she was dragged away
While lost to sense and suffering. All once more
Was hushed and silent in those drear abodes;
The roused bat cowered beneath her outstretched wing,
And swung herself again to her repose,
Lulled by the well known, soft, unceasing rush
Of the unconscious and imprisoned waters.

The dawn indeed beheld *him* on the surge,
That bore him to his Lusitanian home:
And friends were round him, and they wept and prayed:
He recked not of them—coldly, calmly stern,
Alone he stood—he felt he was alone
For ever on this earth, and far beyond
The reach of human power for good or ill.

And what of *her?* Alas! we know but this:
That at the vesper-hymn the sweetest voice
Was ever after wanting there: that as
Through the long aisles of San Theresa's church
The shrouded sisters moved, that form, which had
Ne'er failed to win the stranger's pitying glance—
So light, so young, so fraught with grace, was she,
The last of that veiled troop — was seen no more!
How, when, or where, she passed, let those grim walls,
When they yield up their dead, proclaim!

Rio de Janeiro.

BURIED FRIENDSHIP.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

The weary sun hath sought blue Ocean's breast;
The mountain casts its shadow o'er the plain;
In the green vale the jay hath ceased her strain;
Yet lingering rays illume the smiling west;
A trembling, beautiful, and golden light,
That still reveals the wood and winding rill,
Paints every flower and sleeps on every hill,
And with mild magic softens coming night.
Thus, in the voiceless chambers of the dead,
When those the heart loves best in darkness lie,
Still with us dwells their lovely memory,
And sweetens e'en the bitter tears we shed,
Relieves with tenderest light the spirit's gloom,
And sheds a halo 'round their dreary tomb.

H. Richter del. Publ. 1st Feb. 1834 by Ackermann & Co. 96 Strand. C. Rolls Sculp.

VICTORIA.

VICTORIA;

OR

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "HUNGARIAN TALES."

THERE is not a more beautiful valley throughout the favoured islands of Sicily than that of Chiara Fontana, situated about four leagues from Palermo, beyond Monte Reale. Bounded on one side by rocky acclivities, and on the other by a slope richly wooded with groves of ancient chesnuts; the fertility of its pastures, surrounded by hedges of the aloe and Indian fig; the silvery hue of its oliveyards; the deeper verdure of its plantations of ilex, tamarisk, palmetto, and mastic trees, combine to form a landscape so varied and so exquisite, that not even the murmuring Sicilians were surprised, when, towards the middle of the thirteenth century, it was selected by Jean, Comte de St. Remy, chief judge of Palermo, during the usurpation of Charles of Anjou, for the site of his summer palace.

Although the anarchy prevalent during the reigns of Manfred and his successor had compelled the native Sicilian barons to retire to their strongholds among the mountains, or to construct forts and outposts to protect their estates against the encroachments of the

Angevine prince and his delegates, so self-secure was St. Remy, and so confirmed in his habits of despotism by long and undisturbed domination over the chief city of the island, that he disdained to surround his own dwelling with the warlike defences rendered indispensable to others by the ferocious nature of his government. His authority in Palermo was unlimited. Not a voice presumed to uplift itself against the representative of the powerful sovereign of the Two Sicilies, who was at once a senator of Rome, and, under the immediate protection of the papal see, imperial vicar of Tuscany. Charles of Anjou, brother to the venerated St. Louis, was in fact regarded as expressly delegated by pope Nicholas III, and the Comte de St. Remy as expressly delegated by Charles of Anjou. The highest tribunals, both secular and ecclesiastical, were submitted to his authority; the dungeons of Palermo unfolded their massive gates at his bidding; and the headsman and the axe waited only his sentence of condemnation. The Palermitans trembled at the mere aspect of their judge, while the villagers of the adjoining districts avoided the very mention of his name, as that of the incarnation of some evil spirit — an engine of the retributive justice of the Almighty.

Thus powerful, and thus powerfully upheld by the patient submission of his victims, the count naturally disdained all aid of ramparts or bastions, moat or glacis, in defence of the lovely spot wherein he purposed to set up his rest during the summer season. Groves of

orange and lemon trees, vine-clad trellises, and bowers of oriental roses, surrounded the chateau. The broad leaves of the lotus floated upon its marble tanks; and the towering reeds of the papyrus threw up many a cluster of flowers from the channel of the stream whose tranquil waters glided through the rich domain. It is true the building was flanked by two lateral towers, so arranged as to form a retreat, in any emergency, for the family resident at Chiara Fontana. But the central elevation of the chateau was modelled after that of St. Remy, on the banks of the Loire, and assimilated far better with a land of corn-fields and vineyards than with a sequestered valley, overshadowed by the craggy summit of Monte Pelegrino. By the peasantry, however, to whom cultivated gardens were a novelty, the structure was regarded as secondary in magnificence only to that of the Madre Chiesa of Palermo; and had any but Jean de St. Remy, the sanguinary judge, presided over its creation, they would have named it — as its ruins are named in our own times — *Il Castellino beato.*

Scarcely had the groves of acacia and pomegranate trees risen to a sufficient height to cast their shadow over the marble terraces extending one below the other, to facilitate the descent from the chateau to the vale below, when, early in the spring of the year 1282, an inmate thrice worthy of its manifold beauties took possession of the place. Of so limited and jealous a nature, however, was the intercourse between the

French domestics of St. Remy and the humbler inhabitants of the valley, that for some time it remained matter of doubt to the peasantry of Chiara Fontana whether the new comer, the gentle lady Eudoxia, were wife or daughter to their dreaded lord; and once or twice, when the fair stranger extended her wanderings beyond the trellised walks into the neighbouring groves, where the villagers were gathering their annual harvest of almonds and pistachio-nuts, she was hesitatingly saluted by them as she passed — "*Padrona Contessa!*" They could not refrain, indeed, while they watched the footsteps of the stranger wandering beside the beautiful fountain that gave its name to the valley, from raising their hands and eyes to heaven in pity that one so fair and mild-featured should be allied to the lion of Palermo; marvelling sorely that the count, who in former summers had been accustomed to pass weeks and months in the shady recesses of Chiara Fontana, now appeared among them no more.

Instead of the carousals of the Angevine captains which had been wont to echo in the banqueting halls of the chateau, nothing was now heard but the rock-spring trickling from its encrusted wall into the marble font destined to cool the flasks and flagons for the feast of its lord. Instead of troops of pacing mules enlivening the avenues with their rich caparisons, the listless footsteps of Eudoxia's bower-maiden, or of her favourite page bearing her falcon on his wrist, alone resounded through the deserted corridors. The gardens

and their blossoms were brighter than ever; the fountains threw up their silvery threads as if enamoured of the task; and the musk-antelopes and oriental birds, tendered in tribute to the rapacious judge of Palermo by the traders of the Levant, were already tamed into contented domestication in its golden aviaries:

All Paradise seem'd open'd in the wild.

But St. Remy, as if painfully conscious of the discrepancy between scenes of such soft amenity and the ruggedness of his own nature, contented himself during the fervours of summer with a retreat in the Kubba, a gloomy palace of Moorish origin, situated near Palermo, in the far-famed valley of the Conca d'Oro.

It was at length opined among the peasants that the lovely lady, whose sojourn at Chiara Fontana thus afforded a sentence of exile to their lord, could be neither wife nor mistress to the count. She was probably a daughter, an offending daughter; and they accordingly contented themselves with modifying their former salutation, whenever they encountered her by the way, into "*Servo lei, Padrona Contessina.*" To this courtesy, as to their first, Eudoxia replied by a silent smile, as soft and summer-like indeed as the atmosphere of the meads of Hybla, but apparently with so little discernment of the change that the herdsmen and shepherds of the valley began to suspect the lovely Angevine of being still uninitiated into the mellifluous dialect of their happy island. The tenderness of a

gentle nature beamed, however, from her eyes; and tears often mingled with her caresses when she paused in the valley to raise in her arms the young peasant children loitering behind their parents to gaze upon her rich attire; and by degrees her sins were forgiven her of wearing the hated habit, and shaping her thoughts and words in the detested language, of the French.

But, ere the mysteries of her presence and the absence of the count were half cleared up, the celebration of the festival of Easter summoned the baron Manfredi Chiaro Montano to Carini, (an hereditary fortress situated on the mountain-side about half a league from the chateau) and gave a new turn to their conjectures. The ushers and men-at-arms of Manfredi were accustomed to mingle familiarly with the inhabitants of the vale; and Randolfo, seneschal of the fortress, was brother-in-law and the frequent guest of Cipriano of Chiara Fontana, proprietor of the largest almond-orchard of the district. By this chain of communication the rumours of Palermo at length found their way into the wild; and the villagers now learnt with amazement and compassion that the fair Eudoxia was by birth a Greek, and that her father, governor of Candia under the authority of Michael Paleologus, had been massacred in the late campaign of Charles of Anjou.

"A captive! a Greek captive!" cried Cipriano's wife, old Orsola, to her brother Randolfo, who whispered this wondrous intelligence while sharing their paschal feast. "It cannot be! The lady Eudoxia has

neither chains upon her arms nor a veil upon her brows, after the fashion of the maidens of Byzantium."

"I tell thee," persisted the trusty seneschal, waxing wroth at the scepticism of his sister, "that 't is now four years since the damsel was first landed, among other noble prisoners from the East, on the quay of Palermo; and, though she had scarcely emerged from the season of girlhood, already the hopes of the enslaved Greeks rested upon her influence; for the valiant captain, Guillaume de St. Remy, by whom she had been rescued from the hands of the slaughterers of her race, was himself a captive to her charms, and intent upon winning her heart to become his bride, and her mind to espouse the tenets of the church of Rome."

"St. Rosalia be gracious!" cried Monna Orsola, suspending the labours of her spindle as she listened. "As if aught but a miracle could move the iron-hearted count to receive a dowerless heretic as his daughter-in-law!"

"Nevertheless," resumed the vassal of Manfredi, "Count Guillaume had at least the art to suspend the interdiction of his father. On threat of joining the standard of the emperor, should any dishonour or discourtesy be practised against his captive, he obtained leave to place her for a season in the holy house of Santa Chiara of Palermo, on condition that if within four years' space he achieved by prowess and feat of arms the honour of knighthood, and obtained at the hands of the king the royal sanction to his marriage,

the lady Eudoxia should have free choice to become his wife, or return unransomed to the country of her forefathers."

"And she hesitated?" interrupted the old woman. "Out upon her!"

"Her discretion has never yet been taxed for a decision," replied Randolfo, in a tone of grave reproof. "This very spring, the period of probation having expired, the maiden was claimed of the convent by the chief judge; as if, by rendering her an inmate in his dwelling, to form a juster estimate of her merits. But Guillaume de St. Remy is still away; nor for months past have tidings of his welfare reached Palermo."

"He has at least achieved the golden spurs of knighthood?" inquired Cipriano, who, having himself borne arms in the cause of the unfortunate Conradin, found his old heart warm at a tale of love and chivalry.

"Who doubts it?" ejaculated the seneschal: "who in all Sicily doubts it? The youth was of honour and valour past impugnment. And, moreover, the house of St. Remy boasts, by fair means or foul, an all-potent influence with the tyrant of Naples."

"But what can detain the young count from his plighted love?" mused the perplexed Orsola.

"Naught is of a surety known," cried Randolfo. "Many in Palermo assert that he is seeking brighter laurels at the court of Philip the Bold; and many believe that he has been dispatched by King Charles on a secret mission into Spain, to watch over the dis-

positions of Arragon towards the recovery of the throne of Manfred."

"Some notion glimmers in my mind," muttered Orsola, "that an especial tie of friendship once existed between the honoured house of Manfredi and this same campaigning youngster, this whelp of the lion of Palermo — nay, I now distinctly remember that when Fabrizio, the olive-merchant, returned from the feast of St. Rosalia, in the year of grace when the Neapolitan fleet sailed against the armament of the Bosphorus, he brought back news to the valley that, at the royal banquet, the lady Victoria of Chiaro Montano sat beside Count Guillaume de St. Remy, and that the whole city was busy with tales of love-passages betwixt them."

"The city was busy with the prattling of women and fools!" exclaimed the seneschal; "and if thy memory serve thee no better, sister, than to preserve such idle scandals, I pray thee keep them to thyself; more especially since the gentle lady Victoria expresses an intention to visit the fountain of the valley one of these summer mornings, and thinks to rest her palfrey in the pastures of Cipriano, and her noble self under shelter of thy roof."

"Santa Lucia of Syracuse!" cried Cipriano, more astounded than flattered by the announcement; "how will a lady of such pride and precedence content herself with the homestead of a poor almond-grower!"

"No matter!" rejoined Randolfo; "my noble mistress is all graciousness; and the woman's whim that

brings her hither will suffice to gild over thy beechen bowls and tabourets of straw. Be content. It is her will to come. Welcome her without ceremony, and thou wilt lose nothing by the concession."

Nor was time afforded for either deliberation or preparation. On Easter Monday, the very day following Randolfo's visit, the lady Victoria herself, enwrapped in a mantle of light silk and shaded by a pilgrim's hat of Tuscany, stood within the gate of the almond-orchard. But it was neither the courtesies of Orsola nor even the pellucid waters of the fountain, with its fairy islands of floating lotus-flowers, that drew her to Chiara Fontana. Her secret errand was with the fair Byzantine stranger; and, having learned from Cipriano and his dame that the lady of the chateau was accustomed to beguile the hours of evening sunshine in a thick grove of carob and mulberry trees adjoining the gardens, the daughter of Manfredi set forth under their proffered guidance, and soon arrived on the confines of a flowery glade, encompassed by thickets of myrtle and oleander and the lofty plants of the palma christi.

"And this is the favourite haunt of the Greek maiden!—and I shall soon be in her presence!" murmured the high-souled Victoria to herself, having dismissed her guide and flung aside her mantle. "I am about to look face to face upon the lady of St. Remy's love, the lady whom they call a captive, a victim, an unfortunate, even while they hail her as Count William's bride! But how shall I—a stranger and of the

land she loathes — presume to address her? — how win her confidence to my words? — how impress upon her mind the sincerity of my good-will? She will despise, perhaps revile, me. But I can bear it! The thought of *him* and of his danger will arm my courage against her displeasure."

Victoria Manfredi, the high-souled but gentle-hearted Victoria, had often been taxed with coldness by the nobles of Palermo, nay, even with arrogance by the courtiers and minions of the usurper. Her brow was indeed lofty; her eye radiant with innate nobleness. But, in entering the presence of Eudoxia, she overlooked not that the maiden of Candia was a captive and a stranger in the land; and, advancing deferentially towards her, lifted and kissed the hem of her garment, after the fashion of the Levant. Thus, ere she uttered a syllable, Eudoxia's gentle heart was propitiated by the graceful bearing of her guest; and, having led her towards the flowery bank from which on her approach she had risen, the lady of the castle motioned to the stranger to take place beside her, as though some invisible influence already revealed to her the sister and the friend.

"And you will not ask me for what purpose I am here?" inquired Victoria at length, raising her expressive eyes from the lute which Eudoxia had laid aside to fix them upon the countenance of her fairer companion. "You imagine, perhaps, that I am instigated by curiosity to look upon the loveliness of which

fame speaks so widely, and of which also even the misgivings of my own heart did not magnify the charm?"

"Nay," replied the lady of Chiara Fontana, mechanically drawing forward the drapery which had fallen back from her fair shoulders, and blushing to the roots of her hair under the ardent gaze of her energetic guest; "how can I augur aught but courtesy of one who deigns to visit me in my solitude, and to grace me with words of kindness?"

"I am daughter to the Manfredi of Chiaro Montano," resumed Victoria, with noble frankness; "and I am aware that I address a lady of birth and breeding equal to my own — of fortunes far more prosperous."

"Dark, then, indeed must be *your* destiny!" cried Eudoxia, clasping her hands; "for I am an orphan and a captive!"

"You are beloved by Guillaume de St. Remy," replied the Sicilian maiden. "You are his betrothed — you will shortly be his wife! — while *I* am one whom his father would have forced on his acceptance, as the cementing seal of alliance between the new and ancient lords of Sicily — one who, having loved him with all the fervour of a heart accustomed from childhood to worship the virtues of a sole and noble object, find myself at length rejected and forgotten."

"Spare me!" interrupted Eudoxia, seeming to shrink into herself. "I have heard of this. But he is away; he may perhaps return no more. Revile me not, gentle lady; I am already too unhappy!"

"Absent or present, in Sicily or a rover, St. Remy loves you," persisted Victoria. "What more can you desire of Heaven! The possession of a heart like his should be a talisman against the influence of all meaner cares. I am the only daughter of my father's house—my father's house is of the proudest and wealthiest in Sicily—but, to be the chosen one of *his* affections, the heirship of Chiaro Montano were indeed a poor exchange!—But it was not of *this* I came to speak," she continued, as if with a painful effort to repress her rising emotions; "nor had I thus boasted of my weakness could less have sufficed to win your credence to the tidings I would disclose—tidings which vitally import the safety of Comte Guillaume."

"The safety of Comte Guillaume?" reiterated the trembling Eudoxia.

"You must be aware," persisted Victoria, "that Charles of Anjou and his satellites are not less hated here in Sicily than among your own most injured countrymen. The very name of St. Remy is a by-word of abhorrence in Palermo. The people shudder at it as that of an oppressor; the nobles despise it as that of a usurper, and none more bitterly than my father, a deep-pledged foe to the ruthless murderer of Conradin. Yet not for this animosity mistrust *my* honesty of purpose. Minstrels and trouveurs have asserted from the olden time till now that deadly and guileful are the resentments of a slighted woman. Believe it not of *me*. No! When Guillaume de St. Remy's

heart inclined gently towards me, his eyes had not lighted upon your beauty. He beheld you — pitied you — adored you — must *I* therefore become his enemy! He is your lover — but he is not less the man I love. Grant me your confidence," continued Victoria, clasping her hands with earnestness; "I open my whole soul to your scrutiny — close not your heart against my prayers!"

"I do not!" said Eudoxia, in a firmer tone, gathering courage, when she saw that tears were stealing down the cheeks of her strange but fascinating guest. "Speak on! — speak on! — you have my amplest trust. What know you of Guillaume? — what fear you for him? — and how may I — may *we* — administer to his welfare?"

"Right!" cried Victoria, involuntarily laying her hand on the shoulder of her companion, as she noted this indication of a graceful acceptance of her friendship: "right! — For now I dare unfold, unfearing of mistrust, the whole secret of my apprehension. Eudoxia! he is at hand! — The absent one returns! — Within a week the galley of St. Remy will anchor in the bay of Palermo — ay, and furnished with a mandate of authority from King Charles to sanctify his marriage."

With difficulty did the Greek maiden suppress, in deference to the feelings of her companion, the ejaculations of thankfulness and rapture that rose to her lips. "What magic has instructed you in these mysteries?" cried she, trembling with joyful perturbation.

"Even the deadly enmity of my father!" replied Victoria, in a solemn voice; "his triumphant joy in the knowledge that the day of Sicilian vengeance is at hand! Yes, lady! — our islanders wait but an appointed signal to seize on their hated tyrants, and give them to the edge of the sword. The destiny of the French despots is decreed; and Manfredi (with resentments of his own to aggravate the consciousness of national degradation) is chiefly apprehensive that Guillaume de St. Remy, their best and bravest, may escape, and hereafter rally the cohorts of the enemy. The conspirators of Palermo look eagerly for his arrival. On *him* have the orations of Giovanni di Procida fixed their apprehensions. His doom is sealed! — and, lo! with the eagerness of a bridegroom he rushes into their toils!"

"Great God!—can no warning reach him!" shrieked Eudoxia. "Must he indeed perish! Can none premonish him of his danger?"

"*Yours* must be the task!" exclaimed the daughter of Manfredi. "From me or mine — nay, from any in Sicily save yourself — the intelligence would have a most suspicious aspect."

"But how, oh! how to reach him!" rejoined Eudoxia. "What but the bird of the air could convey the counsel to his ears?"

"A shallop must be stationed in the outer harbour to hail his arrival," replied Victoria; "and trusty servants of my own would undertake the parley. But

we lack a token at your hands in evidence of our trustworthiness — a jewel, a bracelet, a breast-knot, he has seen you wear, such as would avouch —— but hear you nothing?" cried she, suddenly interrupting herself, and assuming the attitude of a listener.

"The pipe of the herdsmen upon the hills," ejaculated Eudoxia, her attention otherwise engrossed.

"Listen! — listen!" cried Victoria, again: "hear you no murmurs on the air?"

"The bees swarming among the orange-blooms," again ejaculated Eudoxia.

"No — no — no — no!" exclaimed the lady of Chiaro Montano. "'Tis the trampling of many feet, and the contending voices of angry men, that murmur in the distance. I hear a shout! — I hear a shriek! So sure as Heaven is above us, the peasants are already in arms, and approaching to invest the dwelling of St. Remy!"

"The tumult reaches me now," faltered the trembling Eudoxia. "God be praised that the hour of peril has at least preceded the arrival of my Guillaume!"

"Have we yet time to reach the chateau?" inquired Victoria, gazing anxiously around her; "or, having reached it, what shelter does it afford?"

"The tower! — the tower! — let us fly!" cried Eudoxia, rooted by terror to the spot.

"Too late! — they are already at hand!" replied the fair Sicilian, pointing to a body of armed men, who were pursuing the domestics of the castle from terrace to terrace, and making their way towards the fountain.

"My mistress, my gracious mistress!" shouted the voice of Randolfo, who was approaching them through the thicket. "Follow me instantly back to the village. An insurrection has taken place at Monte Reale, and the French lie massacred in all directions. The Palermitans are in arms. A company of the insurgents has marched against the castle, to lay waste the property of the tyrant St. Remy, and exterminate his adherents. Follow me back to Cipriano's cottage, or your presence here may involve you in the general ruin."

A scream of agony, followed by a shout of triumph and execration, now reached them from the gardens.

"They come!" faltered Eudoxia, clinging to the robe of her companion.

"Away, woman!" cried Randolfo, forcibly unclasping her hands, and striving to extricate his young mistress.

"Save me!—save me!" ejaculated the agonized Eudoxia, again fixing a detaining grasp upon the drapery of Victoria Manfredi.

"Delay not, madam! For the love of God—for the love of your father—quit this place!" cried the old seneschal. "Deeply is the name of Manfredi venerated in Sicily—but what will persuade these desperate men that a daughter of the line they love is to be found consorting with the young Countess of St. Remy!"

And, taking the lady Victoria respectfully, but resolutely, by the arm, the old man attempted to remove her forcibly from the spot, indifferent to the distress of the miserable Eudoxia, who, speechless with alarm,

had fallen half insensible on the bank. "Behold! they have fired the chateau!" he exclaimed, pointing to the smoke that now poured forth from the lower windows. "Will nothing — will *nothing* move you?"

"Leave me, Randolfo!" murmured Victoria, rousing herself from the fit of self-concentrated meditation in which she had been absorbed: "my resolution is taken!"

"I am the oldest servant of your father's house," he persisted, throwing himself at her feet: "I witnessed Manfredi's triumph when an heiress was born to Chiaro Montano. Do not compel me to witness his desolation." And the tears streamed down his cheeks as he raised his clasped and withered hands towards the lady Victoria.

"Leave us, good Randolfo!" said she, in a mild and tranquil voice. And, unclasping a jewel from her dress, "take this to my father," she continued, "in token that you served me faithfully to the last, and that I rushed wilfully upon my fate. It may be that for my sake my countrymen will spare this stranger. If not, let Guillaume de St. Remy own, when he returns to mourn over her loss, that the heart which loved him spared not its own best blood to secure his happiness."

"Infatuation! — madness!" shrieked the old man, perceiving that even while she was speaking a group of the insurgents of Palermo had reached the thicket.

"Death to the French! — death to the murderous race of St. Remy!" cried the foremost of the insurgents, brandishing his poniard and rushing towards

the spot. "Behold! we have tracked the she-vulture to her nest!" And, seizing Eudoxia by the sleeve, he raised his dagger to plunge it into her bosom.

"Hold!—'tis the daughter of Manfredi of Chiaro Montano!" cried Victoria, rushing between them. "Would you slay the child of your liege-lord?"

"Thou, thou, art the Frenchman's bride!" shouted the infuriated ruffian. And in a moment his stiletto was deep in the bosom of Victoria. In a moment, and in spite of Randolfo's cries, the fainting Eudoxia was borne off in triumph and safety to the village as the daughter of Manfredi; and the old man was left alone and helpless beside his dying mistress. As the life-blood slowly ebbed from her faithful bosom, the eyes of the gentle sufferer unclosed, to fix themselves for a moment upon her venerable attendant.

"One last service, good Randolfo!" faltered the dying lady.

"Speak!—oh, speak!" sobbed the good old man, vainly attempting to stanch the flowing blood.

"For *me* your cares avail not. But let me not have died in vain! Leave me!—the hand of God is with me!—leave me!—follow them—and save her for my sake!"

"Never!" cried the faithful seneschal; "be it mine in life and death to watch over my master's child!"

But he spoke to listless ears. The hand of God was indeed with Victoria Manfredi. In the effort of that last entreaty her gentle spirit had passed away.

ST. LEONARD'S BY MOONLIGHT.

BY R. R. MADDEN, ESQ.

The Traveller may boast of the clime of the East;
He may rave about Naples and Rome;
He may rove through the world, like a child at a feast,
And forget all the pleasures of home.
Though sweet are the shores, and ambrosial the gale,
Of the South o'er its bright summer sea,
The glare of its beauty shall never prevail
O'er St. Leonard's by moonlight with me.

The Poet may dream of Arcadian delights,
And illumine his page with the glow
Of a sunrise in Greece, when Apollo alights
On Olympus in vesture of snow:
I care not for Phœbus, I court not a beam
Of his beauty, however divine;
Of sunshine and splendour let Moore make a theme,
While St. Leonard's by moonlight is mine.

Let Byron awaken the heart-stirring lyre,
And the beauty impassioned proclaim
Of Haidees and Helens, whose features inspire
Every breast at a glance with a flame:
The beam unabashed of the dark rolling eye
I seek not, and never will pine
For beauties Circassian, or breathe e'en a sigh,
While the maid of St. Leonard's is mine.

THE SILENT MAN.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

THERE are periods in every man's life overcast with gloom and difficulty — when the day is full of trouble, and the dreams of the night of disquiet; and when the pilgrim is ready to lie down with his burden and die, because there is no hand to help him. Such a period in mine was comprised in about fifteen months of the years 1793 and 1794, which I spent in a large sea-port town in the north. I was then three and twenty; and the concurrence of many perplexing and calamitous events cast upon me on my entrance into life a load of care, from the pressure of which I then thought it impossible that I ever should rise.

During the winter of 1793, I inhabited an ancient and deserted house in the quieter part of the town; its extensive suites of dim and decaying rooms scantily furnished were not as a residence calculated to restore a cheerful tone to my spirits. The property had been suffered to fall to ruin; and the conclusion of a long protracted law-suit was alone awaited, to level the stately old mansion with the ground, and to dispose of the land on which it stood for more profitable purposes. Behind it lay a melancholy and weed-grown garden, shaded by large dingy elms and poplars; in the centre of this was a stagnant fish-pond, flanked on one side by

a ruinous summer-house, on the other by the glassless frames of a conservatory. Beyond this dismal spectacle was seen the taper spire of a church, and, yet more dimly in the distance, cumbrous piles of warehouses, which stood up in the busier parts of the town; silent edifices of wealth and activity, strangely contrasted with the desolation of the foreground.

I had sat, one night, poring over old papers, until the midnight chime warned me up stairs to rest. I had chosen my sleeping room to the front; it was small, but the better for that in a house where increase of space was also increase of dreariness. The feet of my bed faced the window; and close to my head was a door, which I could open and shut without rising. For the further understanding of my scene, I must say that my room was at the top of the principal staircase, which was lighted by an immense Venetian window in the back of the house, the height of two stories.

On the night of which I speak, I suppose that I fell asleep soon after I went to bed. I know that my dreams were of agony, for I woke with a start, and found myself sitting upright, my forehead covered with a cold perspiration. As soon, however, as I became fully awake, I was surprised with an unusual appearance upon my glass which stood upon the table in the window. In the centre of its dark, oblong field there burned a small but intense spot of steady and living fire, irregular, but unchanging, in shape, and casting no glimmer on any surrounding object. In my first

confusion, I was unable to reason upon what I saw; a second look convinced me that it must arise from the reflection of light through the keyhole of my chamber-door. At once it struck me that some one must be without; and, anxious to ascertain who it could be, and with what intent come thither, I sprang out of bed, and, after waiting an instant for sound or signal without, and hearing none, I threw the door wide open.

The sight which met my eye was sufficiently awful, though different from what my heated imagination had conjured up; being neither robber nor visitant of a more appalling character (for, be it known, my present residence was haunted). When I opened the door, a flood of light brighter than the blaze of noonday burst into the room, filling every remote corner, and showing every object without — the broken balustrade of the massy oak staircase, and the cobwebs on the large, round-headed window — with wonderful distinctness. The tops of the trees in the garden had caught the glow; the spire of the church seemed swathed in gold; and behind these, the cause of this illumination, a volume of brilliant, wreathing fire, overtopping the tallest buildings by a height equal to their own, rose silently into the sky, while above huge clouds of crimsoned smoke rolled heavily off in the north quarter of the heavens.

Every object in the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of devastation was traced out with startling vividness: the groups of people on the tops of the

houses, sweeping to and fro, as small as pigmies; the ships in the river beyond were all clearly visible, and brought close to the eye. But to me the chief awe of this scene was its complete and unbroken silence. I was too far removed from it to hear the tumult in the streets, the hissing of the ascending flames, the cries of the helpless or the alarmed. The wind bore away in another direction the solemn toll of the fire-bell; and the whole scene, at that dead hour, wore the strange and awful guise of some show conjured up by a potent magician, it was so unlike any sight familiar to my previous experience.

After the silent gaze of a few instants, I dressed myself in haste; and, having called up my servant, and ordered him to sit up for me, I repaired as quickly as I could to that part of the town where the conflagration was raging. It was nearly a mile from my house, but I needed no direction as to the precise spot, for crowds of awakened people were streaming thitherward from every quarter. Presently, as I advanced, their numbers became so dense as to make it a matter of some difficulty to proceed; and, long before I came within a stone's throw of the spot, all further progress was impossible. The building on fire was a huge distillery: and, as the stores of manufactured spirits were reached, one after the other, enormous jets of intense colourless flame burst perpendicularly upward — the night fortunately being still — while every instant the fall of some floor or tall chimney was succeeded by a

flight of sparks; and the sullen roaring of the triumphant element was heard in a deep under-tone amid the shouts of the firemen and the murmurs of the vast concourse of spectators. To give a yet deeper interest to the scene, the two unhappy watchmen belonging to the premises had been seen to perish in the flames, the spread of which had been so rapid that all that could be now hoped for was to prevent their communicating with the surrounding streets. The fire had already destroyed a court of small houses in the immediate vicinity.

Anxious to approach as near as I possibly could, it occurred to me that I might perhaps effect my purpose through a quiet, narrow street, terminating only in a warehouse which stood almost immediately opposite to the burning pile. Through this there was a thoroughfare allowed by sufferance, and with all speed I made my way round thither, through a labyrinth of alleys, in my eagerness forgetting that this warehouse was inclosed in a court shut up by strong gates, which were not likely to be open during a time of such confusion. This I found to be the case: the building was an empty one, and seemed to be left to its fate; and I was turning away in disappointment, when my attention was arrested by the scene without, which was to me more impressive than any I had yet witnessed.

The street in question was one of those anomalies which are found in the densest hearts of large towns, being quiet, clean, and dull; and the houses, of antique

fashion, had been obviously built for some class of people better than that by which they were now occupied. On the causeways and in the windows stood the scared inhabitants, looking upwards in silence; and every now and then some strong man appeared reeling under a load of bedding or furniture belonging to the poor families who had lived in the court close to the distillery, and, having been awakened to a sense of their danger only just in time to save their lives, had been able to rescue little of their property. It was a touching sight to examine one face after another, and to read one strong prevailing emotion upon every countenance; and it was grievous to hear the wailings of the poor homeless creatures who had been kindly received in the different houses, many of whom had lost all that they were worth in the world, the hardly accumulated earnings of years.

Apart from these, and close in the shadow of the courtyard wall at the end of the street, I presently discovered an old man sitting disconsolately on a pile of stones. He was neatly dressed, but bare-headed; and his white locks were long and few. Beside him was a large chest; and, while every one else seemed to have his counsellor and comforter, this sufferer alone was neglected, if not shunned; and he looked as if rooted there in stupid despair, reckless as to what could now befall him, and neither soliciting nor receiving the assistance of any one. There was a mixture of meekness and agony in his fixed gaze, and a listless

indifference in his attitude, that arrested my compassion at once; and I asked a respectable woman, who was standing on a step with a child in her arms, if she knew who he was, and why the same good offices that were extended to his neighbours were so pointedly withheld from him.

"Why, sir," she answered readily, "I should like to know who would dare to speak with him or offer him any thing. He 's unlucky."

"You mean that he is not in his right mind," said I.

"I do not know that," she replied, shaking her head oracularly. "He has lived in yonder court for these six and twenty years, and I do not think in that time he has said as many words to any of us — nobody but himself ever entered his house."

"What is his name?"

"He is called Graham, we believe," she said, "but we are not sure; no letters have ever come to him that we know of. He is well off in the world, for he does no work — and we are used to call him 'the Silent Man.' The children are afraid of him, though his custom was to go little abroad till it was dusk. He neither lends nor borrows, nor, as far as we have seen, goes to church."

"And what is to become of him now that his house is burned down? Is he to sit here in the cold all night? I will go ——"

"Lord bless you, sir!" said the good dame, laying her hand upon my arm, "don't think of such a thing.

Take care what you do; he will shift for himself somehow or other, I have no doubt."—And, when she saw that I was bent upon accosting this singular being, she turned away from me hastily, as if afraid to share in the peril which, as her speech implied, I should bring upon myself, by offering him any assistance.

But my resolution was taken. I went up to the subject of our discourse, and touched him lightly on the shoulder. It would seem that he had been in a reverie; for he started, and looked up suddenly, and I was anew struck by the singular cast of his face. "You seem cold, my friend," said I; "will you not come under shelter?" He made no answer, but shook his head.

"At least," persevered I, "you cannot intend to remain where you are—it will be your death. Will you come home with me for the night, if you have no further occasion to stay here? I cannot promise you good accommodation, but, at all events, warmth and shelter—or, do you wait for some one else to join you?"

He answered in a low voice, but it was the voice and with the accent of a gentleman, "No one."

"Well then," said I, "you had surely better accept my offer—or, can any thing more be done for you here? Is your property——" I hesitated as I spoke, for I imagined him to be stupified by the extent of his calamity.

"Beside me," was his answer, pointing to the large chest.

"Then I beg you to make up your mind at once. It is far to go, it is true, but any thing is better than staying here. Come—let me assist you to rise," said I, taking hold of his arm.

He arose mechanically, as though he only half comprehended my meaning. "I do not know," said he, in a bewildered manner, "but I suppose it is best. Thank you."

I could make little of these broken words, but the supposition that his intellects were disordered, or that he was depressed beyond the power of speech by the total want of sympathy which had been shown him. But the common duty of humanity was not to be misunderstood; and, after addressing to him one or two other questions, to which he seemed unable or unwilling to reply, I gave him my arm. He looked wistfully down upon the chest; it was large, but, upon attempting to raise it, I felt it to be so light that I almost thought it must be empty. So, without making any further difficulties, I took it under my other arm, and, covering his bare head with my hat, we walked away slowly through the wondering people, who gave way as we passed. I was in hopes that my companion was so much absorbed in his own feelings that he did not notice this new gesture of distrust.

I never felt so totally in the dark as to what I was doing as at that moment. He could not or would not speak in answer to my further inquiries, but tottered on, leaning upon my arm. It was nearly an hour before

we reached the old house; and he seemed on our arrival to be so much exhausted that I directed my servant to carry him up stairs and lay him upon my bed. I caused a fire to be lighted, and administered to him such cordials as were expedient, without any resistance on his part. The only sign of consciousness that he showed was suddenly rising up and looking round him; his eye lighted upon his chest, and then, as if he were satisfied that his treasure was safe, he sunk back, and in a few moments was quietly asleep.

For me sleep was out of the question. I sat by his bedside all night, wondering in what strange new adventure I had involved myself, and shaping a thousand conjectures as to what might happen next. My mysterious guest could hardly be a poor man, for his linen was beautifully fine, and he wore a delicate gold ring upon one of his attenuated fingers. He could —— but it was useless: any thing beyond the wildest castle-building was impossible. And, summoning a faithful physician and clergyman betimes in the morning, I detailed to them the chances which had burdened me with so singular an inmate. I introduced the physician into the old man's chamber; but to him as to myself was his behaviour a riddle: he took no notice of what passed. The medical man pronounced it to be his judgment that the old man was suffering from exhaustion or abstinence, but that otherwise he had no symptom of disease upon him, and recommended me to allow him to lie still, and feed him as often as

he would permit with nourishing food. The clergyman promised for our satisfaction to endeavour to collect some further particulars as to his history and habits in the neighbourhood where he had resided; and they left me in as little comfortable a state as may well be imagined.

I found no difficulty in following Dr. R——'s suggestions. The patient was passive, took whatever was offered to him, and seemed to doze almost all the day. I could not make up my mind to leave the house, and spent the greatest part of my time in the stranger's chamber. Any attempt to engage him in conversation, or even to obtain an answer to a question, was in vain; and I can scarcely describe the strange uneasiness which I felt creeping over me when evening set in and my two friends had paid their unsatisfactory visit —I say unsatisfactory, because the physician was entirely at fault as to the state of the invalid, and the clergyman had been unable to discover any thing beyond what I had heard on the previous evening. Either would have remained with me all night, but they were called to distant parts of the town by the imperative duties of their profession—and again I was left alone.

Some will, I am sure, comprehend the feeling of heart-sickness with which I took my seat by the fire. The night was wild and stormy, and I sat for two hours without speaking or moving. At length, to my great amazement, the current of my unpleasant thoughts was interrupted by the first spontaneous speech which

my inexplicable guest had yet made. "Come hither," he said faintly.

I obeyed, and stood by his bed-side, waiting for an instant to see whether he would speak again — but he was silent as before. I then said — "Can I do any thing for you?"

"No," replied he promptly; "unless you will sit still, and listen to my story."

"Any thing you wish," answered I eagerly, wondering what kind of a communication I was about to hear.

"Well then," said he, raising himself up a little — "and yet I hardly know why even now I should recall the past. Yet I will once more before I go — and it may explain to you what you ought to know. You stepped forward to assist me when I was otherwise deserted, and I am not ungrateful. But I lose time; my tale is long, and I have far to go before midnight."

He paused: and I, taking advantage of the moment's silence, drew my chair close to his side; and, in the midst of a storm without, wilder than I have ever heard before or since, I listened to his story.

"I have no friend or relation in the world that I know of," said he. "I am the natural son of a nobleman — but he has long since been dead; and the title, with the estates, has passed to a distant branch of the family. From my cradle my fate was marked out to be a strange one. I was educated and pampered in my father's house till I was eighteen, without the remotest idea that I was not his legitimate heir. Then,

when he married, the veil was torn off, the delusion dissipated, at a moment's warning. I was told my origin, but not the name of my mother — and to this day I have no idea who she was. I fancied that she died in giving me birth — perhaps for her folly disowned by her relations, who scarcely ever heard of my existence. I was turned out of doors, with a caution that, if ever I ventured to appear in my father's presence again, or to bear his name, I should forfeit his favour towards me, which would otherwise be continued in the shape of a liberal annual allowance.

"I had always been of a delicate frame, with feeble spirits and an imaginative disposition, but with wilder thoughts and passions than ever I had dared to reveal. You may judge how such a message, coarsely delivered to me by my father's chaplain, a debauched old man, was likely to affect me. My father had never shown any love to me — but I loved, I depended upon, him. And now I remonstrated, I entreated, with all the eloquence of strong and indignant feelings. I begged for an interview with my unnatural parent; it was denied me, with words of opprobrium that are yet ringing in my ears. The curse of their bitterness has clung to me ever since. I left — I will not mention the name of my home — a being marked out for unhappiness — and felt, while I groaned under the load of my misery, that it was laid upon me for life.

"The world, however, was before me. I was well provided with money, young and handsome; and over

the morbid sadness of my heart I threw so thick a mask of gaiety, that even I myself was at times deceived, and fancied that I was happy. I would not stay in England; but spent the next five years in exploring the continent. Italy, Germany, France, all became as homes to me. But I was alone: I had no friends, though many acquaintance; and when any one of these strove to approach nearer to the secrets of my heart than the common intercourse of society permits, he found himself repelled, and refrained from further endeavours, he scarcely knew why.

"I have no time to trace out the working of feelings —I will only mention facts. When I was in Paris, in the year 17—, the talk of the circles was entirely of a celebrated sybil, Madame de Villerac, a woman whose age, for she was known to be no longer young, had not impaired her wit and beauty. Her predictions were said to be astonishingly precise and correct; and she was consulted and believed in by the loftiest and wisest in the land, although there were some, of more scrupulous or timid spirits, who did not speak of her without a shudder. I was resolved to prove her skill. I was presented to her at a grand *fête*, given by the Spanish ambassador. She was certainly the most striking looking woman I ever saw. I well remember her imposing appearance. She was seated at a card-table, dressed in rich black velvet, with one solitary feather waving across her brow. 'You can play at Ecarté,' said the Chevalier Fleuret to me, rising from

his seat; and, after simply naming us to each other, he pointed to the vacant chair, and left us alone together. Before I had time to think, I was engaged in deep play with this extraordinary and commanding woman. But conversation presently stole in, and we slackened our attention to the game. She spoke with astonishing eloquence: our talk was of the world and its ways. Then I endeavoured to lead it to topics of graver interest — the past and the future — and, half in *badinage*, half in earnest, I ventured to ask if there were really any virtue in cards to unravel the secrets of destiny. She smiled scornfully, and, looking me full in the face, asked me, in the most indifferent tone imaginable — 'Shall I try?'

"Of course I answered in the affirmative.

"'Remember, then, Chevalier Graham,' replied she, 'that I am not answerable for what I shall find. Am I to tell you *all* the truth?'

"'All — every word.'

"'Once again I warn you — but I see it is thrown away. Here, then' — and I drew a card from her proffered handful. After some unintelligible ceremony, she spread them before her. For an instant she looked intensely serious — then, as if she were resolved to carry off the matter as a pleasantry — 'Good and evil, as usual,' she said. 'I am no prophetess to foretel unmingled fairy luck — what think you of an heiress for a wife — *if you are to die by her hand?*'

"I half started up from my seat.

"'Now you look as much shocked,' said she, 'as if I were indeed an oracle. Nay, positively not a word more'—and as she spoke she fixed her eyes very pointedly on a remarkably handsome ruby ring which I wore.

"'I have been told,' said I, attempting to catch her tone, 'that the only way to confirm the good and undo the evil is to bind the sybil in some charm. May it please you to wear this ring for me for seven years and a day, and then I shall hope to be safe—it is a talisman.'

"She took it carelessly, as a matter of course, and, placing it upon her finger, 'Come,' said she, 'we will join the company.'

"Two years afterwards I was married to the most beautiful woman in Italy, after a week's acquaintance. I met her in Venice; and was completely dazzled by the fascinations, whether of personal beauty, or of the grace, wit, and elegance of her manners. She seemed, like myself, totally unconnected; but I asked no questions. I wore her chains, I laid myself at her feet, and was accepted. Known only as a passing stranger, I escaped all unmeaning congratulations; and, careless of the envy of unsuccessful rivals, I carried off my beautiful wife in triumph. I married her, literally, from the fancy of a moment. Nor did I discover, till some weeks after we were united, that *I had fulfilled the first prediction*, and that my wife was heiress to great wealth as well as the possessor of great beauty.

'I kept this a secret,' said she, 'because I was resolved never to be wooed and won for my money.'

"This was plausible, but not true. On becoming gradually acquainted with Clementina's history, I found that she had in truth had few, if any, honourable suitors; and I was curious to discover what circumstance could have enabled me to distance all the thousand inamorati of Italy. Then she had accepted my devotion so readily, so eagerly! But my researches were in vain. There was a mystery about her not to be penetrated. I soon found that we were to be totally separate as far as the interests of the heart were concerned. What my wife's secret was I had not the remotest idea; but her love — I should have said her liking — for me waned daily. And erelong I felt a strange and indescribable distrust creeping over me, a sense that I was tied to one who might be said to have another existence, independent of aught that I knew. I foresaw that this state of things could not last, and went on, blindly, madly, to my own undoing.

"One evening, when we were sitting together, 'It is strange, my Clementina,' said I, 'that I do not yet know the name of your mother.' She had changed hers, I had been given to understand, in order to possess some property bequeathed to her upon that condition.

"'Do you think so?' replied she carelessly — and then, half rising from her couch and casting a piercing

ook upon me — 'It is odd, too, that I forget the name of *yours*.'

"I was dumb, and changed the conversation. A few evenings after this, however, in passing through her dressing-room, when my wife had gone to a ball, I chanced to find her jewel-casket open. At the top of many ornaments lay a miniature. Good heavens! — I recognized the original at once — the never-to-be-forgotten eye of pride, the stately brow, the rich, dark hair — and, to confirm my assurance, there were these words traced on the back — '*Clementine de Villerac's last gift to her daughter*' — and underneath, in a hand which I knew to be my wife's — '*My mother died when I was seventeen*' — so that I had married the daughter, the heiress, of that mysterious sybil; while it was next to a certainty that others, knowing from whom she was descended, had been deterred from approaching her.

"I shut up my knowledge in my own breast — but thenceforth my peace of mind was gone for ever. Upon my gloomy and irritable temperament the possession of such a secret wrought me increasing agony. I struggled with the presentiments which it engendered: I tried reason — I tried religion, society, solitude, change of place, study — all would not do. And what was remarkable, during four years of conflict such as this, my wife never seemed to advert to what would have grieved and surprised any other woman. So long as she received her accustomed tribute of admiration, and

we lived with the semblance of tolerable concord, she was content. I suppose that the privileges which a married woman enjoys were what she sought in accepting my hand, and, satisfied in the possession of these, she concerned herself no further.

"Each year widened this mutual estrangement of feeling. As Clementina's beauty waned—and it waned early—she seemed more covetous of homage, and to allow herself a greater latitude of conduct than formerly, while the mantle of my spirit grew darker and darker day by day. The second part of my mother-in-law's prediction arose unceasingly to my recollection. We came to England; and here I perceived, with a sort of gloomy apathy, that Clementina's deviations from a correct demeanour became daily wider—that in fact she allowed the attentions of other men in an unsuitable degree. My own father was dead, having, on his death, left me a fortune equivalent to my former yearly income. I was still young, had unbroken health—and yet God knows how often I have stood at a window of our sumptuous house, and envied the most miserable beggar, old, poverty-stricken, and diseased, that crawled past for his daily alms. I had lost what little relish I ever had for the common pleasures of life. Gaming was to me no excitement, music only a source of pain, and the mere animal enjoyment of bodily exercise a weariness. I resembled one of those unhappy beings of whom one has read in the old records of superstition, who are bound by spells that they have

no power to break, and whose lives are as a long and weary dream of dull misery.

"It was about this time, now thirty years ago, that the devotion of a certain Lord Mordown to my wife became so evident that I resolved to arouse myself while there was yet time. I remonstrated with her kindly, yet spiritedly; and she as usual made no answer. On the evening of the day when I mentioned this hateful subject to her, she repaired alone to a masquerade, where she met the nobleman in question. I learned in the course of the evening, no matter how, that it was necessary that I should take speedy measures in my own defence, if at all; and, revolving many plans in my mind, I sat, in an unwonted tumult of feeling, awaiting her return.

"She came home much earlier than usual. I ran to meet her, and handed her out of her carriage. I remarked an unusual paleness on her lip, an unusual tremour of hand. 'I am very ill,' she said, almost throwing herself into my arms. I led her up stairs in silence. She called her maid to undress her as speedily as she could. I suppose that the seeds of some malignant disease had been long lying dormant in her constitution, and that the excitement and the heat of the entertainment had suddenly ripened them, for in another hour she was in a raging fever. I dismissed her attendants, resolving to watch her myself. She grew worse; and about two in the morning she was seized with violent delirium, and cried out for water.

"It was the work of some demon that the *prediction* never occurred to me so strongly as at that moment. Will you not turn me out from your shelter? I say that the horrid idea of contradicting my destiny possessed me — so that I sat still, and called for no help. Every servant slept in a different part of the house. I tell you I sat still, listening to her ravings, with unmoved ear and cool calculating brow. 'It will be daylight soon,' I said to myself, 'and the servants will be up, and will hear' — and the voice was urging me, close in mine ear, to break loose from the spell which had enchained me so long. I heard it say — 'Thy fate is in thy own power!' It tempted me again — I shuddered — a distant glimmer of dawn began to lighten the heavy sky — I went to my wife's bed-side, and — it was the work of a moment — the next, she lay a corpse before me.

"From that hour I was mad. Days, months, years — but let me hasten to say what I most wish. When I was released from confinement as convalescent, I bribed the sexton of the church in which she was buried to disinter for me the remains of my ill-starred Clementina. They have been beside me ever since as a penance, as a memorial. When I am gone, open yonder chest. You will find there only a few bones and a little dust, which you will restore to consecrated ground, and writings which will put you in possession of a handsome fortune. I have nothing more to ——"

He stopped suddenly. I hastened to call for light, the candle having burnt out in the course of his story. I supposed that the narrator had failed from exhaustion: but, when my servant obeyed the summons and I approached the stranger's bed, I perceived that he had expired.

SCENES OF BOYHOOD.

BY CHRISTOPHER COOKSON, ESQ.

THEY are the sounds of former joy
  Still wafted on the evening breeze,
Sweet, as when erst a heedless boy
  They used my ravish'd ear to please.

Methinks each happy voice I hear
  That mingled then in frolic's train,
And, though no welcome friend is near,
  I fain must list, and list again.

No tree is there that hath not been
  A shade for me in shower or sun,
No flowery bank, that skirts the scene,
  No distant hill I have not won.

They flourish yet in wonted prime —
  Then who the winged hours shall blame? —
But tell me, thou enchanter, Time,
  If those I loved are still the same!

THE POETESS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

> Not idly did the Muses' choir select
> The barren laurel for their ornament:
> Cold, destitute of odour as of fruit,
> It weighs upon the brow to which it promised
> Full compensation for each sacrifice.
>
> GRILLPARZER'S SAPPHO.

I saw her in her youth's bright dawn; her eye
Smiled like the sunshine of a summer sky;
Her cheek of rose, and lip of deeper glow,
Seemed yet unsullied by one tear of woe:
She loved to cull the spring's first flowers, and wear
The blossoms in her curls of ebon hair;
Or range the ocean cliffs, and search their cells,
For vivid sea-weed, and for glittering shells;
And strangers might have deemed her simple pleasures
Were sought alone in Nature's boundless treasures:
But hers was not a common soul or mind:
Remote from crowds, sequestered from mankind,
In her lone walks, she early learned to chuse
A loved companion in the silent Muse;
With her would soar on Fancy's eagle wings,
Till lost in bright and vast imaginings!

A few short years elapsed — I saw her then,
A lovely meteor in the paths of men;

She smiled amid the sound of mirth and song,
The idol of a gay and glittering throng;
Yet, though with eager gaze her form I viewed,
Rich in the ripened bloom of womanhood,
Methought the votive crowd's assiduous duty
Surpassed the homage paid alone to Beauty:
I learned the cause — her high and gifted lays
Had won the public ear, the public praise;
Cold critics even on her brow had set
The trophy of Fame's golden violet;
And princes hung delighted on her strains;
And statesmen there forgot their toils and pains;
And beauties left for them the halls of gladness;
And warriors wept o'er their delicious sadness.
Yet, though triumphant joy was in her face,
It had not lost its sweet and bashful grace;
And when the crowd who rapture felt or feigned
Spoke of the unfading laurels she had gained,
She brightly blushed, and trembling turned aside,
And woman's shame prevailed o'er woman's pride.

I saw her ere another year had past —
But oh! how altered since I met her last!
Her tale was short — she loved in evil hour —
Loved with that wild, intense, absorbing power,
Felt by the soul of minstrel fire alone,
And to all others foreign and unknown.
Her love was fixed on one of common mould,
Graceful and gay, but selfish, vain, and cold;

He could not prize that passion, raised, refined,
Nay, with dull envy he beheld the mind,
Whose ardent energy, and high wrought tone,
Seemed to reproach the weakness of his own.
He scorned her heart.—Around her early tomb,
Fair maidens came with wreaths of vernal bloom,
And sorrowing youths, with laurels, bright and green,
And wailing numbers, sought the woful scene,
And wept the pride and darling of the age,
The lovelier Sappho of a purer page;
But he, the frozen one, for whom she died,
Turned from her grave, and wooed a heartless bride.

Daughter of Mind!—how oft is this thy fate
To dwell in lonely brightness desolate;
To win the homage of a servile train,
Yet lose the only heart thou sigh'st to gain!
Man through the paths of minstrelsy may stray,
Nor heed the perils of the thorny way:
But Woman, whose devoted, tender feelings,
Acquire new force from Fancy's wild revealings,
Will steep in tears her laurels of renown,
Unless Love blends with them his myrtle crown;
And Love beholds her on her dizzy height
Robed in resplendent rays of dazzling light,
And seeks some humbler maid in lowly bower,
To soothe and solace with his smiling power.
Hear this, ye cold of heart, and envy not
The barren splendour of her cheerless lot,

Nor covet the bright wreaths her song secures,
And murmur that such glories are not yours!
Oh! think, while owning all that most you prize,
Dear social intercourse, domestic ties,
How hard her lot, from all such joys confined,
The sovereign of a desert waste of mind:
When her gay strains the voice of praise are waking,
Know that the heart which breathes them may be
breaking;
And when her lyre a lay of sorrow pours,
And the cold world admires, applauds, adores,
Think that around that lyre the cypress clings,
And, like the swan, her own sad dirge she sings!

THE BIRD OF AKBAR.

There is a tradition that Akbar, the Moslem conqueror of India, was always accompanied by a bird of Paradise in council and the field, which he declared to be the messenger of Heaven and sign of perpetual victory.

Bird of the highest heavens, no spot of earth
Can boast the secret of thy ancient birth;
Thy birth was ere the sun had left the east;
Ere the blue vapours rolled on Ocean's breast;
Ere burned on noon the Indian rose's dyes;
Ere woke the splendour of the Evening's eyes.
Thou king of birds! when mighty Solomon
Sat in his glory on the genie throne,
Summoned his sorcerers from Ocean's caves,
From darkness summoned his ten thousand slaves,

And bade them canopy his throne with wings,
Broad as the cloud-wreaths, when the lightning springs;
Bade at his feet in serpent splendours twine
The demon guardians of the diamond mine;
Bade at his side the fallen Archangels stand,
All shuddering as he waved his ebon wand;
In that high hour he called thee from thy zone,
The last, the brightest, vassal of his throne;
And, as the startled myriads on thee gazed,
With eyes where wonder, guilt, and envy, blazed,
O'er thy fine form celestial lustre rolled,
Dipped every feathery vane in living gold;
Bright as the star in dews of twilight wet,
Placed on thy front the jewelled coronet;
Wrought o'er thy stately head his mightiest spell,
And bade thee rise, the bird of Oracle.

Come then, thou eye of Fate's ten thousand eyes,
Strength of the strong, and wisdom of the wise;
On Akbar's crimson banner take thy stand,
Genius of faith and power, of steed and brand,
In all his darkened hours the living light,
His sage in council, champion in the fight;
Far from the turban of the Moslem's king,
Turning the lance's blade, the bullet's wing;
Till Himalayah hears his cannon-peal;
Till proud Deccani feels his flashing steel;
Till marble mount, rich valley, mighty stream,
See, like the sunrise, Akbar's diadem.

THE STEAM-SHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARTLEY," &c.

Amid the thousand wonders of the vast unquiet sea,
That covers half this ponderous globe, there 's nothing like to thee,
Oh Steam-Ship! — thou, who wakest, like a lion roused from sleep,
With heart of fire, and rushest forth across the angry deep!
Nought heedest thou the wind or tide; but onward, night and day,
Unwearied as the waves around, thou marchest on thy way,
Where mighty ships lie all becalmed, with sails that flap the mast —
What boots to thee their thousand guns? — thou smilest and walkest past.
They sail — and monsters of the deep are hovering in their train:
But the great Leviathan himself might follow thee in vain.
He looketh up in wonder on thy strange mysterious flight,
And the rapid whirring of thy wings, fluttering in liquid light;
His mighty heart is struck with awe, and, sinking, dark and slow,
A hundred fathom deep, he seeks his rocky forts below:
And there, perchance, he dreams of thee within his coral lair,
Scarce hoping that a living thing may dwell in upper air.

Oh! thou art mighty on the wave! a fearful power is thine.
For good or evil art thou formed — infernal or divine!
'Tis thine to chase the pirate through his maze of hundred isles;
To mark with scorn his shifting sails, despair, and useless wiles;
'Tis thine to tear from him his prey, to beard him in his den —
Oh! thine might be a blessed power among the sons of men!
A vanguard leader, like the guide of Israel on their way,
A living fire to cheer the night, a moving cloud by day.
Could man's ambition know controul, could angry passions cease,
Or, were thy venturous course confined within the reign of peace,
Swift in thy flight, from shore to shore, from dark to sultry skies,
Welcomed wert thou, in every port, with shouts and glistening eyes.
A pledge of amity renewed each voyage then would be,
As though the nations stretched and shook their hands across the sea!

'Tis sweet to stand upon thy deck, when the wind is right ahead;
To mark thy foaming, roaring keel, and think from whence thou 'rt fled;
To feel thee rise upon the wave, breasting the flying spray,
Then downward plunge and rise again, rejoicing in the fray
Of angry billows, gathering round, like foes to bar thy way,
While onward — onward — to thy port, thou stemm'st their dark array.

And oh! 'tis sweet, when all is calm, and blue the sky
and main,
To be with thee in solitude upon the liquid plain —
To see the setting sun decline in the fiery glowing west,
Leaving all else to dreams and sleep but thee that need'st
not rest.
How lovely glide the starry worlds all silently on high,
While thou fliest o'er the dark blue wave, like an arrow
through the sky!
The visions then of youth revive, and the wizard's won-
drous tale,
As borne along, 'twixt heaven and earth, away we seem
to sail!

I've stood upon thy trembling deck, and felt thy thrilling
march,
Beneath the southern sultry skies and the northern star-
lit arch;
I've been with thee in calm and storm, but never in the fight;
And oh! that war, that coming war, could strip thee of
thy might!
'T is not for those all trained and armed upon thy deck who
stand,
Bloodier to make the distant strife and the struggle hand
to hand —
'T is not for those who cheering rush to meet the welcome foe,
And clasp the damp, cold hand of death with warm and
friendly glow —
But, for the dwellers on the shore — we dread to think of
thee;
Oh! thy black banner, floating wild, a fearful thing will be!

THE WIFE.

A TALE OF THE TYROL, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY HENRY D. INGLIS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW GIL BLAS," &C.

TOWARDS the close of November, in the year 1809, when the unequal struggle which Hofer and the brave Tyrolese had so long maintained was terminated, and when all the towns and strongholds had been for some time in the hands of the French and Bavarians, Hormayr, a Bavarian colonel of infantry, was commandant of the town of Hall. This man was a good soldier, in the ordinary acceptation of the word; he was fearless in battle, and a rigid disciplinarian elsewhere; but mercy, justice, humanity, were words which, to him, carried with them no meaning; and, whether it might be to further his military projects, or to aid the designs which were subservient to his passions, he would (to use a familiar expression) stick at nothing.

At this time, the utmost watchfulness was practised throughout the Tyrol by the Bavarian authorities. Hofer, although crushed and in concealment, had not yet been made captive. Large rewards were set on the heads of Hofer, Speckbacher, and the other Tyrolean leaders. The Bavarians recollected that, on former occasions, when the war had appeared to be extinguished

it had been suddenly rekindled; and they knew that a little saw-dust thrown into the Inn, a few signal-fires on the mountain sides, or the re-appearance of Hofer with his sword and rosary, or Haspinger with his ebon cross, would again fill the valleys with patriots and enemies.

It was at this time, too, that the Tyrolese leader, Speckbacher, hunted by his enemies from the more civilized parts of the Tyrol, had concealed himself in the little mountain hamlet of Dux, which is situated among the northern outskirts of the Eis-gletscher, a fact which is important to our story.

Hormayr, with his other bad passions, was avaricious; and his love of gold, therefore, as well as his accustomed zeal in the public service, urged him to leave no means untried in order to discover the retreat of Speckbacher, a service which he knew would give him a claim to promotion, as well as make him richer by ten thousand francs—the reward offered for the patriot's seizure. But the vigilance of Hormayr was chiefly directed towards Joseph Schmeider, an innkeeper, and to the inmates of his house.

Two years and a half previously to this time, Speckbacher had married Maria, the daughter of Joseph Schmeider. Maria, in right of her mother, then dead, inherited a small property in the village of Rinn, about two leagues from Hall; thither she had removed at the time of her marriage, and there had resided until the events occurred which drove her husband from his

mountain home; and, soon afterwards, she took refuge in the house of her father, and had there remained up to the period when our story commences. It was not to be wondered at, then, that the commandant of Hall should keep an eye upon the house of Schmeider, as a likely means of discovering the retreat of Speckbacher.

Maria was the most affectionate of wives. Attracted by the hardy character and manly virtues of Speckbacher, (for Speckbacher was long the most daring chamois-hunter of these valleys) Maria Schmeider, ere she completed her eighteenth year, had given her hand —her heart she had long given—to Speckbacher. Her father had long resisted the prayers of Speckbacher and his daughter's secret wishes; for, knowing her to be the heiress of her mother, as well as of all he possessed, and hearing every where that his Maria was the flower of the Innthal—as indeed she was—he thought she might have done better than marry one who had nothing to recommend him but a generous disposition and undaunted courage. In Maria's eyes he had another recommendation, so great love of her that he had promised to abandon his roving and perilous life, and to leave, for her society, the chamois of the Tyrol to their mountain solitudes. But Joseph Schmeider was a true Tyrolese and a patriot; and, although he at first turned his back upon his daughter and her husband, yet, when Speckbacher became by his services almost, if not altogether, the equal of Hofer in the affections of his countrymen, he forgot

his anger, justly prided himself on possessing such a son-in-law, and received Maria into his house with every demonstration of paternal affection.

It may easily be believed that Maria, thus separated from a husband whom she adored, would endeavour to convey to him in his concealment the consolation and the aid of which he stood in need; and that, above all, she would devise some means of meeting him. To accomplish this, and to elude the vigilance of Hormayr, required the utmost discretion; for spies had been set on the movements of every inmate of Schmeider's house, as the master of it well knew; and Maria was contented during some time with knowing that her husband was undiscovered and not distant from her, rather than run any risk of discovery by attempting to see him. But the pain of separation, and, above all, her anxiety to concert with him some plan of escape into Austria, at length overcame her prudence; and, one evening at dusk, disguised as a miner, she issued from the door — not of her father's house, but of the house of a friend who lived in the outskirts, and with whom she had been purposely an inmate for several days — and took the road to the mountains.

But alas! the youthful, loving, and lovely wife of Speckbacher did not issue from that door unobserved. She had been seen to leave her father's house some days before; and spies had ever since been set upon the house to which she had been watched. It is true,

that one in a miner's dress was seen to go into the house of Maria's friend about an hour before dusk; and at dusk, one in a miner's dress came out; but the eyes of Hormayr's satellites were not to be deceived in the identity of the miner who went in and of the miner who came out: and Maria, as she took the path through the fields, was followed by keen eyes. Once, before it grew dark, in stepping over a stile, she looked timidly around; but, seeing only a countryman with a spade over his shoulder, she felt re-assured, and went on her way.

I need not tell of the hurried and lonely pilgrimage of the wife of Speckbacher along the dreary mountain-paths; the hopes and fears that thrilled within her; the quick beatings of her heart, when, suddenly pausing, her watchful ear caught or fancied the fall of a distant footstep; how, as she approached the appointed spot, her feet scarcely touched the ground, so fleetly did expectation urge her on; or how she recognized in darkness, that would have baffled all but a loving wife, the form of her exiled and proscribed husband. Nor need I tell of the holy yet warm embrace; the hysteric sobs, the broken words, the fond scrutiny that anxiety prompted; or, when these turbulent moments were over, the little hour of tranquil joy that loving hearts sometimes secure, even in the lap of misery. It is enough to say, that the interview ended, and that Speckbacher, after accompanying his faithful wife half a league on the way towards Hall, yielded to her en-

treaties, and returned to his mountain concealment; while Maria, with lingering steps, and eyelids heavy with tears, pursued her way.

To Maria's midnight walk, and to her interview with Speckbacher, there had been a witness — the same whom she had seen dressed like a countryman, with a spade over his shoulder. When they parted, he had hastened on; but, as Speckbacher turned back, and his wife pursued her way alone, he resolved to allow her to pass, that he might not lose sight of her till she entered her father's house. It so happened, however, that the moon, which, although some time risen, had been concealed by a dense mass of clouds, suddenly emerged upon a little spot of clear sky that lay in the midst of them. The wife of Speckbacher was then descending a sweep of meadow, and approaching the stile that terminated it; and the spy had, at that same moment, mounted the stile, purposing to conceal himself on the other side. The figure of the countryman with his spade over his shoulder was distinctly seen for a moment; though the next it disappeared.

Ah! what a sudden pang shot through the heart of Speckbacher's wife! She recollected the figure; she knew she had been watched; she knew that her husband's retreat was known. Her limbs tottered beneath her; and she would have fallen to the earth, had she not suddenly been roused to thought and action by the imminent danger of her husband. Her first impulse

was to hurry back and apprize her husband of his peril; but could she escape the vigilance of him who had dogged her? "Had I but a weapon," said she internally, "I would follow, and close with him: the wife of Speckbacher would find courage and strength enough for this." These were vain thoughts, and occupied but a moment: wiser thoughts succeeded. Every moment lost increased the peril of Speckbacher. Her follower was no doubt hurrying to inform Hormayr; and her only safety seemed to be to anticipate him, by making known to her father the danger of her husband.

The wife of Speckbacher flew rather than ran; she passed the spy like an apparition; he hastened after her; but, when she reached the noisy but shallow stream that runs by Volders, instead of making the circuit by the bridge, she dashed through. Her follower would not have been daunted by a brook, but a sudden turn and the shade of trees concealed her from him; and, not doubting that she had kept the road, he did not deviate from it, though he knew well that at least a quarter of a league would have been saved by crossing the stream. Thus did the wife of Speckbacher gain time, every moment of which was precious beyond price; and, before the spy had crossed the bridge of Hall, Maria had burst open her father's door.

Joseph Schmeider, the patriot and the kind father, was waiting the return of his child: it was already midnight: and he had often gone to the door to listen for the sound of her light footsteps. Breathless she

rushed into his arms, and the next moment the peril of her husband was told.

"Haste, Zoppel," said Joseph Schmeider to his faithful servant, "bring me my gaiters and my girdle; and give me my rifle, and take thine own — we've a long walk before us, and a perilous one. And now, Maria, my child," said he, while he hastily buttoned his gaiters and loaded his rifle, "go to bed to rest, if not to sleep; trust thy father — thou know'st thou may'st trust him. We've the start of Hormayr, and shall be in time to save thy husband; never doubt it, child." And, kissing his daughter, who could only weep, and sticking his knife in his girdle, he hastily left the house, followed by the faithful Zoppel.

"Stride on, Zoppel," said Schmeider, as they left Hall rapidly behind them; "a few moments less or more will make all the difference; the life of an innocent man and a patriot hangs on them."

Zoppel needed no encouragement; he had seen the daughter of Schmeider grow up from infancy; and for her or her husband — because he was her husband — he would have scorned to turn his back upon death. They heard no pursuers, and felt assured that they had reached the village of Dux before the emissaries of Hormayr. Their tale was soon told; and not many minutes had elapsed before Speckbacher had left Dux, to seek a new and less accessible place of refuge.

"Thank God!" said Schmeider, as he stood listening to the footsteps of Speckbacher, gradually growing

fainter; "thank God! Zoppel, he is saved! Now let us see to ourselves, for Hormayr will not be long behind us. But hark! listen, Zoppel! I think I hear unwelcome sounds. By St. Ulric, they are close to the village! Save thyself, Zoppel; if they lay hands on us, our lives are not worth an ear of corn." But escape was next to impossible: the village was already surrounded; Schmeider and his follower tried each avenue, but every where perceived that they were intercepted; and, as dawn was at hand, when escape would be utterly hopeless, they resolved to make a desperate effort to force a passage. The attempt was made, but vainly for Schmeider; he was overpowered by numbers and made prisoner. Zoppel was more fortunate, and found himself clear of the village and unharmed.

The wife of Speckbacher had, as her father desired, thrown herself on her bed, though it may well be believed that sleep was far from her; and many times, as morning approached, she threw open the window to listen for the returning footsteps that would bring tidings of her husband. At length, she caught a distant tread, and, unable to bear longer suspense, she left the house, and hurried along the street to meet the messenger of good or evil. Zoppel saw her approach, and, tearing off his girdle, waved it over his head as a signal of good news. "God be praised! he is saved!" said she, and the next moment the faithful Zoppel was supporting his almost insensible young

mistress towards her own dwelling. It was a heavy calamity to learn the captivity of her kind father; but she could not believe that any harm was intended him, and imagined that after a short imprisonment he would be released. Zoppel knew better; but he was silent.

Hormayr resolved that an example should be made of Joseph Schmeider; he was guilty of assisting the flight of Speckbacher: and, if Maria had not visited her father in prison, he would speedily have carried this resolution into effect.

Hormayr was one of those men who are not led away by the tyranny of any one passion, but who coolly calculate the value and chances of several projects at a time, and lay down a plan by which the failure of one design may be compensated by the success of another. So calculated Hormayr on the present occasion. Struck by the beauty of Maria, on her first visit to the citadel, he set himself to consider how his three-fold designs could be made to assist each other. Avarice, as well as a brutal blood-thirstiness, made the seizure of Speckbacher his primary object; disappointment that, by the instrumentality of Joseph Schmeider, Speckbacher had for the present escaped him, prompted a sweet revenge upon Schmeider; and his designs, real or feigned, upon the wife of Speckbacher might be made to assist the first of these objects; while again, the danger of her father and her husband would aid his designs upon herself. He knew the character of Speckbacher sufficiently to be well convinced that danger either to the

life or honour of his wife would draw him from his concealment; and he calculated, too, upon the effect which the peril of Schmeider might have upon the resolution of his daughter. Thus had Hormayr many passions to gratify. But Hormayr was a Bavarian; and understood not the character of the women of the Tyrol, or the wife of a patriot. And when she was undeceived as to the situation of her father; when Joseph Schmeider was condemned to die; all that she answered to Hormayr was—"My father is a Tyrolean; I am a Tyrolean. In our country, a father would spurn a daughter who should save *his* life by the sacrifice of *her* honour. Do not add to the crime of murdering a father that of insulting his child—the wife, too, sir, of Speckbacher!" These concluding words laid the train of a new and bolder design in the mind of Hormayr. "Will her answer be the same," said he, "if she believes her husband to be in my power?"

But Hormayr resolved first to attempt deceiving Speckbacher, before he prosecuted the secondary design of deceiving his wife. The retreat of Speckbacher was unknown to Hormayr; but he justly calculated upon its being known to some of his friends. His first step was, to have his wife arrested and carried to the citadel; his next, to print hand-bills, setting forth that Joseph Schmeider and his daughter, both convicted of being privy to the escape of Speckbacher, were condemned to suffer death; but that pardon would be extended to them, on condition of Speck-

bacher surrendering himself. This announcement Hormayr caused to be widely circulated throughout the villages bordering on the mountains, in the confident expectation that some one acquainted with Speckbacher's place of concealment would carry it to him; and in the no less confident belief that, by this stratagem, he should succeed in getting Speckbacher into his power. That he would have accomplished this design it is impossible to doubt, if a copy of the proclamation had reached Speckbacher by any other than by a trustworthy hand; but no sooner did Zoppel, to whom Speckbacher's retreat was known, read the proclamation than he saw through it; and well knowing that the surrender of Speckbacher would not save Schmeider, yet firmly believing that Hormayr's announcement would bring Speckbacher into his power, he hastened to the mountains to put him on his guard.

"But Maria" — said Speckbacher; "Maria — dare he murder *her?*"

"He dare not," said Zoppel.

"And her father — *my* father — thy master — good Joseph Schmeider — him dare he murder? Ah, Zoppel, dost thou not deceive me? Would not my surrender save him?"

"He shall be saved," said Zoppel; "but not by the blood of a patriot."

The consequence of Zoppel's interview with Speckbacher was, that Hormayr's proclamation failed of its intended effect.

Hormayr, when he judged that his proclamation had had sufficient time to take effect, released the wife of Speckbacher, for he learned that the Bavarian officers did not approve this stretch of power exercised upon a woman; and he knew that his designs could be equally well prosecuted without this severity, which was adopted only as a foundation for the proclamation; and now, finding that his plan had failed in regard to his first and principal object, the capture of Speckbacher, he resolved to make use of it in his minor projects.

One evening, about this time, when the wife of Speckbacher sat in a musing mood in her chamber, her heart sad enough, and her eyes not so bright as they had once been, she was roused by the entrance of Zoppel, who, having cautiously closed the door, respectfully saluted his young mistress.

"I fear, Zoppel," said she, "you come on no welcome errand. My father — or — O Zoppel! speak quickly — my husband!"

"He is safe as yet," replied Zoppel; "my visit does not concern him."

"My father, then! — ah, my poor father!" said Maria, beginning to weep.

"Yes," said Zoppel; "my errand concerns him: we must save him."

"But how — good Zoppel? how? — not surely ——"

"Trust me; I am your father's faithful and long-tried servant, and would save him with honour — but

with honour only. Listen to me: to-morrow at sunrise is the hour appointed for ——"

"Do not hesitate to speak it — for his execution."

"Yes," continued Zoppel, "for his execution — his murder — but which, if you, lady, will follow the advice of one who would willingly die for him, shall never take place."

"Ah, Zoppel," said the wife of Speckbacher, wiping her eyes, "how? — how? — quick! — tell me how I may save my father!"

"Be calm, then, and listen. Hormayr ——"

"Ah! the monster!" said Maria; "name him not."

"I must name him," resumed Zoppel. "He has given out, what I know to be false, that Speckbacher is in his power. Be composed, I pray; it is false; on the word of old Zoppel, it is false. Speckbacher is not in his power; but he has published this falsehood, and will doubtless visit you this evening with the lie on his lips, and will ask you, lady, if you desire to save your husband."

"Zoppel, may the Holy Mother save me from this trial! Yet I believe — so help me Heaven! — that if my husband stood in the peril of my father, I should find courage to say — 'I will not purchase dishonourable length of days for one whose life has been a life of honour.'"

"It would be well said," rejoined Zoppel; "but the question now is, not the salvation of a husband but of a father."

"Proceed then, good Zoppel."

"I say Hormayr will come to you this evening with a lie on his lips; but you must affect to believe it true."

"To believe it true, Zoppel!—how?—and what then?"

"Upbraid him; but say you will save your husband."

"Ah, Zoppel, I cannot feign; I cannot make my lips pronounce me vicious!"

"I do not ask it. Is it to feign to upbraid a monster with his crimes, though one be left uncommitted? I do not ask that you feign to be vicious. Say that you will meet him; virtue, not vice, will direct your steps. Friends will watch over them; a father's liberty will be the reward."

"I cannot, Zoppel; I cannot consent that the wife of Speckbacher should seem unworthy of her husband, even in the eyes of one who would be his murderer. Are there no other means, Zoppel?—and, besides, how would the plan you propose save my father?"

Zoppel explained. Hormayr was to be enticed to the neighbourhood of the salt mines; the miners were resolved to aid in the prosecution of the design; an order for the release of Joseph Schmeider was to be forced from him; and he was to be detained prisoner till Schmeider should have escaped.

"Nevertheless," said the wife of Speckbacher, "I cannot consent—I cannot feign—shame would turn my

pale cheeks to scarlet; Hormayr would suspect, and the project would fail."

Zoppel considered a moment, and said—"It may be that you are in the right; but, by a little alteration in the plan, we shall nevertheless succeed. Mount my master's little horse, and go instantly to the house of the superintendent of the mines: my son Hans shall accompany you, and leave the rest to me."

Zoppel was a faithful servant and an honest man; but his notions of honour were of course adapted to his station. Those nice perceptions of a truly feminine mind, which weighed with the wife of Speckbacher against even the life of her father, Zoppel with difficulty comprehended; but, if he did not altogether comprehend them, he respected them.

Maria had not long left her father's house, when Zoppel, on the watch, perceived Hormayr approaching

"Thy name is Zoppel," said he; "the same rogue whom we believe to have assisted Speckbacher's escape, and who ought to be hanged to-morrow with thy master. Is thy mistress within?"

"She is gone to the house of Andrew Schenk, her father's relation, at the mines."

"Does she know that her husband is in my power?"

"Alas! does she."

"And that she only can save him?"

"It was to escape the trial, which she feared Heaven would scarcely give her strength to endure with honour, that she withdrew from Hall."

"Aha! is it so?" said Hormayr, with an expression of malignant joy. "Thou shalt accompany me, sirrah, to the house of this Schenk."

Zoppel, prepared for this precautionary measure, expressed his readiness; and Hormayr, attended by two Bavarian soldiers, and preceded by Zoppel, took the road up the mountain gorge that leads to the mines. Once, as the little party wound up the steep ascent, Zoppel was strongly tempted. There is a narrow wooden bridge, a broad plank laid on two small logs, thrown over the torrent that descends the gorge. Zoppel had passed; he was a powerful man, though old; a vigorous effort would have dislodged one of the supports, and Hormayr, and one at least of his companions, would have been precipitated into a deep eddy that a half-melted avalanche had formed, by choking up the bed of the stream: but he recollected that the destruction of Hormayr would not liberate Schmeider, whose execution would nevertheless take place; and he knew that his friends were prepared, by the few words he had sent in writing by the wife of Speckbacher; and so he passed on.

The party speedily arrived at the door of Andrew Schenk's house, from the back of which there is a gallery that leads to the entrance of the mine.

"Soldiers," said Hormayr, "keep guard here. Zoppel, show me the way forward."

Zoppel preceded Hormayr, and ushered him into a chamber where sat the wife of Speckbacher.

"Madam," said Hormayr, "I salute you. You know my errand: you know that your husband is in my power."

"Ah! God forbid he were so!" replied she; "since his wife could not consent to save him."

"How, madam!" said Hormayr. "You know that Speckbacher is in my power — and I tell you, he may be saved."

"Sir," said the wife of Speckbacher, rising from her seat, "I know that my husband is not in your power; and I have to tell you that the question is not what *I may* consent to, in order to save his life, but what *you must* consent to, if you would save your own. Ho! Zoppel! Zoppel!"

"I am betrayed!" cried Hormayr. "Soldiers!"— moving towards the door by which he had entered. But, at the same moment, the door opposite to the mine was thrown open; while from concealments in the room four miners had started, disarmed Hormayr, pinioned his arms, and with giant strength hurried him through the door and into the passage of the mine.

"We are far enough," said one of the miners, halting in one of the inner chambers of the mine. "This will answer our purpose."

"What, villains!" said Hormayr, who till now had been forcibly kept silent, "is your intention murder? Ho! Ho! soldiers!"

The miners grimly smiled! "'Tis of no use calling," said they. "If your voice were ten times louder, it

would never reach the mouth of the mine. We are no murderers; we leave that trade to you — we are going to prevent, not to commit murder."

Hormayr breathed somewhat more freely. "Be brief, villains," said he, "whatever your purpose be."

A step approached — it was Zoppel's. "This is our purpose," said he — "to save the life of Joseph Schmeider — here is a pen, and here is paper — write an order for his release — it must be a peremptory order."

"I will not, villains," said Hormayr.

"Think better of it," said Zoppel; "life is a pleasant thing. Look there," said he, holding the lamp which he carried over a steep flight of steps, terminated by a dark expanse of water. "It is an exhausted mine, deep enough to drown half your batallion were they piled one above another; listen" — and at the same time he flung a huge fragment of salt into the gulf, which returned a dismal hollow sound, awfully solemn in the silence of those subterranean chambers. "Write as I tell you, or, in another moment, you follow the fragment I have thrown."

"You dare not, villains!" said he; "my death would not rescue Joseph Schmeider."

"No," said Zoppel; "but it would avenge him;" and at the same time that he put the pen into the hand of Hormayr he again held out the lamp, revealing the distant glimmer of the yet trembling water.

Hormayr saw with whom he had to do, and wrote according to Zoppel's dictation: "Deliver to the

bearers of this, your prisoner, Joseph Schmeider, that I may privately confront him with accomplices. Let the preparations for the execution go on."

"Good!" said Zoppel, holding it to the lamp and reading it. He then withdrew, and presently returned with the two Bavarian soldiers, each in the iron gripe of two miners.

"Now," said Zoppel; "hearken to your instructions. You shall accompany me to Hall, and, in virtue of this order, deliver into my hands the prisoner, Joseph Schmeider. Now mark well; there you perceive is your colonel, Hormayr. If there be no foul play, if you deliver Schmeider into my hands, and show discretion, you shall each receive one hundred florins; and, after a reasonable time, when our own safety will allow it, Hormayr shall be released: but, if one indiscreet word be uttered, so that suspicion be excited against us, he shall perish. The first sight of a Bavarian soldier ascending this gorge will be the signal of death to your commander. 'T is no difficult matter here to put one out of sight."

The soldiers, who on first being seized had expected no quarter, were noways disinclined to purchase their lives on such terms: and Zoppel accordingly departed in company with them. The order signed by Hormayr was delivered to the officer in command; Schmeider was committed to the custody of the soldiers, who, having met Zoppel at the gate, and accompanied him a little way beyond, received each his hundred florins,

and left Schmeider and Zoppel together. No doubt the soldiers chose desertion as the safest course.

"My dear master," said Zoppel, "no time is to be lost. Quick! put on this dress," said he, throwing off his habiliments and discovering others underneath. "Haste to the Austrian frontier; Speckbacher, I have reason to believe, is already on his way to Vienna, and there you will also speedily meet your daughter."

"Ah, my faithful Zoppel! — no more my servant, but my friend — how can I ——"

"Haste! haste!" interrupted Zoppel; "thou art free — I *am* requited."

The clothes which Schmeider had worn were committed to the river Inn. A fraternal embrace, a mutual blessing, and, the next moment, Schmeider was lost to the eyes of his deliverer, who, though he could no longer see his kind master, stood listening, until his footfall ceased to be heard, and then hastened on his way to the mines.

Meanwhile the miners, in whose custody we left Hormayr, judging it needless to remain with their prisoner till the return of Zoppel, placed a candle on the ground; and, leaving the colonel, with an injunction not to stir from the spot, they stationed two of their number as guards at the mouth of the mine. Zoppel arrived, after having, as we have seen, delivered Schmeider; and soon afterwards went with his companions to carry food to their prisoner. He was gone. The miners stationed at the entrance knew that he

had not passed out; and it was probable, therefore, that in attempting to escape he had wandered farther into the mine, the ramifications of which are so numerous that many days are required to traverse them. A diligent search was immediately instituted; numerous flambeaux blazed within the lonely passages; and, after some hours had been fruitlessly spent, as the miners were returning, one of them struck his foot against something which lay in his path — it was the iron candlestick which had been left with Hormayr. It lay just where two passages branch off at an acute angle; one, at a few yards' distance, terminating in a short flight of steps and one of those salt lakes with which the mines abound. The mystery was solved. Hormayr had wandered far into the mine, and had begun to retrace his steps; his candle had fallen or gone out; he had chosen the wrong passage, and had disappeared for ever. The same morning, before day-break, Zoppel and the wife of Speckbacher returned to Hall.

There was, as may well be believed, much room for wonder that morning in the town of Hall. The day wore on, and Hormayr did not return. It was soon whispered about that Schmeider was no longer a prisoner; and, in short, all was mystery. It was in vain that the strictest enquiries were set on foot; nothing could be discovered. The only two witnesses had been discreet; and although the suspicions of the garrison naturally fell on their comrades, they suc-

ceeded in eluding the strict search that was made for them. It was afterwards found that they had reached the frontier, and had entered the Austrian service.

Soon after these events, the wife of Speckbacher and the faithful Zoppel set out for Austria; and at Vienna, where Speckbacher had been for some time, Maria was restored to her husband; and Joseph Schmeider found more reason than ever to bless his daughter and the patriot who was worthy of her.

REMEMBER ME NOT.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

FARE thee well, oh, my friend! in the hours of thy glee,
When pleasure is reigning, then think not of me;
But if ever thy spirits are humbled in grief,
And the sigh yields no balm, and the tear no relief;
Oh! think of me then in that desolate lot—
But in blissfuller moments—remember me not!

In the fulness of health, not a thought on me cast,
I would not, as a cloud, o'er thy gladness be pass'd;
Mid the bliss of thy love be I far from thy mind:
As on *her* faithful bosom thy head is reclin'd,
While the sweetness of life, unalloy'd, is thy lot,
And thou dwell'st in its sunshine—remember me not!

I would come to thy memory, when health fades away,
Like the darkness of night, on a chill, murky day;

When the thought, although gloomy and bleak it
would be,
Might yield an abatement of anguish to thee:
But, oh! when prosperity beams on thy lot,
And thy heart is all happy — remember me not!

When the damp hand of death all thou lovest shall
have chill'd,
And thy breast with unutter'd affliction is fill'd;
When but light to *that* sorrow is all other grief,
Then the sad thought of me may bring even relief;
But while yet in her beauty she blesses thy lot,
And crowns it with fondness — remember me not!

It is not in the ramble, the feast, or the dance,
Where the young heart's felicity speaks in each glance;
It is not 'mid the soothing or rapturous strain
Of music I 'd flit through thy memory again;
Ah no! while such light-hearted pastime's thy lot,
Let no pain mingle with it — remember *me* not!

Should adversity touch thee, think, think, of me then,
For I 'd soften thy grief, were I near thee again:
Should thy summer-time friends fall, like flower-leaves,
away,
On the coming, all black, of thy evil-fraught day;
Then believe *me* still stedfast, though blighted thy lot:
But while Fortune is smiling — remember me not!

W. Westall ARA pinx.t Pub.d by Jeremiah & Co.d Peckham R. Cooper sculp.t

THE HONG MERCHANT'S GARDEN.

Scarcely any country is more favourably situated for the display of those beauties which Nature assisted by Art is capable of presenting than China. Placed in the temperate zone, its southern provinces at least might combine the magnificent vegetable productions of tropical regions with all the useful and ornamental trees and shrubs of more northern countries. From one of those unaccountable perversions of taste, however, which we sometimes see pervading whole nations, the sole object of the Chinese in their gardens seems to be to prune away the luxuriance of Nature, and, instead of aiding her efforts for achieving grand and beautiful effects, to produce a puny, stunted, sickly, imitation of them on the smallest possible scale. Hence the Chinese gardens in general are trimmed in an artificial manner, diversified with grotesque rocks, and planted with dwarf-trees, in the management of which they are very expert. It is not uncommon to see orange and other fruit-trees, in full bearing, not more than two or three feet high; and many of the wealthy cover their terraces with groves of oaks, pines, and firs, of no larger dimensions.

The view which accompanies this article was taken in a garden belonging to one of the Hong merchants, near the Che-piang, or Canton-river, the scenery of

which presented a more picturesque and luxuriant appearance than that of most Chinese gardens. The feathery-looking tree in the centre is the bamboo, and the palm on the right is of the species which yields the betel-nut, but which in China is only cultivated for ornament, as it requires a much hotter climate to produce the fruit in perfection.

Among the flowering plants cultivated by the Chinese, the peony, which they call *mou-tan*, is an especial favourite. It is also denominated *fu-wang*, or king of flowers, and *pe-leang-king*, hundred ounces of gold, on account of its beauty and the enormous price given for it by the curious. The species of this plant known in China amount to two hundred and forty; some flowering in spring, and others in summer and autumn: there are whole beds full of them, and they are trained in all sorts of forms.

It was from China that we received the beautiful *hortensia*, some plants of which were brought to England by Lord Macartney; and from this country it has spread over all Europe. The delicate rose colour of this flower, its duration throughout the whole summer, and the beauty of its magnificent blossom, render it a valuable ornament of our gardens, though unluckily it has no smell. This, indeed, is the case with most of the flowers of China: the lilac, for instance, though like ours in other respects, is destitute of scent.

But the plant which appears to be cultivated and prized above all others by the Chinese is the *nelum-*

bium speciosum, called by them *lien-wha*. This splendid flower, celebrated for its beauty by their poets, and classed for its virtues among the plants, of which, according to their theology, the liquor of immortality is composed, was found by our last embassy flourishing in the greatest vigour in the gardens of Tung-Chow. It was raised in capacious vases of water, containing gold and silver fish, supported on stands a few feet above the ground. These were surrounded by steps of different heights, on which were placed other plants, mingled with artificial rocks, representing a hilly country, and covered with diminutive houses, pagodas, and gardens. In this situation the *nelumbium* was an object of extraordinary beauty. Its tulip-shaped blossoms of many petals, tinted with the most delicate pink, hung over its fan-like leaves, and floated on the surface of the water, or, rising on long foot-stalks of unequal height, bent them into elegant curves, and shaded with graceful festoons the plants beneath.

With this plant, the Chinese decorate lakes and other ornamental waters, and impart a charm and productiveness to marshes otherwise unsightly and barren. Its seeds, of the size and shape of a small acorn, and its roots, are eaten prepared in different ways; the leaf is said to be of a tonic nature, and the seed-vessel to possess valuable medicinal properties.

LIFE'S PAGEANTS.

Come forth, thou pilgrim of the world!
  Approach the mountain's brow:
Behold Life's pageant scroll unfurled,
  And tremble at the show!
Around each vision'd form shall glide
The phantom doom'd to mar its pride,
  And paralyze its glow:
Yea — not a voice in all its train
Whose echo shall not answer — Pain!

Be still, and gaze. Who may it be
  That rises on our view,
Upon whose golden panoply
  Shine gems of every hue?
He passeth through the palace hall,
Amid the shade of broider'd pall,
  And welcomes ever new —
A gorgeous, haughty, plumed thing.
His name is Wealth — the mean man's king.

He passeth on: he knoweth not
  The secret of his doom.
But, mark the cloud — the splendid spot
  Is curtained in its gloom;

A spectre from the darkness creeps,
And sullen vigil wanly keeps
  Above an empty tomb:
Despair is in its stifled cry —
The wretch's name is POVERTY.

Look forth again. The air is rife
  With trumpet swell and cheer;
And all the banner'd pomp of life
  Bursts on the eye and ear.
A form of godlike majesty
In awful march is sweeping by
  With sceptre and with spear,
And Fame descending from her star
Moves onward to salute his car.

Is there not beauty in the glance
  That parleys with the sky,
And power in that aspiring trance
  Which bids him reign or die?
Yea — Destiny to him lies bare;
He feels he is predoomed to share
  All that is grand and high:
AMBITION! prince of lordly mien,
Pass — or we dare not change the scene.

The scene is changed. The din, the wail,
  The hissing cry of Scorn,
Come on the once triumphant gale;
  And standards soiled and torn

A blood-stained pathway form and trace
For one of demon air and race,
A thing of Envy born:
And those who know his fated eye
Say that his name is CONTUMELY.

Again behold. The buoyant air,
On which gay echoes float;
The blush of all things fresh and fair;
The lute's rejoicing note;
The laughing voice of bounding Mirth,
As fast her footsteps press the earth;
Hopes present and remote;
These, and their thousand sounds of glee,
Enchanting PLEASURE, herald thee!

The wreath has fallen from her brow;
The hand forgets to bless:
Behold her, wan and wearied now,
Fly through Life's wilderness.
For in the banquet scene there fell
A shadow round her and a spell —
The torture who may guess?
Till o'er her dull, bewildered brain
There pass'd the venomed step of PAIN.

Creation, formless, vast, and drear,
Lo! she advances on,
To poison the untasted cheer,
And mock the music's tone.

Her finger stops Life's sparkling stream;
Her presence breaks into the dream,
  Where Thought would sigh alone:
And drops of agony she flings
Even in the hour she folds her wings.

Approach again. The bowers are mute,
  Holding delicious breath;
And radiant sunbeams press their suit
  On each entranced wreath.
The fond and conscious shadows fleet
Around a presence pure and sweet,
  And blossoms underneath
Send up their hues and scented bloom,
Like hearts betrayed and overcome.

That seraph presence! What her name?
  Her name — it may not be
That with her all-engrossing claim
  She ne'er was known to thee.
Behold her brow when Hope looks down,
Half playing with his rainbow crown,
  Half longing to be free:
The charmed lip that may not move,
The eye that speaks — is this not Love?

Love! O that man could lay the chain
  Upon thee as thou art;
That not a grace might breathe in vain,
  And not a joy depart!

O stand in all thy loveliness,
Still — as thy first, fond, deep, caress,
  An echo of the heart;
That, dreaming on as they adore,
Thy worshippers may wake no more.

Alas the hour! The dream is gone:
  The tempest's startling cry
Came o'er the earthly idol's throne;
  Its pomps in ruins lie;
The broken altar's steps are spread
With shrouds like those that wrap the dead;
  And, stung by misery,
Along the haunted vistas range
The shivering, blighting steps of CHANGE.

Turn, pilgrim, turn. The scene is past;
  The lesson hath been given:
Then lift thy wearied eye at last
  From that strange earth to heaven.
What though thy vain and wayward will
Would tempt the thronged arena still,
  Return, repentant, shriven!
And Peace in worlds thou canst not see
Shall drop her holy veil on thee.

LEONTINE.

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

A SALE in a retired country village is an event of no light importance. The idle and unoccupied of the surrounding district seize with avidity so propitious an occasion to escape from the tedious uniformity of their existence, and, from motives varying in degree, but centering alike in a love of change, flock eagerly to a spot offering such multifarious attraction. Some have, or think they have, a taste for paintings; others are amateurs in old china or *bijouterie;* a fine library has charms for a few; and for the many the mere wish of viewing a house and furniture, hitherto perhaps unapproachable, or, yet more, the desire to pry into family concerns and draw forth the secret causes of the impending event, may amply account for the desertion of their homes for one day, even were the opportunity of making that a holiday entirely out of the question.

That the advertisement of a sale in the village of Mardale, a lovely spot in the south of Devon, excited even more than the usual interest was not surprising, as it related to the property of an ancient but decayed family, whose last surviving member, after struggling for some years to maintain his hold on the mansion of his fathers, found himself compelled in the decline of life to bend to his adverse fate, and behold the alienation of all that yet remained to him to love or value.

The news spread far and wide; and, in full expectation that the assemblage would be more than ordinarily great, the landlady of the only inn that our village afforded thought fit to lay in an ample store of provision, under an impression that the fatigue and exhaustion of the visiters would not fail to fill her house and purse; thus exemplifying the old adage that it is "an ill wind which blows nobody good." That the Golden Lion (now changed by age and weather to the hue of copper) needed such a windfall, few would have been disposed to deny who looked on that venerable sign; but on this occasion our hostess "reckoned," as the phrase goes, "without her host." The wind of this all-important day, so far from blowing in her favour, blew, as the sailors say, "right in her teeth;" for, though the visitants outnumbered even her most sanguine calculation, it seemed as though one absorbing spirit of economy pervaded the whole. Never surely was such a transit of eatables as on this memorable occasion — eatables which the fervour of a July sun tended but little to improve! Gravy-oozing pasties, tarts bathed in their own syrup, sandwiches dissolving in fat and butter, and cakes flattened out of all form or shape by close and careful packing — such were the dainties for the discussion of which the proprietors sought the accommodation of the Golden Lion, deeming the consumption of a pint of ale or a gill of wine ample recompense for the occupancy of its large, cool parlour.

Mrs. Barbara Thoms, however, for such was the name of the hostess, thought very differently, and could, indeed, scarcely dispense her fluids with any degree of temper, in her melancholy forebodings as to the probable fate of her viands. In vain did she intimate the plentiful state of her larder; the intimation fell on deaf ears. In vain did she, as her only remaining chance of reimbursement, remind her guests — customers they could scarcely be called — that the day was hot, and counsel them to a more liberal use of her liquids, which, she took care to add, were not to be matched at any village in their way home: the demon of parsimony had taken possession of the whole party, and the hour of closing the view and dismissing the viewers to their respective abodes beheld her with her larder still full, and her cellar little diminished by the custom of a day to which she had looked forward for praise and profit. Under such circumstances the sweetest temper must have become sour; how much more then that of Mrs. Barbara Thoms, which, originally none of the best, was quite inadequate to contemplate her present loss and future lack of trade in the removal of that family, with whose fortunes her own had hitherto been closely linked, and in whose ruin she seemed to behold her own prospective downfal!

At this critical time, when she was busily employed in restoring order to her parlour, and maundering over the great trouble and no profit of the day to an awkward serving-maid, on whose misdeeds she vented from

time to time the accumulated acrimony of her own disappointment, a traveller of middle age stalked suddenly into the apartment, and abruptly craved her leave to put a few questions respecting the sale.

"I have no time to answer questions," responded the angry hostess, looking scornfully round on the dust-soiled boots of the intruder, "and I know nothing at all about the sale—every one to their own concerns say I, and I am sure mine just now are enough to put a lone woman past her wits!"

"I should be sorry to cause you any inconvenience," continued the traveller. "But I am a stranger——" ["Ay, like enough," muttered Mrs. Thoms]. "and know not where else to seek for the information which it is doubtless in your power to give."

"May be so, may be not," returned the landlady, looking round, however, once more as she spoke. Apparently this second view was anything but satisfactory, as she turned her back on the speaker with more than needful abruptness, and fell to rating her luckless attendant in a sharper key than before.

"Look before you leap. Are you mad, I say? and the chair-leg within a hair of smashing the best looking-glass, which, saving the crack along the middle, is as good as new! I trow if you had cracked it I had gone nigh to crack your foolish pate."

"I would not willingly disturb you," resumed the traveller, "but I have journeyed far, and am wearied both in body and mind."

"You should have taken the coach," retorted his unsympathizing auditress, "like other decent folk — and few of them have been seen in Mardale this day! It is not to be thought that, after keeping an open house till this hour for trampers and all sorts, I should live to see such a house tramped over by such a pitiful crew, who had not grace to order bite and hardly sup at an honest woman's public that had toiled for their service — it is not to be thought, I say, that they will open the old hall again and to such as you, friend! Every dog to his own manger is an old saying and a true; not but what if you are wanting to refresh yourself after a long trot this broiling day, and it is like you will be thinking more of that than of the goods up yonder, which are none of your market I guess, you might have lighted on a worse house, and God forbid that I should deny needful provision to any traveller, horse or foot, that can pay his reckoning!"

"I am careless as to food," said the traveller.

"I thought as much," returned the hostess, in a tone of ineffable scorn, "and so, for a half-pint of ale or some such small matter, you would, I dare say, take up my parlour and my time! No, no, master! — I have not kept an inn these thirty years to throw my pearls to swine in that fashion. There is a pot-house over the way and a sanded parlour — an Axminster carpet is for better guests, I trow."

"I begin now to understand," rejoined the stranger, "what indeed I might have recollected sooner, that, to

insure civility at an inn, it is requisite to order a dinner."

A dinner!—the sound was electrical!

"Why, Nelly, look to the fire—a dinner!" as if recollecting herself, "truly friend, it is soon ordered and soon eaten—but when pay-time comes?"

"I shall I trust be able to discharge the reckoning," replied the stranger, holding up a well-filled purse.

Never was so rapid a change as in the demeanour of Mrs. Barbara Thoms. "That I should make such a blunder!—I who have kept house these thirty years, and ought to know a gentleman at first glance!—and now I look rightly at your honour, I see that you are a true gentleman, and a gentleman's dinner you shall have, or my name is not Barbara—why Nelly! Susan!"

"Stay a moment, my good lady," cried the traveller, laying his hand gently on her arm. "As to the dinner I am indifferent." The countenance of Mrs. Thoms fell—"order it as you please"—it brightened again—"I am more anxious to learn the cause of this sale, if indeed yon mansion is still tenanted by a family, with whom, if I err not, you were formerly somewhat closely connected"—Mrs. Thoms started. "Believe me," he continued, "I am not actuated by idle curiosity. I would gladly become the purchaser of the domain, if it must pass away from its ancient possessor."

"Alack, there is no remedy," returned the amazed hostess. "The poor old 'squire——"

"He still lives, then!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Ay sure," replied Mrs. Thoms; "though, considering all the trouble that he has made for himself and that others have made for him, his life is little worth. Alas! alas! that he should be the last of his family, and that, being the last, he should be forced in his old age to quit his own home and lay his head Heaven knows where, if indeed to-morrow does not kill him outright!"

"Is he—Mr. Tresilian I mean—still at the hall?"

"He went to the gardener's just while the house was open," replied Mrs. Thoms, "but I make no doubt he has crept back before now; for never was man so loth to leave his own home as my poor old master:—but if your honour has a thought to buy the estate, and it might be bought a good pennyworth, as I am told, you would doubtless like to see the house?"

"Indeed I should," returned the stranger, eagerly, "but that I fear to intrude on the privacy or misfortunes of its owner."

"Tut, tut, I can manage all that," cried the self-sufficient hostess. "It is but my word to old Mr. Merrick the steward, and we can look the house all over, bating the 'squire's little study, which is hardly worth your honour's notice."

"Do but this Barbara—Mrs. Thoms, I mean"—exclaimed the stranger, with extraordinary animation, "and I am bound to your service."

Bound to her service!—poor Mrs. Thoms was petrified, but it was with delight. The overstocked

larder faded into thin air; her imagination was playing at hide and seek with her wits: a new 'squire and a rich one!—why, such a golden chance must of necessity regild the Golden Lion! Prospective guineas danced before her eyes.

"And your honour really means to buy the whole estate? Thank Heaven then I shall not see the old house demolished, the noble trees felled, the beautiful park parcelled out into farms, and the rich furniture and pictures knocked down to Jack Nokes and Tom Styles!"

"And would such profanation have been intended?" cried the stranger.

"They would have done as I have said," replied Mrs. Thoms, not perhaps quite comprehending her companion; "ay, and will now if——"

"Never, never!" interrupted he, earnestly.

"Nay and I say Amen to that," replied the dame, "as I hope for better times!—but I see your honour is impatient, so I will e'en trust Nelly for once to get things in readiness, and wait on you myself to the old house."

The stranger nodded assent, and, Mrs. Thoms having made her arrangements with all speed, they set forth in good earnest to the now silent manor-house.

This mansion, which was of some antiquity, stood on the verge of a park of considerable extent, but chiefly remarkable for its magnificent timber, the stern proprietor having repeatedly declared that he would rather

resign the estate altogether than endure to see it shorn of its greatest boast and beauty. From the like feeling he had always resisted any proposal to ward off embarrassment by the sale of pictures or plate, preferring to continue in a ruinous course of borrowing, which had finally led to the impending result. Yet, with the tenacity of one who cleaves to the last moment to the abode of his ancestors, he had postponed his departure for a remote county to the morning of that day on which the sale was to take place, and, as the landlady truly anticipated, had returned from his temporary retreat to rest once more under his patrimonial roof. This, however, opposed no difficulty to the entrance of those who sought admittance; the private report of Mrs. Thoms as to the presumed wealth of the stranger, and his wish to purchase the whole domain, being too agreeable to the feelings of the proprietor — feelings galled to the quick by the thought that his most dearly prized relics might pass into ignoble or unworthy hands — to admit of hesitation or obstacle. A grey-headed steward, to whom the stranger apologized for wearing his hat, which he had in fact drawn far over his forehead, offered to be his guide, and the bustling Mrs. Thoms constituted herself a supernumerary attendant. Thus accompanied, the stranger passed silently through a suite of venerable rooms, in which the successive accumulations of several generations now stood lotted for dispersion. In vain, however, did Mrs. Thoms comment with her accustomed fluency on

the merits of articles which she imperfectly understood. In vain did the steward, in speech less fluent, but of greater feeling, give a slight sketch of each apartment and its contents, in order to win the attention of the stranger. Silently, and sullenly, as they thought, he passed on, and each began to fear that his avowed design was but the caprice of a moment, or perhaps a mere artifice to obtain admittance, which might else have been denied.

They had now reached the dressing-room of the late Mrs. Tresilian. The fondness of a lamenting husband had not permitted any disarrangement of the furniture or appendages, which remained unchanged therefore from the period of her death. Its effect on the stranger was sudden and striking—he sank into a chair, turned deadly pale, and, complaining of faintness, asked eagerly for water. Apparently, however, this was but a pretext to rid himself of his companions, as, on their quick return, they found him leaning with his head on a dressing-case of ebony belonging to the deceased lady, and an audible sob, or what at least seemed such, sounded strangely to their ears. On their entering he started up hastily, as if indignant at his emotion being observed, and fixed his gaze on a glass-case containing a stuffed dog of the Newfoundland species, most admirably representing the action of the living animal.

"It was a great favourite with my late mistress," said the old steward, taking the direction of the stranger's eye, "and the rather I believe because poor

Victory once saved her only son, my dear young master, from a watery grave — I shall never forget the agony of that moment! — the parents hanging half frantic over their only child, whom I had taken up in my arms seemingly lifeless, while the poor dog stood anxiously by, watching the means I used to restore animation, as though to ask if his young favourite were indeed saved. Alas! he was saved only to be lost to us for ever. He died on his passage to India, and my master is the last of his race. Your honour perhaps knew the family, or you would not feel so much?"

"I was once rescued from death in a similar manner," cried the stranger tremulously. "But enough of this — I detain you. This way I think leads to the picture-gallery?"

"You are right, sir," replied the steward in some surprise; and indeed both guides began to look with wonder on one whom they could so little understand.

The gallery into which they now passed was of oblong form and considerable extent, having on one side six large windows, which, opening on the gardens and fronting the south-west, admitted the full but mellowed radiance of the fast receding sunbeams. At no time perhaps could the paintings have been viewed to greater advantage; yet the stranger looked but coldly on those which would have engaged the attention of a connoisseur, chiefly regarding the family pictures, among which a portrait of the late Mrs. Tresilian was perhaps the most attractive, both on account of

the beauty of the countenance, and the merit of the painting.

"Ay, she was an excellent lady!" cried Mrs. Thoms; "had the 'squire been but guided by her, Mr. Merrick, things had never come to this pass!" The steward looked keenly on her, as if to rebuke such a remark in the presence of a stranger, but Mrs. Thoms was not to be so put down. "I speak no treason," rejoined the pertinacious dame: "but it is not to be thought that one who saw the last of my late lady, and sure a kinder soul never passed from this world to a better, can look on this hour and not feel that had others been like-minded — well, well! I say no more! It is a beautiful face, sir," continued she, addressing the stranger, "but her mind was beyond all earthly beauty."

He replied not, but placed his hand over his eyes, as if to obtain a better view of the painting, when a door at the farther end of the gallery was suddenly opened, and a venerable man, with thin white hair flowing over his forehead, stood before them.

"The master! the master, sir!" said Mrs. Thoms, hastily, in a low voice, while the stranger, moved perhaps by the respect due to an old man in misfortune, drew back, and, as if instinctively, took off the slouched hat which he had hitherto worn.

"Uncover not to me, sir," cried Mr. Tresilian: "my sway here verges to its close — verges, say I? — alas! what sway is mine, when I stand thus as a supplicant before a stranger!"

"Instruct me, sir," returned the traveller, speaking with difficulty, "instruct me how I may best aid your wishes, and you will find me eager to profit by the knowledge."

"I thank you, sir, for your courtesy," replied the old man, somewhat proudly—"it is long since the voice of kindness has fallen on my ear; it is even longer since I have deserved to listen to it! I understand that you have an intention to become the purchaser of this property?" The stranger bowed. "I believe," resumed Mr. Tresilian, "that any person really desirous to become the possessor will not object to the terms on which it is offered, and I must own, sir, that, as I can no longer hope to retain it in my own hands, my sole remaining wish was that it should pass into the hands of one who would not cast forth the ancient retainers of a misguided but truly repentant man. Even for myself, sir, proud as I have been deemed, and stern, ay, and unforgiving, as I continued till shame and sorrow bowed me to the dust, even for myself I would fain ask a boon—a boon of little value to a stranger, but inestimable to me. I would entreat, sir, to be allowed to re-purchase that picture, the picture of my late wife, of one of the best and brightest of created beings. Oh that I had walked by her counsels!—then had I been spared this bitter cup which it is now my lot to drain, even to the dregs. I understand you, sir—I understand the delicacy which assents rather by gesture than speech, and I thank you from my

soul; but I have yet another request to prefer, if you will favour me with your company for a few moments."

He waved off the attendants, who had stood doubtful whether to remain or retreat, and then led the way into a small adjoining room, fitted up as a study, and looking out on the road, which, at this point, passed within view and even hail of the mansion. "That, sir," resumed he, pointing to a picture which hung over the fire-place, "that is a portrait of my only son, painted at the age of eighteen, when, if ever father was proud of his offspring, that father was I! Oh what a face, what a form, was there! yet face or form was light and unworthy when compared with his noble mind! I loved him as a son, fondly, passionately loved him; but as my heir, as the destined instrument of perpetuating my name and race, I idolized him! Blind, self-willed fool that I was! I am the last of my family; my once proud hopes are humbled to the dust: — my love alone survives, and, by that lingering love which lives beyond the tomb, I entreat, I implore, you to permit that picture also to remain in my possession. You start, sir, you turn away! you think, perhaps, that, emboldened by the grant of one request, I know not where to bound my desires. Listen, and judge if I have not cause to cling to the bright image of him whom I hunted forth to an untimely grave! Sir, I have already avowed the proud hopes of which my son was the object. But who can controul the affections of the heart! Intent on my own ambitious schemes, in which he was no

sharer, and of which indeed he knew not, I yet exposed him to the greatest of temptations in the form of a beautiful and virtuous girl, the daughter of our village curate, a man whose worth atoned not in my eyes for obscurity of birth and lack of worldly wealth. I discovered their mutual love only to prohibit all future intercourse. The prohibition came too late; their vows were pledged; they fled and were united. It was then that, listening only to the promptings of disappointed ambition, I spurned them from me. Alas! I knew even then that my fortunes were declining, and had presumptuously hoped that by my son's alliance with a neighbouring heiress I might be enabled to build up anew my decaying house. Mine was the sin of pride — my fall is its fitting atonement! But, not to tire your patience, let me briefly add that, unmoved by the supplications of her who is now a saint in heaven, I closed my heart to the oft-renewed prayers of my son to forgive this his first and only fault, and listened with horrid exultation to the tales of the misery and destitution of the ill-fated pair, which from time to time reached my knowledge. At length the merit of my unhappy son, or rather I believe the compassion of a gentleman in whose family his wife had been governess, obtained for him an appointment in India — for which country they immediately embarked with their only child, but the vessel that bore them was miserably lost. From that hour I have never known peace. The innocent partner of my griefs survived the fatal intel-

ligence but a few days, and for me the way of life has become gradually darker, till I am at last what you see me — a heart-broken, ruined man! — Oh that the grave could give up its dead!"

"And did you then really forgive your son?" cried the stranger, in a faltering voice.

"Did I!" exclaimed the old man. "Alas! the hour that told me I was childless called forth too late that suppressed but still existing tide, which pride had quelled, and sorrow vainly bade to flow afresh!"

The stranger turned aside towards the window, and, to the astonishment of Mr. Tresilian, made a hasty and pleased signal to some persons in a travelling carriage, which immediately stopped. "I perceived," said he, replying to the amazed look of the old man, for speech seemed denied him, "I perceived the approach of my family, and motioned them to come hither, for which I hope I have your forgiveness?"

"Use your pleasure, sir," replied Mr. Tresilian, rather stiffly; "you are, or soon will be, master here. Excuse me if I claim only the privacy of my own apartment, for this night at least."

"I would not willingly intrude on it," replied the stranger, quitting the room only to return on the instant, "yet am I most anxious to present to you those to whom your son was not wholly unknown."

"How, sir?"

"You have been deceived — misinformed. Pardon me if I trespass," he continued, leading forward a lady

and a youth about sixteen, by whom she was supported, and, as it seemed, not needlessly from her great emotion.

But the gaze of the old man was rivetted on the countenance of the youth. "I am old and foolish," he exclaimed, "but I could think—oh God! I could think that I looked upon my Hugh! Trifle not with me, sir—Heaven! can I believe my senses!—and you kneel, too!—and this lady, whom I could almost think to be she who was once Emma Leeson!"

"Bless us! bless us, O my father!" cried Hugh Tresilian, for the stranger was indeed the long-lamented son. "We sailed not in the fated ship—we bring you wealth, and oh! much dearer, love, reverence, and duty. Bless your Hugh, your Emma, and this younger Hugh, who, profiting by the errors of his father, shall dry up the tears of that loving grandfather, who looks not I humbly hope on the last of the family.

TO A YOUNG LADY PLAYING AT CHESS.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

TAKE heed, my fair-one, how you play;
With Black and Red in trim array,
To push, or to resist—
Ah! one false step (be not deceived)
By you can never be retrieved,
Or your antagonist.

Pawns — ('t is plain truth the Muse alleges),
Pawns, in one sense, are doubtless pledges:
And lo! if set in motion,
Straight onwards they pursue their track
Through thick and thin, nor e'er come back —
Then manage them with caution.

The powerful Queen upon the wing,
With checks as she assails the King,
Bids resolution flag;
And Bishops cringe, and bow, and bless;
And Knights for ladies in distress
Ride up and down, zigzag.

In days of old, the Knight, 't is said,
Was fond to woo the simple maid
'Midst bowering shades and brooks;
Picturing his Castle built in air,
To cheat her with the gaudy glare —
Your Castles are but Rooks.

And now, in stale-mate or in scholars,
Whether you play for love or dollars,
The game may terminate:
And, though your labour thus you lose,
You get your head from out the noose:
But marriage is — *check-mate!*

W. Redall Pinxt.

Publd by Ackermann & Co 101 Strand.

Jas Mitchell Sculpt.

SCOTTISH HAYMAKERS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THERE is no employment in Scotland so sweet as working in a hay-field on a fine summer day. Indeed it is only on a fine summer day that the youths and maidens of this northern clime can work at the hay. But then the scent of the new hay, which of all others in the world is the most delicious and healthful, the handsome dress of the girls, which is uniformly the same, consisting of a snow-white bedgown and white or red striped petticoat, the dress that Wilkie is so fond of, and certainly the most lovely and becoming dress that ever was or ever will be worn by woman; and then the rosy flush of healthful exercise on the cheeks of the maidens, with their merry jibes and smiles of innocent delight! Well do I know, from long and well tried experience, that it is impossible for any man with the true feelings of a man to work with them or even to stand and look on — both of which I have done a thousand times, first as a servant, and afterwards as a master — I say it is impossible to be among them and not to be in love with some one or other of them.

But this simple prologue was merely meant to introduce a singular adventure I met with a good many years ago. Mr. Terry, the player, his father and brother-in-law, the two celebrated Naesmiths, and some others, among whom was Monsieur Alexandre, the most won-

derful ventriloquist that I believe ever was born, and I think Grieve and Scott, but at this distance of time I am uncertain, were of the party. However, we met by appointment; and, as the weather was remarkably fine, agreed to take a walk into the country and dine at "The Hunter's Tryste," a little, neat, cleanly, well-kept inn, about two miles to the southward of Edinburgh. We left the city by the hills of Braid, and there went into a hay-field. The scene certainly was quite delightful, what with the scent of the hay, the beauty of the day, and the rural group of haymakers. Some were working hard, some wooing, and some towzling as we call it, when Alexander Naesmith, who was always on the look-out for any striking scene of nature, called to his son — "Come here, Peter, and look at this scene. Did you ever see aught equal to this? Look at those happy haymakers on the foreground; that fine old ash tree and the castle between us and the clear blue sky. I declare I have hardly ever seen such a landscape! And if you had not been a perfect stump as you are, you would have noticed it before me. If you had I would have set ten times more value on it."

"Oh! I saw it well enough," said Peter, "and have been taking a peep at it this while past, but I hae some other thing to think of and look at just now. Do you see that girl standing there with the hay-rake in her hand?"

"Ay now, Peter, that's some sense," said the veteran artist. "I excuse you for not looking at the scene I was

sketching. Do you know, man, that is the only sensible speech I ever heard you make in my life."

There were three men and a very handsome girl loading an immense cart of hay. We walked on, and at length this moving hay-stack overtook us. I remember it well, with a black horse in the shafts and a fine light grey one in the traces. We made very slow progress; for Naesmith would never cease either sketching or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature, and I remember he made a remark to me that day which I think neither he nor his most ingenious son, now no more, ever attended much to; for they have often drawn most extensive vistas the truest to nature of any thing I ever saw in my uncultivated judgment, which can only discern what is accordant with nature by looking on nature itself: but, if a hundred years hence the pictures of the Naesmiths are not held invaluable, I am no judge of true natural scenery. But I have forgot myself. The remark that he made to me was this: "It is amazing how little makes a good picture; and frequently the less that is taken in the better." Some of the ladies of the family seem to have improved greatly on this hint.

But to return to my story. We made such slow progress on account of Naesmith, that up came the great cart-load of hay on one side of us, with a great burly Lothian peasant sitting upon the hay, lashing on his team, and whistling his tune. We walked on, side by side, for a while, I think about half a mile,

when, all at once, a child began to cry in the middle of the cart-load of hay. I declare I was cheated myself; for, though I was walking alongside of Alexandre, I thought there was a child among the hay; for it cried with a kind of half smothered breath, that I am sure there never was such a deception practised in this world. Peter Naesmith was leaning on the cart-shaft at the time, and conversing with the driver about the beautiful girl he had seen in the hay-field. But Peter was rather deaf, and, not hearing the screaming of the child, looked up in astonishment, when the driver of the cart began to stare around him like a man bereaved of his senses.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Terry. "You are smothering a child among your hay."

The poor fellow, rough and burly as was his outer man, was so much appalled at the idea of taking infant life, that he exclaimed in a half-articulate voice: "I wonder how they could fork a bairn up to me frae the meadow, an' me never ken!" And without taking time to descend to loose his cart-ropes, he cut them through the middle, and turned off his hay, roll after roll, with the utmost expedition; and still the child kept crying almost under his hands and feet. He was even obliged to set his feet on each side of the cart for fear of trampling the poor infant to death. At length, when he had turned the greater part of the hay off upon the road, the child fell a-crying most bitterly amongst the hay, on which the poor fellow, (his name

was Sandy Burnet), jumped off the cart in the greatest trepidation. "Od! I hae thrawn the poor thing ower!" exclaimed he. "I's warrant it 's killed"—and he began to shake out the hay with the greatest caution. I and one of my companions went forward to assist him. "Stand back! stand back!" cried he. "Ye 'll maybe tramp its life out. I 'll look for 't mysel'." But, after he had shaken out the whole of the hay, no child was to be found. I never saw looks of such amazement as Sandy Burnet's then were. He seemed to have lost all comprehension of every thing in this world. I was obliged myself to go on to the brow of the hill and call on some of the haymakers to come and load the cart again.

Mr. Scott and I stripped off our coats, and assisted; and, as we were busy loading the cart, I said to Sandy, seeing him always turning the hay over and over for fear of running the fork through a child, "What can hae become o' the creature, Sandy?—for you must be sensible that there was a bairn among this hay."

"The Lord kens, sir," said Sandy.

"Think ye the lasses are a' safe enough an' to be trusted?" said I.

"For ony thing that I ken, sir."

"Then where could the bairn come frae?"

"The Lord kens, sir. That there was a bairn, or the semblance o' ane, naebody can doubt; but I 'm thinking it was a fairy, an' that I 'm hauntit."

"Did you ever murder any bairns, Sandy?"

"Oh no! I wadna murder a bairn for the hale world."

"But were ye ever the cause o' any lasses murdering their bairns?"

"Not that I ken o'."

"Then where could the bairn come frae?—for you are sensible that there is or was a bairn amang your hay. It is rather a bad-looking job, Sandy, and I wish you were quit of it."

"I wish the same, sir. But there can be nae doubt that the creature among the hay was either a fairy or the ghaist of a bairn, for the hay was a' forkit off the swathe on the meadow. An' how could ony body fork up a bairn, an' neither him nor me ken?"

We got the cart loaded once more, knitted the ropes firmly, and set out; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards before the child fell a-crying again among the hay with more vehemence and with more choaking screams than ever. "Gudeness have a care o' us! Heard ever ony leevin the like o' that! I declare the creature's there again!" cried Sandy, and, flinging himself from the cart with a summerset, he ran off, and never once looked over his shoulder as long as he was in our sight. We were very sorry to hear afterwards that he fled all the way to the highlands of Perthshire, where he still lives in a deranged state of mind.

We dined at "The Hunter's Tryste," and spent the afternoon in hilarity: but such a night of fun as Mon-

sieur Alexandre made us I never witnessed and never shall again. On the stage, where I had often seen him, his powers were extraordinary, and altogether unequalled; that was allowed by every one: but the effect there was not to be compared with that which he produced in a private party. The family at the inn consisted of the landlord, his wife, and her daughter, who was the landlord's step-daughter, a very pretty girl, and dressed like a lady; but, I am sure that family never spent an afternoon of such astonishment and terror from the day they were united until death parted them—though they may be all living yet, for any thing that I know, for I have never been there since. But Alexandre made people of all ages and sexes speak from every part of the house, from under the beds, from the basin-stands, and from the garret, where a dreadful quarrel took place. And then he placed a bottle on the top of the clock, and made a child scream out of it, and declare that the mistress had corked it in there to murder it. The young lady ran, opened the bottle, and looked into it, and then, losing all power with amazement, she let it fall from her hand and smashed it to pieces. He made a bee buz round my head and face until I struck at it several times and had nearly felled myself. Then there was a drunken man came to the door, and insisted in a rough obstreperous manner on being let in to shoot Mr. Hogg; on which the landlord ran to the door and bolted it, and ordered the man to go about his business for there was no room in the house, and there he should

not enter on any account. We all heard the voice of the man going round and round the house, grumbling, swearing, and threatening, and all the while Alexandre was just standing with his back to us at the room-door, always holding his hand to his mouth, but nothing else. The people ran to the windows to see the drunken man going by, and Miss Jane even ventured to the corner of the house to look after him; but neither drunken man nor any other man was to be seen. At length, on calling her in to serve us with some wine and toddy, we heard the drunken man's voice coming in at the top of the chimney. Such a state of amazement as Jane was in I never beheld. "But ye neednae be feared, gentlemen," said she, "for I'll defy him to win down. The door's boltit an' lockit, an' the vent o' the lumb is na sae wide as that jug."

However, down he came, and down he came, until his voice actually seemed to be coming out of the grate. Jane ran for it, saying, "He is winning down, I believe, after a'. He is surely the deil!"

Alexandre went to the chimney, and, in his own natural voice ordered the fellow to go about his business, for into our party he should not be admitted, and if he forced himself in he would shoot him through the heart. The voice then went again grumbling and swearing up the chimney. We actually heard him hurling down over the slates, and afterwards his voice dying away in the distance as he vanished into Mr. Trotter's plantations. We drank freely, and paid

liberally, that afternoon; but I am sure the family never were so glad to get quit of a party in all their lives.

To prove the authenticity of this story, I may just mention that Peter Naesmith and Alexander ran a race in going home for half a dozen of wine, and, it being down hill, Peter fell and hurt his breast very badly. I have been told that that fall ultimately occasioned his death. I hope it was not so; for, though a perfect simpleton, he was a great man in his art.

AUTUMNAL THOUGHTS.

Oh, not for me the clustering vine,
The summer's glowing breeze:
All, all that marks the year's decline
With me has power to please.

I love the day, cool, calm, and brief;
The twilight-tinctured sky,
The fading flower, the falling leaf;
All beauty to mine eye.

To me the still, soft, dewy shower,
The whispering airs, are sweet,
True heralds of the social hour,
When fireside circles meet.

Emblem of life! the summer's morn
The summer storm precedes;
The rose in summer beauty born
Is twined with summer's weeds.

What is the world? Love, folly, strife;
A vale of tears and sin:
Yet peace illumes the path of life
If all is pure within.

Clouds are in mercy o'er us hung,
Pain mingles with our mirth;
The heart had else too fondly clung
To earth and things of earth.

The Christian treads his bright career
Through Nature's thorny field:
Strong in the faith, he knows no fear;
Heaven is his helm and shield.

Though age, like winter, comes at last,
'T is solemn and serene;
He seeks not to recall the past,
Nor be what he has been.

He triumphs that his task is done,
His hour of freedom nigh;
He sinks in glory, like the sun:
And dies, no more to die!

THE WALTZ.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR.

"I AM not naturally superstitious," observed Captain Everard; "or rather, up to the age of twenty-two I was not so: but sometimes circumstances will occur, so utterly unaccountable in the common course of Nature, and so terribly confounding, that reason is set at defiance, and a man becomes a convert to all wild and supernatural creeds, as much as if he had imbibed them with the sustenance of his infancy. Grafton has rallied me to-night on my resolute refusal to waltz; I have not done so for some years, and never will again. He is aware of the singular circumstances which have caused this determination on my part; and, if I thought the statement of them would afford any amusement to the present company, we could detain the carriages for half an hour longer."

To this proposition the few remaining guests of Mr. and Mrs. St. John eagerly acceded; and the young hussar commenced his narrative.

"When the —— foot regiment, of which I was once a member, before my exchange into a cavalry corps, was some years since quartered in Edinburgh, the waltz, if not newly imported from the continent, began to assert the high rank which it now holds in our

dancing assemblies, public and private. My mother had a decided aversion to this elegant foreign novelty; and, determining that my sisters should not, by exhibiting themselves in it, violate, as she thought, the decorum of their sex, she also expressed her hope, before I quitted home 'to join,' that I should not be one of those young men who tempted women thus to 'o'erstep the modesty of their nature.' I waltz! I could not at that time join in a quadrille; and never did so complete a cub turn from his home into the army as myself.

"Arrived at Edinburgh Castle, I was received by my brother officers with all a Johnny Newcome's customary honours; but soon understood that, if I desired to be considered a gentleman as well as a soldier, dancing was an indispensable accomplishment. So I put myself under the tuition of Madame D'Egville, and learned to waltz. It was highly necessary. For, although report stated that the Scotch ladies, thinking, like my excellent mother, the waltz an indecorum, never attempted it, yet a dashing regiment of dragoons, quartered at Piershill barracks, and prodigious favourites in society, had found means to banish their scruples; and the foreign innovation had flung, as I quickly perceived, the native Fling quite into the background.

"I learned, I say, to waltz; and the graceful dance after a while completely fascinated my senses. I became vain of exhibiting in brilliant regimentals a form

drilled and dressed into extreme elegance, as well as the easy alertness which incessant practice had given me in performing the evolutions of this captivating dance; and was subsequently, as a very excellent waltzer, reckoned a great acquisition to the Edinburgh balls. Of course, my acquaintance became extensive; and I had numerous invitations to parties, of which, whatever was their nature, dancing was a predominant feature.

"Amongst other families, I visited a Mr. and Mrs. Graham, who resided at a villa about twelve miles from Edinburgh; and, as this distance afforded me a pretence for not returning to quarters after a ball at their mansion, I generally slept there, and returned to Edinburgh next day.

"Graham-house was a large, ancient building, one of those edifices which, arising in Great Britain from the wreck of castles, partook largely of their style and appearance. It was situated on an ascent, amid a dark, gloomy wood of pines, larches, and service-trees, from amongst which its machicolations and battlements were here and there discernible: and its gray turrets seemed, in melancholy state, at once to support and to guard the antiquated pile. The remnants of moat and drawbridge were distinguishable; and the principal entrance to the house was by a porch, or arched gateway, the ceiling of which was perforated, in order to admit of the warriors who garrisoned the place in former days indulging, from the small chamber above

it, the assailants of the old hall with a shower of boiling hot oil, pitch, or lead. The grounds were in perfect keeping with the melancholy mansion itself; if gardens laid out in the old exploded French fashion may strictly be allowed to assimilate with an edifice evidently of the date of our Mary or Elizabeth.

"The interior of the house accorded perhaps better than these with its exterior; the taste of Mr. and Mrs. Graham being too correct to allow of any attempt at modernizing apartments, whose antiquity was attested by lowness, vastness, gloom, long, narrow windows, glazed with small lozenge panes, and whose union with each other was effected by innumerable intersecting corridors, which were also united at various angles and crossings by flights of three to seven steps. But the taste of my friends had not saved them from the pretty folly of erecting, at the several entrances of the park, lodges, which, as I am unfortunately ignorant of their proper architectural designation, I can only describe as fortified gateways, exhibiting an isolated tower, flanked, right or left, by two arched entrances, large and small, after, I believe, the antique; which architectural fantasy has always proved to me beyond doubt the wisdom of our ancestors, who must have a small arched doorway, as they could not possibly enter their domains by the larger one.

"Graham-house, notwithstanding its sombre, old-world air, was a very pleasant place; and methought the modern and the antique modes of life never so

agreeably blended with and relieved each other as when the real Scotch breakfast of fish, flesh, fowl, eggs, marmalade, and short bread, not forgetting the frugal mess of stirabout belonging to old Mr. Anderson, mine hostess's father, was spread in the ancient library, with its dark, walnut-wood panellings, its richly-carved oaken book-shelves, its other heir-loom furniture, its gray, faded pictures, and its long, narrow, quaker-like windows, divided into various parallelogram lights by stiff, perpendicular, and horizontal, mullions.

"I was once asked on a 31st of December, which will live for ever in my memory, to a ball at Graham-house; and, as it is the custom in Scotland to usher in the new year with some fun, there was no lack of it upon this occasion.

"'You,' said Mrs. Graham, after the departure of her guests, 'have been flirting to-night, Mr. Everard, with a very extraordinary but a very charming girl — Miss Gordon.'

"'Yes,' said I, with emphasis, 'she is indeed a very sweet, a very elegant, and a very beautiful, girl; but there is an embarrassment in her manner which I cannot comprehend, and which does not, indeed, quite please me. I know not how it is, but dark eyes do generally give a most mournful expression to the countenance — Miss Gordon's, at least, has a melancholy cast, and ——'

"'Poor thing!' sighed Mrs. Graham, 'and well may such be the case. You, Mr. Everard, who undoubtedly

partake of the scepticism of your countrymen regarding our Scotch superstitions, will, I fear, scarcely credit me when I assert that Janet Gordon is one of those singular beings who are cursed with the gift of second-sight.'

"'Indeed!' I exclaimed, looking incredulously and yet anxiously at Mrs. Graham for an explanation.

"'Ay, mon, *indeed!*' cried old Anderson; 'and an awsome thing is it, too, for the puir lassie, and nae to be dooted by misbelievin' suthrons. Bessie, love, go on.'

"'And,' resumed Mrs. Graham, 'a second-sight of a very extraordinary kind, too, is Janet Gordon's. You, Mr. Everard, are of course aware that seers generally behold very distinctly the persons and places of which they prophesy, and the agents which cause prosperity or destruction to the principal objects of their predictions. The faculty of Janet Gordon varies from all of the kind of which I have ever heard, and embitters her life in a manner which will, I fear, wear her in the end to the grave. One evening, as she was in earnest and animated discourse with a fair girl of about her own age, she suddenly burst into a fit of hysteric tears, the cause of which she would only avow privately to her mother. She had beheld, she said, drawn over the eyes of Miss Montgomery, that visionary but fatal black bandage, which no mortal eyes ever discovered but herself, and which her own silent but repeated observations had assured her was the certain precursor of death to the person around whose

brows it appeared. This extraordinary communication was carefully kept from the ears of Eleonora Montgomery; but a dreadful accident deprived her of life shortly afterwards. Several veracious instances of Miss Gordon's extraordinary faculty I could narrate; and never has it yet been falsified. But, since the circumstance has been gradually made known, the poor girl finds herself either shunned as an object of terror by her friends, and omitted in most of the invitations made to her family, or pursued by such a horror of entering society that her health, I fear, suffers considerably from depression of spirits on these accounts, either of which will sufficiently explain to you the cause of her timid demeanour and mournful cast of countenance.'

"Observing to Mrs. Graham that this was indeed the most singular and inexplicable instance of an existing supernatural faculty of which I had ever heard, and hoping that I might be present some day on which it was put to the proof, I wished the family good night, and retired to my chamber.

"A high degree of excitement, mental and corporeal, is not always to be allayed by the stillness of night, a recumbent posture, courting rest, or sleep itself; in the latter state especially, the mind and body act upon each other by laws with which, as yet, neither physical nor metaphysical researches have made us acquainted; and who, therefore, shall unravel the phenomena of dreams! Every one, but especially those to whom

the world is yet new, must have experienced that species of delirium which, after a brilliant and gay party, commonly precedes sleep; when lights, faces, figures, voices, and snatches of eloquent music, with the swift evolutions of the dance, whirl in confusion inextricable through the brain, and before the mental eye. By such phantasms was I assailed as soon as I had extinguished my light and thrown my weary self into bed, worn as I was with the fatigue of incessant dancing and chattering, and giddy with waltzing and wassail. Whenever I closed my heavy eyes, before them still appeared, only confusedly, like the prismatic colours broken and blended by some casual interception of the rays that form them, the very apartment, scene, and persons, which so lately I had quitted, and, more prominently than all, the sweet, melancholy countenance of Janet Gordon, with her large, dark, mournful eyes. Nor could I wholly close my ears to the murmured accents that fell from her lips, and which still seemed to make themselves heard above the florid tones, rich, bold, and strong in fancy, of the delicious quadrille band and the busy hum of the gay ball-room. Then came the remarkable history told by Mrs. Graham respecting my fair partner distinctly upon my tortured ears, word by word, and tone by tone, as I had actually heard it, like the measured dropping of water, until in terror and disgust I turned with a shudder from the extraordinary girl, whom so lately I had admired beyond expression. My brain throbbed,

my heart beat audibly; and, when my delirium amounted to little less than absolute frenzy, I sought refuge from the demoniacal persecution, by lying with my winking eyes as far open as their heaviness would permit.

"A cheerful fire partially illumed the old-fashioned apartment; but my morbid fancy conjured up a thousand spectres to people the gloomy recesses that were unenlightened by the genial blaze. The wind roared without, now rudely rushing through the fir-tree wood, and dashing a creaking branch or two of a neighbouring larch against the rattling window of my dormitory, and now sadly howling, as if for miles around and far a chorus of infernal voices troubled the night. The incubi of a morbid imagination sat heavily upon my soul; and as at length I dropped, through the force of mere exhaustion, into a troubled slumber, I could almost have sworn that my mother stood with mournful countenance beside my bed, crying, in a languid, lugubrious tone, 'Edward! Edward! why will you waltz?'

"Vain is the power of language to describe the torturing dreams which visited my enervated and fevered spirit that night: a scene of brilliant gaiety, similar to the one in which I had so lately been engaged, ravished my eyes and fascinated my senses. I was surrounded by the most exquisite youthful beauties, all save one unknown to me — but she wore the beautiful form and sweet mournful features of Janet Gordon. The memory of that unhappy girl's supernatural faculty then vividly occurred to me; and, though I secretly

loathed the fair creature, yet an irresistible power seemed to attract us to each other; whithersoever she went I was compelled to follow; and never a step could I stir that I did not find her at my heels. The musicians struck up a more than mortal melody. Ah! who that has ever heard can hope to express the celestial tones of dream-music! Suddenly, to that unknown and divine melody I found myself waltzing with a fair, delicate girl, in whom I took the most intense interest, whilst Janet, without a partner, was waltzing round, and casting upon us looks of extreme pity and commiseration. At length I saw that she too waltzed with a partner, and that partner was my mother! Round and round myself and fair friend with incredible velocity they flew; and even quicker and quicker, as the excitement of the musicians produced *prestissimo* strains from their delicious instruments, obliging the dancers to a corresponding vivacity of movement. Breathless and stupified as I had now become from the amazing rapidity of my course, it nevertheless occurred to me that, since the gyrations of Janet and my mother around my partner and myself must necessarily have been thrice as rapid as our own, they could not belong to this world. The thought thrilled me with undefinable and insupportable horror. What then were they? — and whence? — and why did they thus haunt my delicate partner and me? Scarcely had these appalling ideas struck me, when Janet shrieked; my mother sighed forth, in a tone which resembled the fitful wailing

of the blast behind the mountains, 'Edward! Edward! why will you waltz?'—and, my beautiful partner falling lifeless upon my breast, I uttered a wild cry of agony and horror upon perceiving that my arms enfolded a grisly skeleton. Lights and music vanished and ceased. I sunk in terror and dismay upon the ground; and, amidst sounds of low, infernal revelry, and a consciousness, an indistinct feeling, that beings of another sphere were crowding thick and fast around me, I awoke from this trance of deadly agony.

"The cold, gray light of a wintry morning was stealing in at the antique casement of my chamber; much snow had fallen in the night, and there was a severe frost. But heat-drops stood upon my brow, my tongue was parched, my throat was dry, and my flesh burned with fever; my head ached intensely; my eyes were very heavy; the memory of all that had passed within the last few hours came vividly upon my mind; and it seemed as if in my sleep I had received a supernatural communication of denunciation or warning, I did not exactly comprehend which.

"Making an effort to banish such superstitious ideas, I arose, dressed, and descended to the library. Notwithstanding my endeavour to assume a complacent aspect, my friends remarked that I looked ill and jaded; but, as the conversation of the family and of two or three of my brother officers—guests at Graham-house as well as myself—tended to cheer my spirits, I rallied, related the distempered visions with which

I had been haunted, and, having heard them philosophically attributed to my excitement, corporeal and mental, at the time of lying down to rest, joined heartily in the laugh against myself.

"With the Grahams I staid on this occasion for some days; but, as no further visions of ill omen assailed me, I began to regard, really and truly, in a ludicrous light, that to which I had attached so much importance. Miss Gordon I then saw no more, my friends having undoubtedly perceived the influence she had gained over my imagination, and as kindly as prudently forbidden a farther intercourse, which might have been productive of sentiments most mischievous to us both.

"Soon after this, my regiment was ordered from Edinburgh, and I accompanied it to some of the principal garrison-towns in the kingdom, occasionally obtaining leave of absence to visit my family. Going with them once to Cheltenham, I there beheld — and beheld only madly to love — Isabel St. Cyril. To say that this charming girl was beautiful is saying nothing; she was more than beautiful in my eyes, and possessed an extraordinary interest in my heart from an undefinable cause. There was a something in her which led my mind almost unconsciously to the past, although that something, which seemed to link her with my own life's bygone times and scenes, was a mystery unfathomable to me. I felt that there was a broken link in the chain of association, which memory vainly

endeavoured to supply; and perhaps I loved my delicate flower not the less because its existence seemed, in a manner, twined with all the past of mine; and at least I was determined that it should be with the future.

"Had not Miss St. Cyril come to Cheltenham in order to drink the waters, I should, judging from the brilliancy of her eye, the purity, nay, the transparency, of her complexion, and the rich, fluctuating rose-blush which like a lambent glory lighted up her very intellectual countenance, have pronounced her to be in perfect health. She had excellent spirits, which the strong mutual attachment subsisting after a while between her and myself tended not a little to increase; and, our friends on either side starting no impediment, 'the match' became well known to and much canvassed by the visiters of the place. Until, however, her health should be rather more firmly re-established, it was arranged that we should not marry.

"Time flowed on with us, the happiest lovers alive, in a fairy round, until one evening, at a crowded private ball, my eye caught the well-remembered form and features of that harbinger of ill, Janet Gordon, and an involuntary tremour seized me. It seemed that I must recognize this singular girl, and indeed, as her peculiar eyes, in their dark, sad brilliancy, remained fixed upon me, as soon as they had encountered mine, I was left without a pretence for not acknowledging her acquaintance. Stating, therefore, to Isabel and my mother that I was desirous of introducing to them a young

Scotch lady, to whom mysterious circumstances were said to attach, they suffered me to draw them through the crowd to Miss Gordon. Janet looked extremely thin and ill; a wreath of crimson roses twining round her black hair formed with that and her large, dark, restless, mournful, eyes a sad contrast to her death-like complexion. Expressing my surprise at meeting her in Cheltenham, she faintly murmured somewhat respecting her health; and, finding that she was disengaged, I stood up with her in a quadrille. My intention was to inquire after all my old Scotch friends, particularly the Grahams; but, standing as I did beside one who possessed the terrible power of foreseeing death, and who even now might behold the fatal bandeau drawn across the eyes of some of the unconscious many, nay, even of my own — this idea in a manner paralysed me; and my feelings arose to a pitch of inconceivable horror when I beheld Janet Gordon gazing, utterly abstracted from all else in the room, most intensely upon Isabel St. Cyril. The expression of her countenance at that moment I shall never forget; and her frame appeared to be absolutely convulsed from strong emotion, which she vainly endeavoured to repress. She turned her beautiful eyes upon me; they were filled with tears, and wore an expression which I ought then to have interpreted aright. I have done so since, and am grateful. Oh! why did I then wilfully misconstrue sincere commiseration into paltry jealousy? But I believed that, after my attentions to

Janet Gordon in Scotland, she was now jealous of my intended bride. I affected, therefore, not to perceive her emotion; and, coldly bowing at the conclusion of the quadrille, conducted her to the spot where were seated the aunt who chaperoned her, my mother, and my dear Isabel.

"'And now,' I exclaimed to the latter, 'now Miss St. Cyril, I am come to claim the performance of your promise; a waltz has been called for, and you waltz with me.'

"'I cannot,' replied Isabel; 'in fact, I dare not.'

"'O nonsense!' said I; 'you are strong now, and you must to-night.'

"'If I must,' answered the dear girl, rising, 'I have nothing more to say. But remember—I have been strictly prohibited from taking such violent exercise.'

"'Edward! Edward!' cried my mother, in a tone of tender reproach; and at the same instant a strong pressure on one of my arms seemed to second her entreaties and those of Isabel. Janet Gordon had not yet relinquished her hold; and now, more than ever disgusted with that gentle and unfortunate being, I released myself from what I considered her impertinent thraldom, and bowed her into a seat.

"'Go then,' softly whispered she, 'if you will. I shall no longer endeavour to detain you.'

"Let me hasten to the melancholy catastrophe of my tale. Isabel, after taking a few turns, became extremely pale, complained of faintness and an ex-

traordinary sensation in her head, and begged to retire from the circle. Dreadfully alarmed, I led her to a sofa, upon which she fell apparently lifeless; and, the attention of all present being attracted by her situation, the music ceased, and the dancers flocked around. By the advice of one of the principal physicians of the place, who happened to be present, she was conveyed to another apartment, where the air circulated coolly and freely, laid on a sofa, her dress loosened, and only a few of her nearest relations or dearest friends allowed to attend upon her. But what was the grief of my mother and sisters and her half distracted parents, and what was my own intense and hopeless agony, I will not attempt to portray. 'We must endeavour to bleed her,' said the physician. He sent for an eminent surgeon immediately; and, in the time which elapsed before that gentleman made his appearance, the anxious relations and friends of my poor Isabel — and who, who so distractedly anxious as myself! — assiduously applied all known restoratives, and endeavoured to revive suspended animation by incessant friction.

"'Edward! Edward! why will you waltz?' sighed my mother: and those remarkable words, like a blaze of light, seemed to penetrate the gloom in which my spirits had so long been involved. I knew, I felt, in one brief moment, all that had been respecting Isabel and myself, and all that was to be. Alas! alas! why had I despised my mother's admonitions? — why had

I neglected a mysterious forewarning? — and why had I scorned the gentle being who would yet have restrained my heedless impetuosity, and at least warded from me the heavy consciousness of blood-guiltiness? So thought I when I beheld my adored and adoring Isabel lying in the very trance of death, and so think I now.

"The surgeon was announced: I moved to make way for him; and some one who then stood behind me — one of whose presence I had not been conscious — one whose sad, sweet, murmuring voice I knew but too well — one on whose expressive countenance I durst not look — said softly: 'I saw it, Mr. Everard! I saw it! Why would you not attend to *me*, whom you know to be fatally gifted? Poor girl! her end was inevitable; yet it might have been retarded, and she might have been for a short time your wife. O why, why would you waltz?'

"These words stung me with fresh grief and remorse. But, at that moment, Isabel languidly opening her eyes and weakly breathing my name, I flew to her, pressed her half-unconscious form to my agitated bosom, poured a thousand kisses on her pale cheeks, and heard again the sighing words of her tuneless lips: 'Edward! dear Edward! why would you waltz?'

"Thrilled as my very heart was with terror and agony, I was about to reply, when a slight convulsion passed over her beautiful features, her eyes heavily closed, her lips parted involuntarily, her white arm

relaxed its hold of my shoulders and swung to her side like a pendulum of lead; and then, with a passionate outcry, I sunk upon the sofa beside the dead — my own, my beautiful, my bride — all bereaved for a while of life, and sense, and motion, like herself!

"I have never waltzed since."

JULIA.

JULIA, thou 'rt now a soft, sweet thing,
With coral lip and teeth of pearl;
A bud in life's delicious spring —
Yet list a graver tale, my girl.

Time takes his flight, do what we will —
Though half a dozen years to come
Will make your eyes but brighter still,
But tint your cheek with richer bloom;

Still Time wings on; one more half dozen
Will steal — no! — soften all your charms;
'T is vain with smiles old Time to cozen;
Even Beauty must lay down her arms.

But MIND, my lovely girl, lives on.
And there are thoughts in those dark eyes,
That, though thy lip's last rose were gone,
Would make thee Love's unrivalled prize.

J. Wood pinx.t Pub.d 1834 by Ackermann & Co. London T. S. Engleheart sculp.t

JULIA.

LANHERNE CONVENT.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE, AN ESSAY ON WOMAN, &c.

THOUGH public weal condemns conventual life,
That sinks the friend, the mother, and the wife,
And breaks Society's electric chain,
From heart to heart conducting joy and pain,
Yet blest the vestal's tranquil moments glide,
If hushed Regret, and absent Love and Pride;
If Resignation lend her seraph light,
And cheer her day, and tranquillize her night;
And pure Devotion waft her thoughts on high,
Opening from earth a vista to the sky.

Hail, calm Lanherne! where once smiled Beauty's throng,
And Knighthood stalked, and echoed harp and song,*
But now glooms many a lone and quiet cell,
Where, brides of heaven, devoted sisters dwell;
How oft when roaming Mawgan's woody vale,
What time the thrush began her love-lorn tale,
And sprang o'er rosy hills the jocund sun,
And cliff and dingle heard the sportsman's gun,

* The Convent of Lanherne is beautifully situated at the bottom of a romantic valley in the parish of Mawgan, Cornwall; the building was formerly occupied by a branch of the great Arundell family, but was fitted up for the reception of some Carmelite nuns, who fled from Antwerp during the French Revolution. The sisters at present are seventeen in number.

I 've climbed the steep and viewed thy shrine below,
Catching through elms the morning's ruddy glow:
There as I sat, and gales their fragrance shed,
Blue skies above, green woods beneath me spread,
While in the distance billowy ocean rolled,
Sprinkled with barks, a heaving plain of gold,
I thought what ills, how many a grief and care,
Thy vestals shun, 't is ours to meet and bear;
How pure, serene, the current of their life,
No clouds of envy, and no storms of strife,
Hope, peace, content, and faith, to heaven allied,
Eternal sunshine pouring on the tide.
To rise when peals the deep-toned matin-bell,
Breathe their warm prayers, their holy beads to tell;
To meet at noon, and, innocently gay,
With pleasing converse charm the hour away,
Or yield their aid to Sickness and to Pain,
Their alms to Want that never sighs in vain;
And when rich twilight brings its holy gloom,
Mellows the shrine, and gilds the marble tomb,
And Mawgan bells enchant the slumbrous air,
And Ocean's voice sounds soft, like Nature's prayer,
To seek the chapel, solemn, still, and dim,
And bend the knee, and chant the vesper-hymn;
Oh, such a life might well uplift the soul
Above low Care, and Folly's vain controul,
Dispel each worldly wish, each selfish woe,
And yield the spirit gleams of heaven below!

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